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APRIL 10, 1989

SPECIAL ISSUE

Alaska's Big Spill

TIME

THE NEW U.S.S.R.

[redacted]

724404 1

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

A LETTER TO THE NEXT GENERATION

FROM LOU HOLTZ

Notre Dame's Winning Head Coach

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GREETINGS!

This salutation was used because it was the customary way our Government informed its males over 18 that their talents and abilities were needed to ensure the country's future security.

During my teenage years, I was of the opinion that the future and security of this country would be dictated by the combat readiness of our military forces. However, as I grew older and my eyesight diminished, I became increasingly aware that our greatest enemy is ourselves. I will never forget a cartoon of Pogo that said, "We have met the enemy and they is us." So many times we focus on the external problems of our culture when, actually, the vulnerability of most societies lies within. As long as we remain strong within, I feel our future is secure.

Our country has many outstanding assets—in both natural resources and people. This has helped make it possible for the U.S. to hold an international position of leadership for many years. However, I believe our focus of attention should be upon the future. I am basically an optimistic person, but from time to time, I am concerned about our ability to produce great leaders for the future. My concern falls into one main category and that is: the family.

The basis of any society is the strength of the family. This is true in 1989 and, for sure, it will hold true in the year 2089. I am convinced that you will have many comforts of life due to inventions that we do not have, but that is to be expected.

As I write this, I am thinking that you will look back at our generation and refer to our times as the "dark ages," since the strength of a society is

Please See Inside

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prominent figures in American culture pass on their ideas and views to those who'll inherit the earth…100 years from now.

Seventh in a series

APRIL 10, 1989

SPECIAL ISSUE

THE UNION: YELTSIN'S GREAT COMEBACK

Election victories give populists more clout. ▸ An exclusive poll shows what the comrade thinks. ▸ Haunted by history's horrors.

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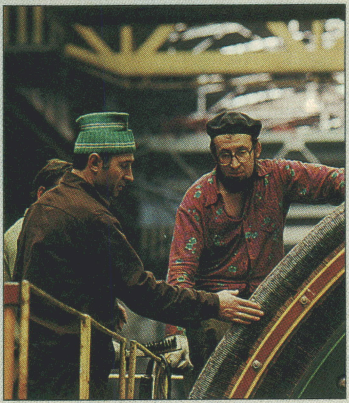

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

BUSINESS: LOOSENING THE ECONOMIC GRIP

Self-financing brings cash—and confusion. ▸ The co-op movement is running into resentment. ▸ Meet the yuccies. ▸ Joint misadventures.

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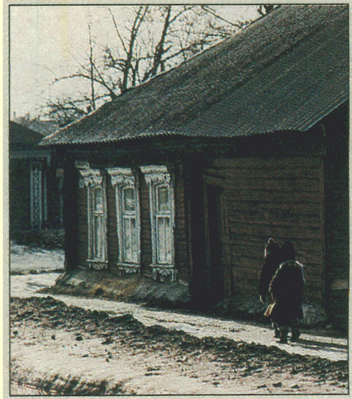

LIVING: HOW REFORMS FARE IN THE PROVINCES

A visit to Tambov, a town in the Russian heartland, uncovers far more change than expected and a cadre of new thinkers ready to carry the torch.

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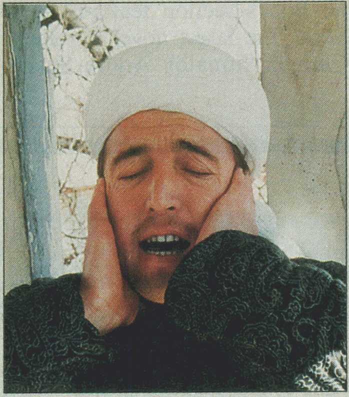

RELIGION: ISLAM BEGINS TO FLOWER

Soviet Muslims are cautiously regaining their long-suppressed public voice. ▸ A photo essay explores Christianity and Judaism.

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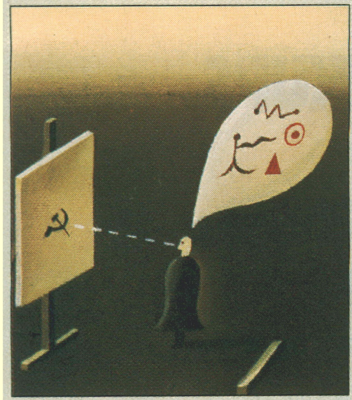

ARTS: A SPRING FLOOD OF CULTURE

Theater premieres, art exhibitions, poetry readings, film previews, cultural debates. There are too many to attend. But is it really a new Soviet Renaissance?

108

ESSAY: AN EMIGRE RETURNS TO MOSCOW

Andrei Sinyavsky finds his countrymen relishing greater liberty but, after run-ins with the KGB, questions whether *perestroika* and *glasnost* can survive.

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Cover: Neon sculpture by
Let There Be Neon
Photograph by Roberto Brosan

From the Publisher

Every so often, a story is so important, so dramatic, that TIME devotes a special issue to the subject. Such is the case this week as we explore how Mikhail Gorbachev has transformed the Soviet Union—and how much remains to be done. Led by Moscow bureau chief John Kohan, eleven reporters and five photographers spent four months crisscrossing the country in pursuit of their stories. "Wherever we went, *glasnost* opened doors for us," says Kohan. "There are opportunities for journalists that would have been unthinkable a few years ago."

SASHA ISACHENKO

A glimpse of the changing face of the Soviet Union

What also distinguishes this issue is the unprecedented involvement of Soviet journalists and writers. We asked Vitali Korotich, editor of *Ogonyok*, a leading light of *glasnost*, to write about the pitfalls of the new Soviet journalism. Mikhail Zhvanetsky, one the country's most popular and outspoken comedians, penned a monologue for Show Business. Yuri Shchekochikhin, who works for *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, co-wrote a piece examining *perestroika* in the provinces. The Books section features an excerpt from *The Place of the Skull*, the latest novel by one of Gorbachev's favorite authors, Chingiz Aitmatov. Andrei Sinyavsky, an émigré writer who spent almost six years in a Soviet labor camp, contributed an essay reflecting on whether he would move back to Gorbachev's U.S.S.R.

"Wherever we went, *glasnost* opened doors for us."

Vsevolod Marinov of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences organized the most extensive Soviet poll ever conducted for a U.S. magazine. Since telephone surveys are relatively new in the Soviet Union, respondents were given a number to call to verify that those asking the questions were legitimate pollsters. "We received only about a dozen call-backs," says Marinov. "Some of them assumed we were officials who could help them with their problems. One woman even wanted her leaking radiator fixed."

During a session with Boris Yeltsin, the party-boss-turned-populist, photographer Ted Thai found it impossible to get him to smile. "So I went over and tugged on his cheek to show him what I meant," Thai recalls. The tactic may have been unorthodox, but Yeltsin is hardly the orthodox Soviet politician.

Robert L. Miller

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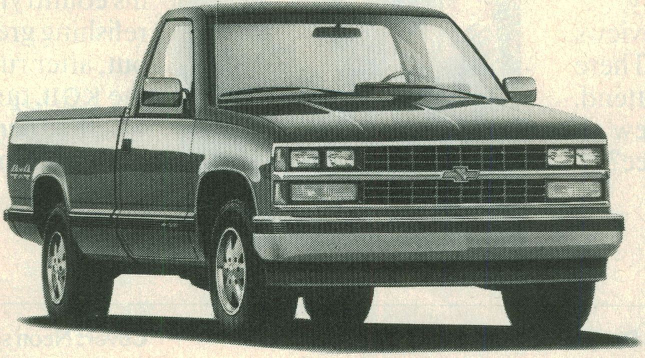

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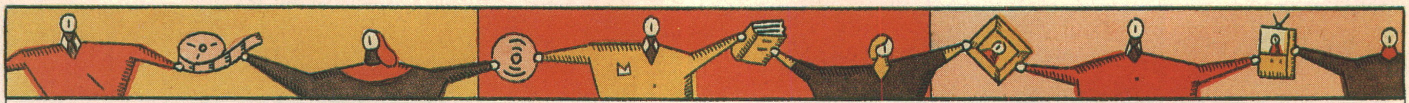
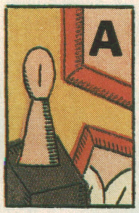


Critics' Choice

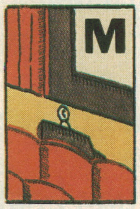
A SOVIET SAMPLER



ART

MIKHAIL NESTEROV, Central Exhibition Hall, Moscow. Works of art—some never before exhibited—by Russian master Mikhail Nesterov (1862-1942), from the Tretyakov Gallery and Moscow private collections. Included is his *Russia, the Soul of the People,* symbolic of Russia's historical spiritual quest, depicting the religious philosopher Vladimir Solovyov and Leo Tolstoy walking along the banks of the Volga among multitudes of Russian people of different epochs.

PYOTR BELOV, Tverskoi Boulevard 11, Moscow. Twenty-two allegorical works about Stalin's reign of terror, by the theater artist Pyotr Belov (1929-88). Among the most damning: one portraying ant-like columns of Gulag prisoners emerging from a pack of Belomor cigarettes—a reference to the forced labor that built the Belomor canal—and another showing Stalin up to his boots in a sea of dandelions imprinted with the faces of his victims.



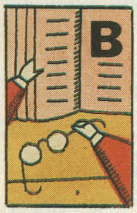
MOVIES

LONELY WOMAN SEARCHING FOR A LIFE COMPANION. Preferably a single Moscow male, but not this one: he insults, robs, then leeches on the lonely 43-year-old who placed the ad. Director Vyacheslav Krishtofovich locates Soviet malaise in this wry fable of a modern Soviet woman desperately seeking Comrade Right.

PAIN. Director Sergei Lukyanchikov's critical documentary on the Afghanistan war. In one of the most striking scenes, a veteran who lost an arm asks, "If [the Afghans] came here to help us 'build socialism,' how would we react?" Answering his own question, he admits, "They hated us."

CONFESSION. A CHRONICLE OF ALIENATION. A shocking and realistic documentary by director Georgi Gavrilov about a young high school dropout and drug addict, the grandson of a labor-camp officer, who searches for identity in an apathetic society.

NOSTALGHIA. A Russian writer seeks a cure that will end the pain of his nostalgia, with tragic results, in the film by director Andrei Tarkovsky starring Oleg Yankovsky. A Soviet-Italian co-production.



BOOKS

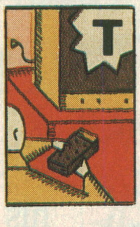
LIFE AND DESTINY by Vasili Grossman (Knizhnaya Palata, 1988). An epic novel about the Battle of Stalingrad that some call the 20th century's *War and Peace.* Completed in the 1960s, the book was suppressed during Khrushchev's regime for daring to agonize over the conflict between personal freedom and Communism.

THE NIGHT WATCH by Mikhail Kurayev (*Novy Mir,* No. 2, 1989). A fascinating journey inside the mind of a fictional secret policeman, Comrade Polubolotov, who helped carry out the murderous Stalinist purges of the 1930s but insists he was merely "a soldier."

ANIMAL FARM by George Orwell (*Rodnik, Riga,* Nos. 3-6, 1989). The famous 1945 critique of totalitarianism sold out immediately.

STORIES by Oleg Yermakov (*Znamya,* No. 3, 1989). Two short stories by a 28-year-old veteran of the Afghan conflict sketch a vivid and unromanticized picture of war that is reminiscent of Michael Herr's *Dispatches,* a book about American G.I.s in Viet Nam.

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE edited by Yuri Afanasayev (Progress Publishers, 1988). The definitive, argument-provoking collection of essays by such high priests of *perestroika* as Andrei Sakharov, economist Tatyana Zaslavskaya and *Novy Mir* editor in chief Sergei Zalygin.

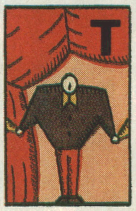


TELEVISION

JUST A COUPLE OF WORDS IN HONOR OF MR. DE MOLIERE. First produced 16 years ago by Anatoli Efros, this program based on Mikhail Bulgakov's works fell into disfavor because Culture Ministry bureaucrats disapproved of director Efros' and leading actor Yuri Lyubimov's liberal views.

TELEVISION ACQUAINTANCE. Backstage squabbling at the Bolshoi: intrepid Estonian journalist Urmas Ott gets to the bottom of it during a revealing 90-minute interview with prima ballerina Maya Plisetskaya.

PLENUM INFORMATION BROADCAST. What goes on behind closed doors when the Communist Party Central Committee holds its plenary sessions? A realistic, if edited, glimpse of *glasnost* in action.



THEATER

THE MAIDS, Satirikon Theater, Moscow. In drag and wearing extravagant eye makeup, Konstantin Raikin stars in a rare Russian version of Jean Genet's sadomasochistic melodrama, directed by Roman Viktyuk.

STARS IN THE MORNING SKY, Contemporary Theater, Moscow. Galina Volchek directs a superbly acted indictment of the Brezhnev years, a play depicting how drunks, prostitutes and madmen were swept off the streets of Moscow and into exile as Soviet authorities polished up the capital on the eve of the 1980 Olympic Games.

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND, Moscow Theater for Young Spectators. Soviet audiences are no longer shocked by Dostoyevsky's long-banned philosophical ramble or, for that matter, by the full frontal nudity staged by director Kama Ginkas.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TIME BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

Vol. 133 No. 15

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE NEW U.S.S.R.

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

The faces express determination, involvement, expectation but also anxiety, for Mikhail Gorbachev is well on his way to creating a new U.S.S.R. TIME presents a 63-page report on how his reforms are changing the Soviet Union, from polling booth to factory, from classroom to stage, from wheat field to metropolitan market. Whatever course the Gorbachev revolution finally takes, it is already one of the most momentous events of the second half of the 20th century.

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Letters

SOLVING THE MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY

"It would go against the very nature of mankind to deny ourselves a glimpse of the secrets of life."

Lyle R. Hamm, Marseilles, Ill.

As a medical scientist, I am all for supporting a project like the mapping of the human genome in order to aid people with genetic flaws [SCIENCE, March 20]. However, as a member of society, I am equally interested in seeing that generous funds are given to improve nutrition and housing conditions. These elements are essential to producing healthy people.

Prasanta K. Basu
Unionville, Ont.

Arthur Caplan's idea that genetic engineering should be used for the "elimination and cure of disease and disability" runs into the problem of what is considered a "disease." Although the goal of modern geriatrics may be to have everyone die in perfect health at an advanced age, it can be argued that people in perfect health do not normally die. Thus, if prevention of disease is the purpose of genetic engineering, the only folks who will not benefit from it are those who leave this world through accident or violence. Everyone else dies of internal malfunction, call it what you will.

Steven B. Harris, M.D.
Los Angeles

I had mixed feelings after reading your report. Although many serious problems will arise from genome research, it would go against the very nature of mankind to deny ourselves a glimpse of the secrets of life.

Lyle R. Hamm
Marseilles, Ill.

Whoever can read these articles and still have the gall to credit evolution, rather than God, for our remarkable DNA has got to be an idiot or too proud to admit he is wrong.

Beverley Chorro
San Leandro, Calif.

Eastern Woes

TIME
Eastern Goes BUST
SOLVING THE MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY
The drive to map human genes could revolutionize medicine but also raises troubling ethical questions

I retired from Eastern Air Lines as a pilot after 31 years and feel that it is my duty to comment on the strike [BUSINESS, March 20]. The employees of this airline have been relentlessly intimidated, threatened and coerced by an inept management. Most of them hold Chairman Frank Lorenzo and his unethical, immoral management style in such contempt that they are risking their careers, families and livelihoods to bring his evil, onerous empire to an end. This is not only a battle to ensure safety and protect contracts and job security but also one of honor for 31,200 men and women who love their company dearly.

Joe R. Hackett
Ridgefield, Conn.

Now that the unions have managed to dispose of Frank Borman and frustrate his successor, Lorenzo, I suggest they also get rid of the heads of their own organizations. The pilots and mechanics should sue because of the bad advice they have been getting.

Charles J. Sullivan
Bellmawr, N.J.

In seeking protection from Eastern's creditors by taking the company into bankruptcy, Lorenzo is like the young man who killed his parents and then begged the judge for mercy because he was an orphan. During the past three years, Lorenzo has stripped Eastern of its most valuable assets and then pleaded poverty because the shrunken airline was losing money.

James E. Curtin
Lilburn, Ga.

The well-orchestrated crocodile tears being shed for the benefit of TV cameras by Eastern strikers over the demise of their "beloved" airline bring to mind the tale of the young thug who murdered both parents and then begged for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan.

George G. Daniels
Orlando

TV Sleaze

Thank goodness for people, like Michigan housewife Terry Rakolta, who have the guts to take a stand against TV sleaze such as *Married . . . With Children* [VIDEO, March 20]. I find it incredible that your critic Richard Zoglin thinks advertiser boycotts against tasteless fare would make TV "blander." Equally unbelievable is his simpleminded suggestion just to turn off the set. Once a person sees something vulgar, it's already too late.

Carol E. Peterson
Clarksville, Ind.

Should we put our faith in the viewer discretion of ten-year-olds left at home alone for hours? Will *they* turn off the set when something forbidden or sensational comes on?

Miriam Schiff
New York City

Rakolta is the Ayatullah of TV. If she doesn't like a program, then no one should be allowed to see it. I don't care for tabloid TV, so I don't watch it. But my husband and 15-year-old twin daughter and son love *Married . . . With Children.* I may start paying more attention to its advertisers and try to use their products.

Colleen Garland
St. Louis Park, Minn.

Why does Zoglin find it ironic that advertisers have become "guardians of quality" on TV? Everyone knows that whoever pays the bills calls the shots. Viewers who protest sleaze on TV are only trying to influence the people who can make changes. If that is misguided, why are advertisers listening?

Diana Perkins
Dallas

We don't need to put a brake on anything. Morton Downey Jr. is very popular right now because he has a TV style not seen before. He, Geraldo Rivera, Maury Povich and the passel of other brash TV talk-show hosts will have their day, make their millions and then be replaced by a new type of program, whatever that may be. To say these shows engender bad TV is ridiculous. TV by nature is bad; this recent deluge is just a variation on the theme. When trash TV stops being marketable, it will stop being profitable, and only then will we see a shift in programming. Can you imagine what will be next?

Martin Simson
Los Angeles

It's No Vacation

As a veteran of expeditions to climb Mount Everest in 1985, 1986 and 1988, I feel that John Skow's article about the ascent of that mountain by Stacy Allison and Peggy Luce [AMERICAN IDEAS, March 6] gave an unfortunate view of American Himalayan climbing. Skow's phrase "idlers with powerful legs" is an inaccurate description of people who are, after all, motivated to tackle the world's highest mountain. As for getting "achievers in powerful suits to pay for their vacations," climbing in sub-zero weather and risking one's life daily is hardly a vacation. Allison contributed $9,000 of her own money to the expedition. To describe climbing Mount Everest Alpine-style or without oxygen as a "gimmick" to attract backers was shallow. Sponsors of mountaineering expeditions receive a variety of returns for their support, including media coverage, advertising photographs, product testing and expedition lectures. Unlike many professional athletes, most American climbers do not receive lucrative personal endorsements.

Ed Webster
Boulder

Appreciation of Kennedy

I was distressed to read your account of the opening of the Sixth Floor of the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas [NATION, Feb. 27]. The Sixth Floor, after ten years of planning, is an educational exhibition dealing with the life, death and legacy of John F. Kennedy; it is not a scheme for commercial gain. It gives the thousands of people who visit the site a chance to review in a historical context the events that occurred in Dallas. Although the Kennedy family was not consulted on the plans, we have kept them informed of our work for a number of years.

David G. Fox, President
Dallas County Historical Foundation
Dallas

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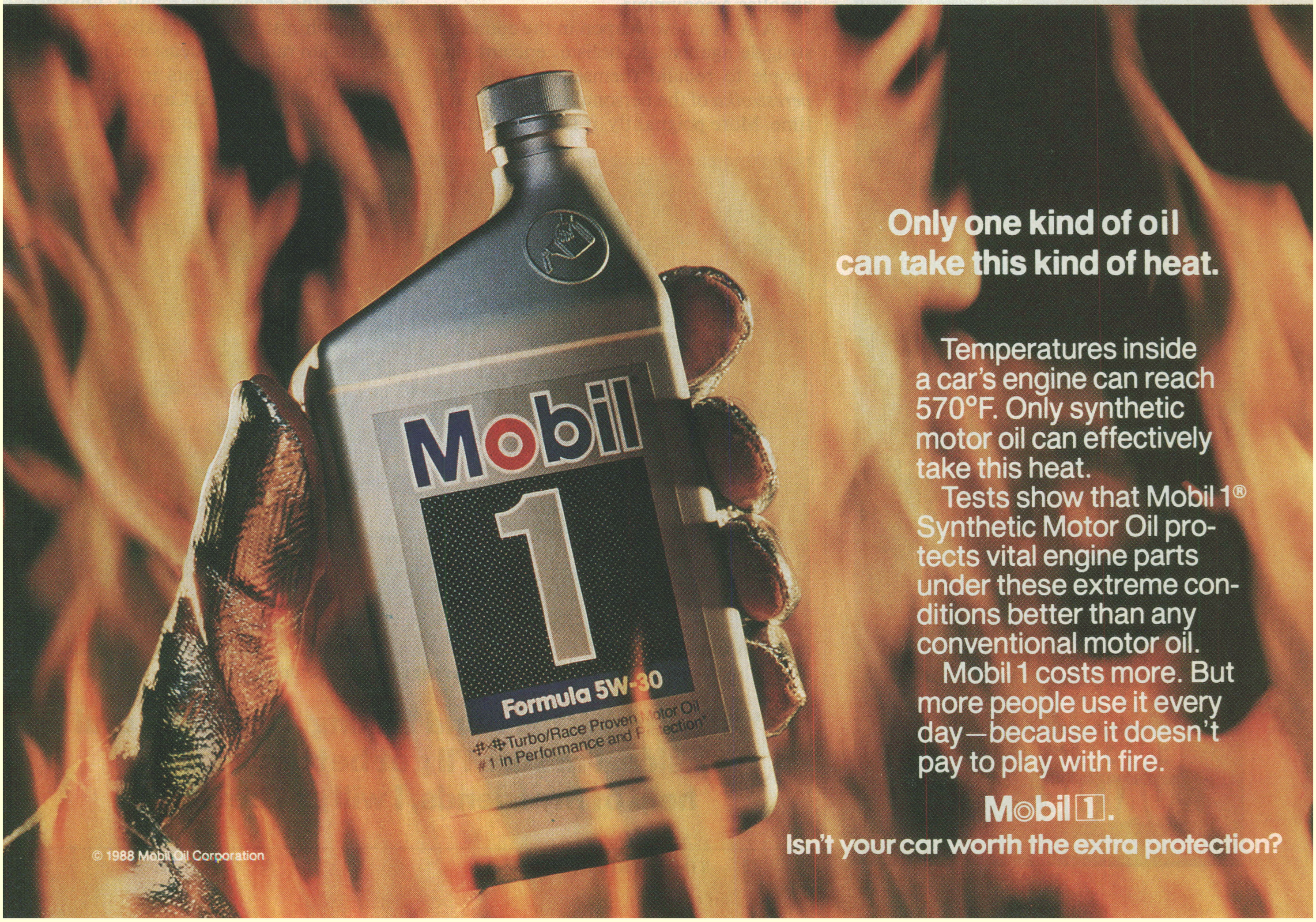

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Soviet Scene

Moscow Beginners

Where Slava Starts Over Again

At a meeting of the country's first A.A. group, alcoholics learn a sort of personal perestroika, *one day at a time*

BY GLENN GARELIK

"My name is Slava, and I am an alcoholic."

The young man speaks rapidly, but every syllable reverberates. More than 30 other men and women seated in a large, drab room at a Moscow community center listen quietly. Over the next hour and a half, most of them, giving only their first names, will stand under the bare fluorescent lighting and make the same confession. It is a painful admission to make anywhere, but especially in the Soviet Union, where drinking is legendary and individual accountability has decayed. This is the daily meeting of Moscow Beginners, the first antidrinking group for Soviet citizens that is registered with Alcoholics Anonymous.

A.A. is a new weapon in the country's struggle against alcoholism, encouraging people to rebuild themselves—a sort of *perestroika* of the personality, one day at a time. More poignantly, it is an exercise in self-expression that is the essence of *glasnost,* an act of standing up and discussing a shortcoming that the state once preferred to keep quiet.

Disturbed by his countrymen's fondness for the bottle, Mikhail Gorbachev in 1985 launched an all-out campaign against alcohol. The Soviets raised the legal drinking age from 18 to 21, limited the hours when alcohol could be sold and increased the price of vodka from 4.7 rubles ($7.75) to 10 rubles ($16.50) a liter. But popular resistance has forced Gorbachev to ease up on his crusade, and public drunkenness is on the rise again.

Moscow Beginners was started in 1987 by the Rev. J.W. Canty, an Episcopal priest from New York City who came to Moscow in 1985 to help lay the groundwork for the group. Meanwhile, Volodya, 36, a machinist, had heard about A.A. on a Canadian radio broadcast and had written to A.A. headquarters in New York, which in turn informed Canty that he had a taker in Moscow. The group's first ses-

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

Two Muscovites hold hands for support as they listen to another emotional confession

"After being here and talking, I feel peaceful inside. I'm sure I'll get better; with the help of my friends, I will get better."

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"My concern falls into one main category and that is: the family."

not found in the comforts of living but in its values, morals and concern for its fellow man. And I believe that these principles are predominantly developed in the family. The family is where our healthy values are formed and shaped, yet the chance of this happening is greatly reduced in a one-parent home. I am not saying that single parents aren't able to raise healthy children, since many great people have come from single-parent homes. But I think it is safe to say that it is much easier to achieve a healthy society when children have two parents to look up to.

There is also a strong tendency these days for many parents to become overly concerned about their own careers. Too often parents achieve professional success at the expense of their families, especially their children. I say this from personal experience, because I am probably as guilty as anyone in this area, and I deeply regret it. I am fortunate, for my wife's career has been to raise our children, and she has been very successful in this endeavor.

Any successful endeavor starts with a dream and a willingness to work, and this is usually the result of a positive attitude toward yourself. Only when you like and respect yourself can you develop a concern for your fellow human being.

Generally, when we are little, it is unnatural for us to like and respect other people; these qualities have to be taught and developed. An infant is basically selfish, undisciplined and unmotivated. Give him a toy and he'll claim it as his immediately; he won't wish to share it with anyone. The qualities that we admire in people—honesty, cheerfulness, thoughtfulness, cooperation—must be learned in the home and developed by society. Our future, in my humble opinion, is contingent upon parents successfully developing these qualities so we can evolve into responsible, intelligent, compassionate adults.

I know of no greater challenge or more important role in life than preparing our children to take their place in society as contributing citizens. We cannot relinquish this most important responsibility to gang leaders, drug dealers, or even our own Government. I do believe that these qualities can best be nurtured in the church of your choice. If you help your children become aware of their real strengths and raise their self-esteem, I firmly believe that our future is secure. I believe that this can be done only when we raise our children to become trusted citizens who care about other people and are committed to excellence.

One thing that I hope you will not find in your generation is drugs. If you do, there's a chance that there isn't going to be a future generation. Nothing can destroy individuals or our country as quickly as drugs. It is not confined to a segment of our society, and it has created more damage than anything else I have witnessed in my lifetime. I have never heard a successful man or woman get up and say, "I owe my success to drugs and alcohol." Yet I know of thousands of people who have said publicly, or in the press, that they have ruined their lives because of drugs and alcohol. Neither space nor time allow me to go into my feelings about this dreaded habit, but suffice it to say that the Government can't stop it, the police can't—but the family can.

When I was asked to write an open letter to the next generation, I hesitated because there are people far more eminently qualified to do this than myself. Your reaction to this article may be that Lou Holtz wasn't very smart, and this would be accurate. But I am convinced that if our generation leaves you a better world than the one we found, it will be because we have provided strong family leadership for our children—and given you, the children of the future, a better world in which to live and grow.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "What lies behind and what lies ahead of us is of little importance when compared to what lies within." If trust, commitment and love lie within your generation, you will know that our family values were strong.

Lou Holtz

Lou Holtz

The opinions expressed in this essay are solely those of the author and not necessarily those of Volkswagen

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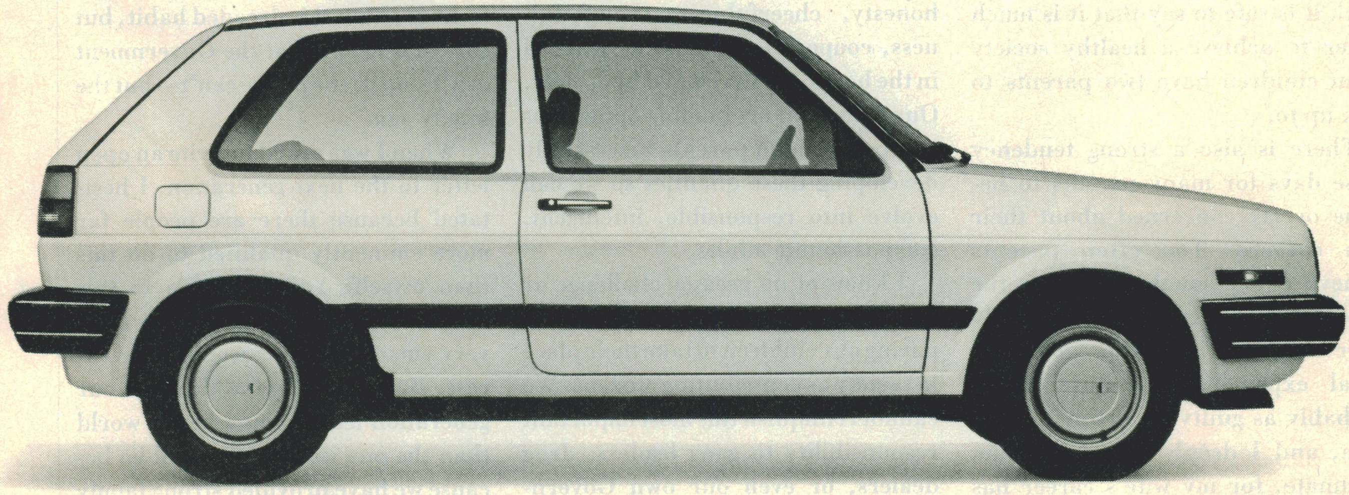
Seatbelts save lives. Don't drink and drive.

Golf is #1.



When *Car and Driver* magazine staff members tested eight cars under $10,000, they liked the Volkswagen Golf the best of all.*

Impressively, the Golf led the balloting in brakes, handling, ergonomics, utility, value and fun.

Car and Driver magazine said (and we quote with pride), "The Golf needs to be looked at by more enthusiasts, particularly those on a budget. Many of the qualities that make the more expensive GT so likable can be found in the plain-Jane Golf, and best of all, it's a car that is inordinately pleasant to live with."

We say, "Don't believe everything you read. Visit your local dealer for a test drive." Please.

Golf topped *Car and Driver's* list of eight cars under $10,000. We think you'll like it too.

German engineering.
The Volkswagen way.

---

*Rated highest in the most categories tested including Overall Rating category.

"The other guys do business
with a bill of sale.
We do it with a Bill of Rights."

CHRYSLER MOTO

THE CAR
BILL OF

1. EVERY AMERICAN HAS THE RIGHT TO A QUALITY CAR

You want a car that will start every morning.

You want a car that will age well. And give you years of satisfaction.

You want quality. It's your right. Undisputed right.

Quality is also the first commitment of the carmaker. Without it he becomes morally and fiscally bankrupt. Chrysler Motors has no intentions of forsaking this commitment.

Since 1980, Chrysler–with new leadership and a new resolve–initiated **Five Key Quality Programs** involving every member of the work force, every level of management. Chrysler has completed 5 million hours of worker training, enrolled 26,000 employees in quality schools and put 583 quality teams in place.

The goal: to top the quality of the imports. It's an ambitious goal, but results are already showing it is within reach. Corporate quality indicators show that, over the last 9 years, Chrysler-built car and truck quality has improved 45%.

Lowest recalls. During the same 9-year period, Government records show that Chrysler has the lowest average safety recall record of any American car company for passenger cars registered for the '80 through '88 model years.

And over the last 5 years, lower than such prominent imports as BMW, Porsche and Volvo.

2. EVERY AMERICAN HAS THE RIGHT TO LONG–TERM PROTECTION

Chrysler has consistently led the industry in long-term quality protection.

In 1980, Chrysler introduced the innovative 5/50 Protection Plan. In 1987, Chrysler extended this coverage substantially on the most important part of your car, the engine and powertrain, to 7 years or 70,000 miles. It's the **longest powertrain protection** in the industry. And you also get 7-year or 100,000-mile protection against outer body rust-through.* The plan covers every car, truck and minivan Chrysler builds in North America, and now it includes '89 Jeep vehicles. 7/70, unprecedented when introduced... unsurpassed today.

Now, Chrysler breaks new ground again. With its new **Crystal Key Owner Care Program** that comes with the Chrysler New Yorker. It is a remarkable warranty. It protects the entire car for 5 years or 50,000 miles. It covers engine, powertrain, air conditioning, steering, rust, suspension, electrical–everything right down to the door handles.* All you have to do is take care of normal maintenance, adjustments, wear items–and put in the gas.

Not even Rolls Royce or Mercedes Benz can match this warranty.

3. EVERY AMERICAN HAS THE RIGHT TO FRIENDLY TREATMENT, HONEST SERVICE AND COMPETENT REPAIRS

Dealer service is the key link between the car buyer and the carmaker. Chrysler, and its dealers, understand this better than most... and have taken specific action to strengthen and revitalize this relationship. Results are gratifying.

Highest satisfaction. Owners of Chrysler-built cars have the highest level of satisfaction of any buyers of American cars. Higher than GM owners. And significantly higher than Ford owners.**

That's not happenstance.

Chrysler believes the next great leap forward in the car industry isn't going to happen in Detroit. It's happening right now at Chrysler dealerships. One telling example: In 1981, our dealer technicians received 184,000 hours of training. Last year, 542,180 total hours in the most advanced and sophisticated repair procedures. That's an increase of almost 200%. And the result of a joint effort by Chrysler Management and the wholehearted commitment of 5,324 Chrysler Motors dealers.

PARTNERS IN QUALITY

*See these limited warranties at dealer. Deductibles and some restrictions apply. **J.D. Power and Associates 1988 CSI Customer Satisfaction with Product Quality and Dealer Service for 1986 an

RS ANNOUNCES

BUYER'S RIGHTS.

4. THE RIGHT TO A SAFE VEHICLE

Safety is a right we all desire, not just for ourselves, but for our families, too. That's why Chrysler has committed enormous resources and talents to building you a safe car. And that commitment has taken hold:

...Chrysler Motors is the first American car company to offer **air bags as standard equipment.** And by 1990, Chrysler will feature driver-side air bags on every car it builds in the United States.

...Every Chrysler-built passenger car has over 30 safety features standard for '89.

...By 1992, Chrysler will have spent 440 million dollars on testing to learn how to enhance your safety.

...Chrysler Motors has a **Safety Shield Program** from design through assembly. Safety components are identified by a safety shield, so everyone at the factory knows its importance to safety.

This program guards against the malfunction of critical items such as brakes, wipers, steering systems and starters. And is one of the prime reasons why Chrysler Motors has the lowest average percentage of safety-related recalls for any American car company.

5. THE RIGHT TO ADDRESS GRIEVANCES

If you have a warranty-related problem with your dealer, you have an impartial ear ready and willing to listen to your side of the story, and this comes at no cost to you: **The Customer Arbitration Board.**

This Arbitration Board consists of three voting members: a local customer advocate, a technical expert and a person from the general public. And not one of them is affiliated with Chrysler in any way.

All decisions made by the Board include the action to be taken by the dealer or Chrysler and the time by which the action must be taken.

All decisions are binding on the dealer and Chrysler, but not on you, unless you accept the decision. The whole process normally takes no longer than 40 days.

6. THE RIGHT TO SATISFACTION

Chrysler believes there's no secret to satisfying customers. Build them a quality product. A safe product. Protect it right–with the longest powertrain warranty in the business. Service it right. And treat them with respect. It's that simple.

Chrysler Motors...and its Dodge, Chrysler, Plymouth, Jeep and Eagle dealers...are doing exactly that. And the proof is coming from you, the customer.

J.D. Power and Associates, one of the most respected research organizations in the industry, surveyed over 25,000 owners of 1987 passenger cars for product quality and dealer service. The results: Chrysler Motors has the **highest customer satisfaction** of any American car company for overall product quality and dealer service.** And that makes it **two years in a row**.

As good as that is, it's not good enough. If we don't satisfy you better than the next guy...you have every right to go to the next guy. So, we're never going to stop improving present programs. And creating new ones.

Chrysler and its dealers believe it is our job to satisfy your needs. We have the obligations...you have the rights.

"QUALITY IS YOUR RIGHT. AND WE INTEND TO SEE THAT YOU GET IT."

Lee Iacocca

CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER·PLYMOUTH·DODGE
DODGE TRUCKS·JEEP®·EAGLE

1987 domestic cars. BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

“Build the quality car buyers deserve, and respect their rights as customers. There's no other way to do business.”

Chrysler Motors is the only car maker that backs everything it builds with a Car Buyer's Bill of Rights.

Chrysler Motors has the highest customer satisfaction, lowest safety recalls, and longest powertrain protection of any American car company.

All satisfying reasons to see your dealer.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

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DODGE TRUCKS · JEEP · EAGLE

If anybody thinks they can build a better 4x4, all they have to do is build a legend.

Jeep Cherokee Limited

More engine power than any vehicle in its class. An exclusive optional four-wheel anti-lock braking system. Shift-on-the-fly convenience. Luxurious leather seating. The longest powertrain protection of any four-wheel drive.* And let's face it…knowing you own a piece of history is a good feeling.

Jeep.
Eagle

7/70

*See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply.

Maybe the most Euro sedan ever built on this side of the Atlantic.

Eagle Premier ES

The lines are sleek and slippery. The power is plentiful, from a sophisticated V-6 with hemispherical combustion chambers and multi-port fuel injection. The ride is supremely comfortable, thanks to an advanced four-wheel independent suspension. The interior is the roomiest of any car in its class. When Eagles fly, expect the best.

There was only one way to top the first mid-size pickup. Take the top off.

DODGE
DAKOTA
DAKOTA

Dodge Dakota Convertible

Of all the pickups, this is the only factory-built convertible on the road today. But before you get carried away with the look, look what it can carry away. There's plenty of load space in back, plenty of V-6 power up front, and four-wheel drive availability. With the tough new spirit of Dodge, the sky's the limit.

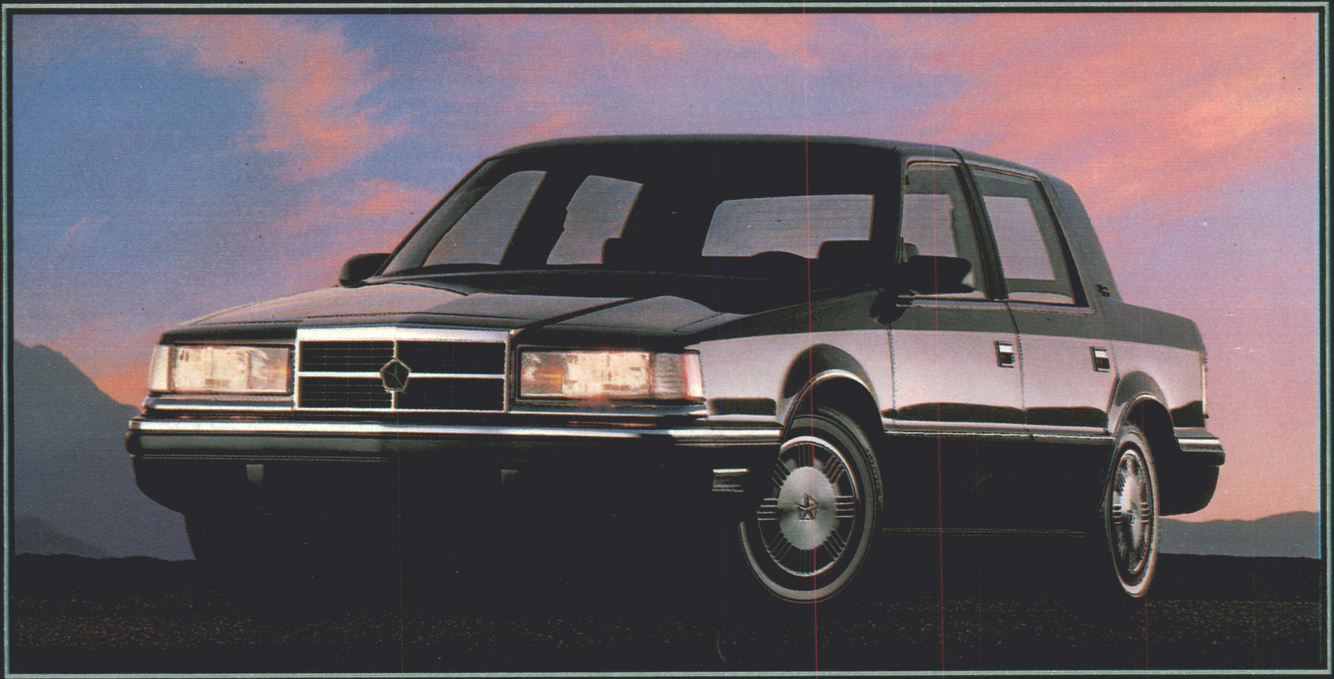
Dodge Truck 7/70

We just turned a pickup into a powerhouse.

Dodge Ram Pickups

Consider all the availabilities. A monster 5.9 liter fuel-injected V-8 engine. Or the new Cummins Turbo Diesel to make Dodge the hardest-working pickup in America. Up to 5,500 pounds of payload. And new anti-lock rear brakes. Who else powers pickups like this?

It's not often a car with classic styling turns out to be the best value in its class.



Dodge Dynasty

It has the look of elegance, comfortable room for six, front-wheel drive, power steering and brakes, 7/70 protection.* And available features like V-6 power and Ultradrive automatic transmission. And with prices starting at $12,295,† Dynasty is a value no other car in its class can match.**

*See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply. †Base sticker price. Title, taxes and destination charges extra.
**Based on comparably equipped sticker price comparisons vs. Ward's full-size segment.

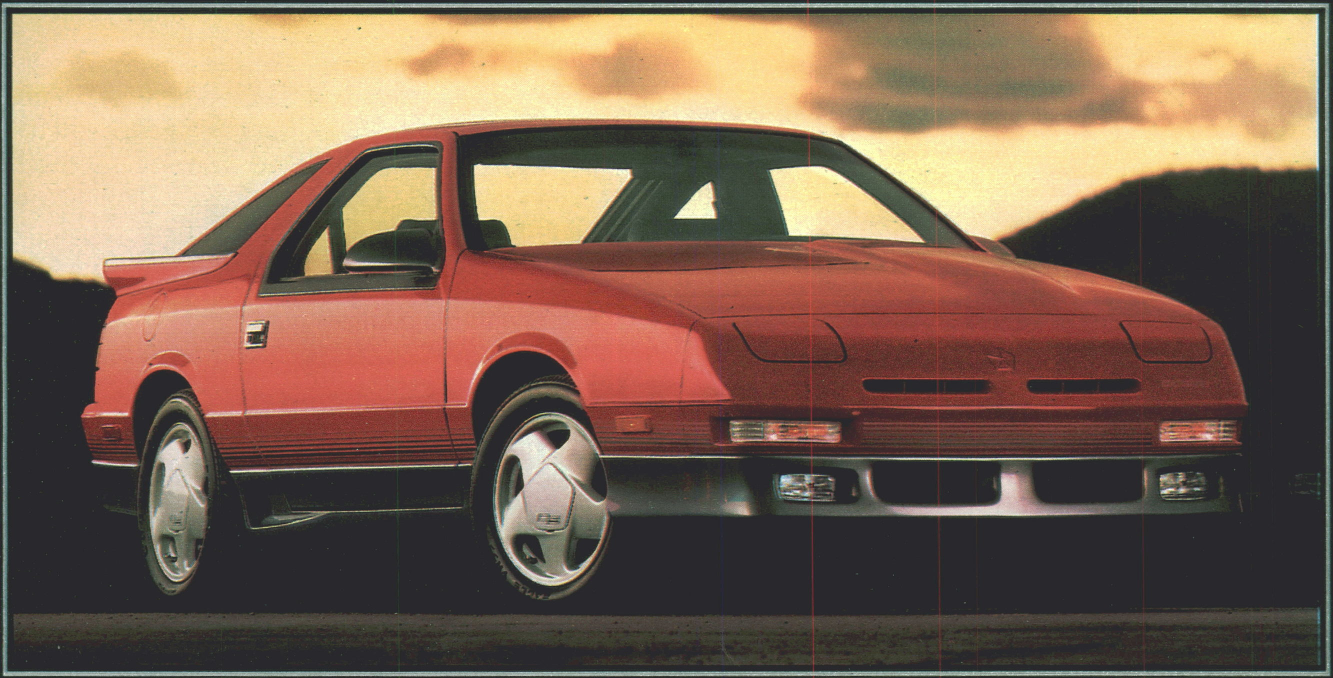
Dodge 7/70

Others build sports sedans just to handle the road. We built this one to handle people, too.

Dodge Spirit ES

Sleek. Sophisticated. The all-new Dodge Spirit ES is designed to move you with a 2.5 liter electronic fuel-injected turbocharged engine. To thrill you with precise 14:1 quick ratio power steering and a taut sports suspension. And comfort you with its generously sized and appointed interior. Go ahead. Let your Spirit soar.

If you can find anything that goes faster, looks better, and costs less, buy it.



Dodge Daytona Shelby

174 intercooled, turbocharged horsepower. A 5-speed Getrag gearset. The quick reflexes of a performance suspension. Vented 4-wheel disc brakes. And a purposeful aerodynamic shape. There's no doubt about it. Dodge Daytona Shelby is total performance. Body and soul.

Dodge 7/70

Sixty standard features that get to sixty in a hurry. Did you ever try catching a Shadow?

Dodge Shadow ES

Performance beyond your expectation, but within your reach. That's Dodge Shadow ES. With new aero styling. A new 2.5L twin-balance shaft fuel-injected turbo under the hood. And over 60 standard features wherever you look. Catch your own Shadow at your Dodge dealer.

Yes, it's everything a worldbeater should be. No, it's not an import.

New Plymouth Acclaim LX

Motor Trend says, "The Acclaim is the equal of the Honda Accord…better in some areas…" Acclaim has the option of room for six (Accord seats only five). Fuel-injected power. Over 50 standard features. And Chrysler's 7/70 protection plan.† All at a price thousands less than Accord LXI.*
That's what it takes to satisfy the customer.

Plymouth 7/70

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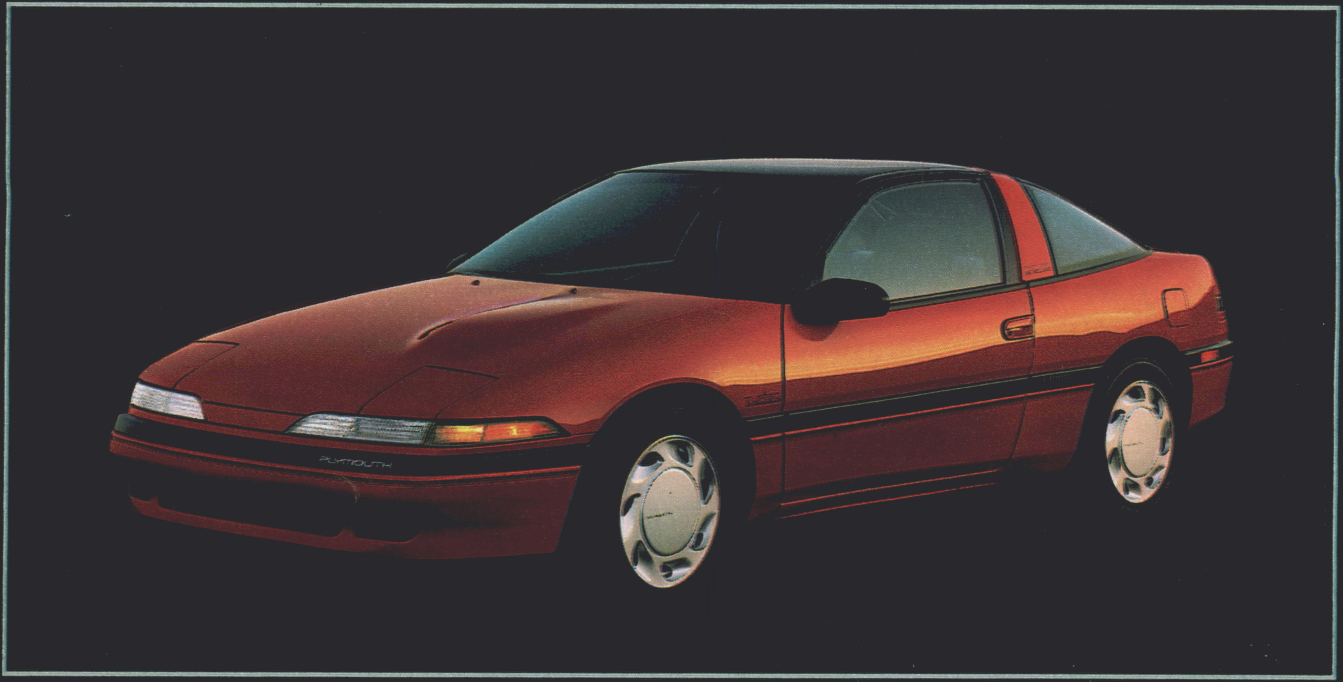
†See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply. *Sticker price comparison of comparably equipped models.

This is the unexpected Plymouth. It made Car and Driver's ten best list before the first one was sold.



1990 Plymouth Laser RS Turbo

Car and Driver summed it up by saying…"Laser, well…it's phenomenal." And according to Motor Trend, Laser is "the quickest, most refined car in its class." With zero to sixty in 6.6 seconds from a 190 hp 16-valve intercooled turbo, and the looks of a world-class sports car, it's no wonder Laser is getting all the raves.

We can't call it a baby BMW. But you can.

PLYMOUTH
Sundance

Plymouth Sundance

Take 47 features and make them all standard. Add the longest powertrain protection of any car in its class.† All for under $9,000.* If it's fun you're looking for, this Plymouth is equipped to go for it.

Plymouth 7/70

† See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply. *Base sticker price. Title, taxes and destination charges extra.

We don't blame the competition for trying to copy this one. If we were in their shoes, we'd do the same thing.

Plymouth Voyager LX

First in its class. First in owner satisfaction of any American minivan.* First in front-wheel drive for car-like handling. Five years ago, it set the standards for all other minivans to follow. They're still following.

---

*J.D. Power and Associates 1988 Light Duty Truck CSI customer satisfaction with product quality and dealer service on 1987 models.

We stopped at nothing to give the luxury car buyer everything. Including a warranty better than Rolls Royce and Mercedes.

Chrysler New Yorker Landau

With Crystal Key owner care, you get a bumper-to-bumper protection plan* that even Rolls and Mercedes can't equal. Plus fuel-injected V-6 power. Plus Ultradrive, the world's most advanced automatic transmission, for an incredibly smooth ride. It's more than luxury. It's everything.

Chrysler **7/70**

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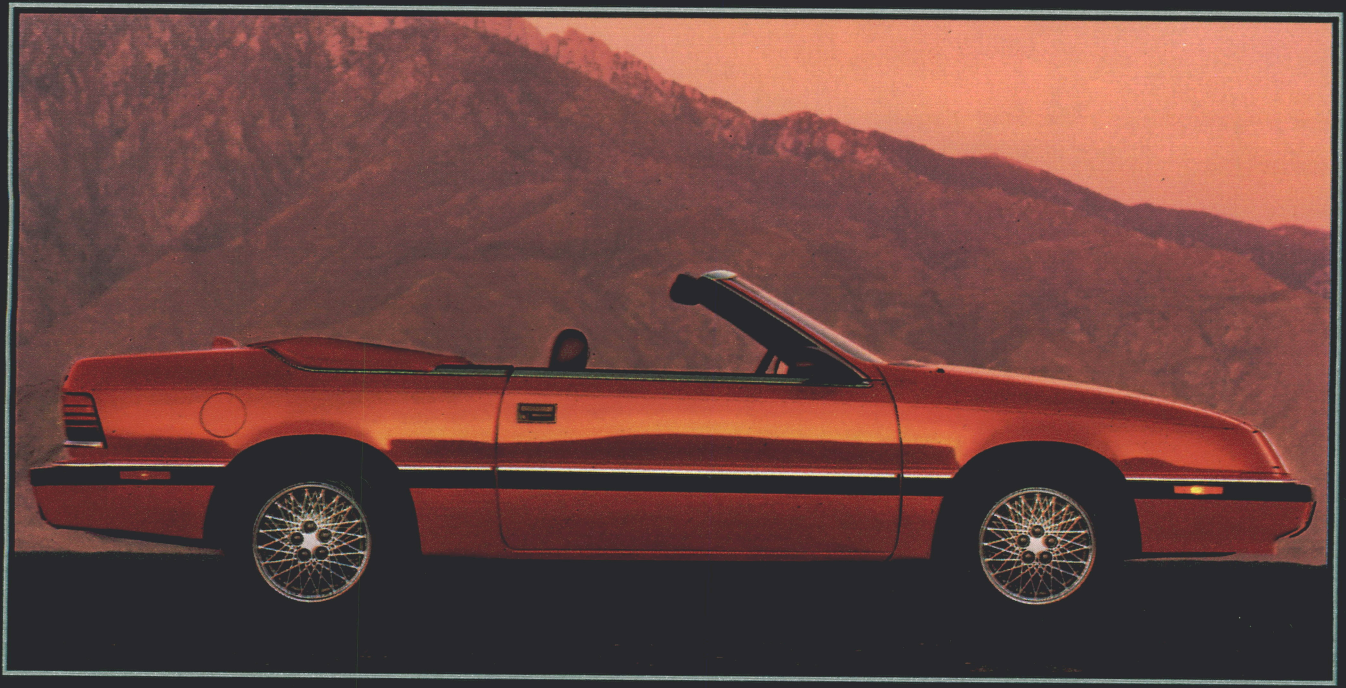
*See limited warranty at dealer. Excludes normal maintenance, adjustments and wear items.

If beauty has its price, the competition is getting away with highway robbery.



Chrysler Le Baron Convertible

It's been called the most beautiful car to come out of an American design studio in a decade. But for just under $14,000* you get the high style without the high price. And you can get an optional 2.5 twin balanced shaft turbo that cuts loose 150 horses. It outsells the convertibles from Ford and GM, and from all the imports combined.

---

*Base sticker price. Title, taxes and destination charges extra.

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BECAUSE YOU WERE THERE FOR US, CHRYSLER MOTORS IS HERE FOR YOU WITH $300 TO $2,000 CASH BACK ON EVERY NEW 1989 CAR, RAM VAN AND WAGON AND ON SELECTED PICKUPS FROM CHRYSLER, PLYMOUTH, DODGE, JEEP AND EAGLE.

HERE'S TO YOU, AMERICA, FROM CHRYSLER MOTORS.

Chrysler
Plymouth

Dodge
Dodge Trucks

Jeep
Eagle

BETA CAROTENE AND CANCER. A PROGRESS REPORT.

NCI CANCER PREVENTION TRIALS USING BETA CAROTENE

LOCATION	CANCER	STUDY GROUP
1. Boston	All	Physicians
2. Finland	Lung	Smokers
3. Seattle	Lung	Smokers
4. Pittsburgh	Lung	Smokers
5. Seattle	Lung	Asbestos
6. Tyler, TX	Lung	Asbestos
7. China	Lung	Tin Miners
8. Hanover, NH	Colon	Polyps
9. Chicago	Colon	Polyps
10. China	Esophagus	Dysplasia
11. China	Esophagus	General Population
12. Tanzania	Skin	Albino
13. Hanover, NH	Skin	Previous Skin Cancer
14. New York City	Skin	Previous Skin Cancer

For several years, both the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society have been recommending diets that include foods rich in Beta Carotene.

Why? Because population studies have indicated a clear association between diets high in Beta Carotene rich foods and a lower incidence of certain forms of cancer. A similar association based on actual measurements of Beta Carotene levels in the blood has also been shown in several studies, including a recent one conducted at Johns Hopkins University.*

Based on increasing evidence from these studies and numerous other research findings, the National Cancer Institute is currently sponsoring 14 long-term, large scale studies which include Beta Carotene as a possible cancer inhibitor.

These studies, involving cancers of the lung, colon, skin and esophagus, are being conducted around the world: in America, in Europe, in China, and in Africa. They are measuring the effects of Beta Carotene in dietary supplement form. The supplements given in a number of the studies combine Beta Carotene with other nutrients.

Data from this research should begin to appear in the next few years. While the scientific community continues its research in this vital health area, you should consider carefully the recommendations of the major cancer prevention authorities, including, of course, not smoking and having regular check-ups.

*"Serum Beta Carotene, Vitamins A and E, Selenium and Risk of Lung Cancer"
New England Journal of Medicine, November 13, 1986.

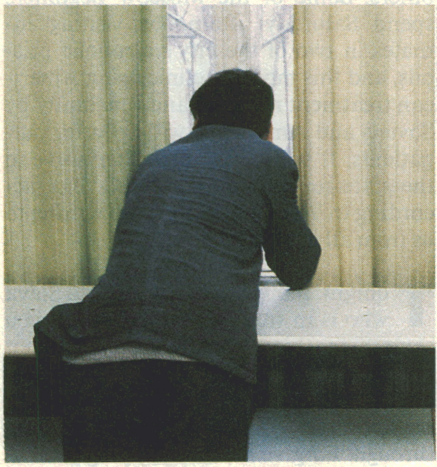
A health message from Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc.

ROCHE®

sion, held in a hotel room across from the Kremlin, was attended by Volodya and two visiting American members of A.A. Membership grew slowly, largely because the group did not have official recognition and would-be members were unaware of its existence. But radio and television programs highlighted Moscow Beginners, and now the Ministry of Health has endorsed A.A.'s self-help concept.

As at A.A. sessions around the world, the Moscow Beginners tell tales of searing despair. For Sasha, a 37-year-old engineer, the horror culminated in 1987, when he was repeatedly hospitalized for alcoholism and his wife left him. "I was watching my life spin out of control," he now recalls.

Like Sasha, almost everyone in the group has undergone compulsory hospitalization, some as many as seven times. The hospital stays can last as long as six months, and patients are often treated with sulfazine, a drug that induces high fever. The intended result: to sweat the toxins out of the body and thus shock it into a change of behavior. The drug's effects are not long lasting, and Western doctors refuse to use it.

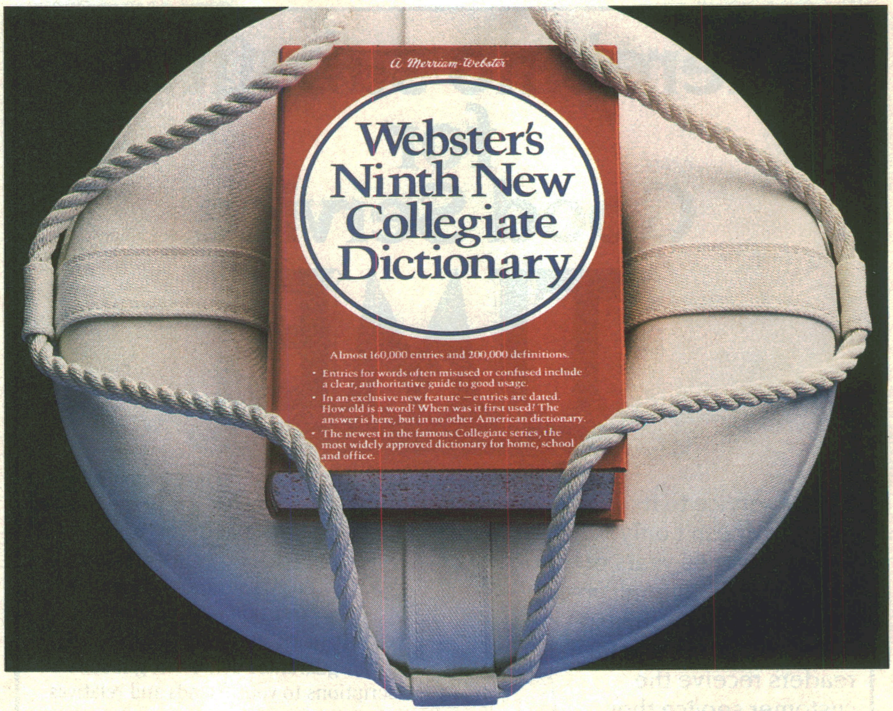

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Recovering in Moscow's Clinic No. 17

Two Moscow Beginners tell how they were forced to spend terms of up to two years in prisons reserved for those who cannot be cured by the hospitals. There, boredom was punctuated only occasionally by days of forced labor in understaffed factories. Even the government has admitted that these jails are not likely to keep alcoholics on the wagon.

By contrast, Sasha says, he is enthusiastic about A.A.'s methods. "The beginning for me was when I learned that the word alcoholic could be said out loud, that people would even applaud. With alcoholism, you have to admit despair before you can experience victory."

Volodya has known his share of despair. Having drunk heavily since his teens, he says, "I thought I would never be able to stop. I went to clinics where I would dry out, but I could never stay so-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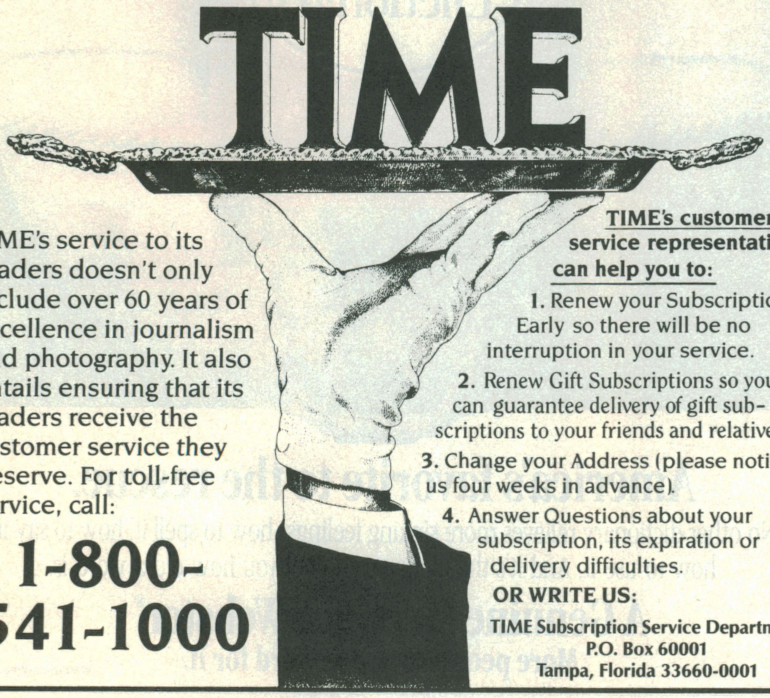
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Child abuse has many faces. Hunger is one of them.

Hunger leaves the kind of marks you can't see at first. But it is already depriving this child of good health. With chronic malnutrition, Jamie faces diseases a small body finds hard to resist.

A better diet, medical attention and school can turn such a child's life around. For $21 a month, through our sponsorship program, you can help save a child like Jamie.

Write or call Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Inc., P.O. Box 5381, Dept. T4J9, Richmond, VA 23220-0381

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ber. I felt I did not have what it takes to help myself. And then came the group. It was like a miracle."

It is an interesting choice of words in an officially atheist society, and A.A.'s teaching that members must learn to rely on a "higher power" creates an inevitable conflict for Moscow Beginners. Some of the members are uncomfortable with the group's religious tone; others, understandably, are afraid to tamper with the organization's time-tested tenets.

"My name is Mikhail, and I'm an alcoholic," says the next speaker. Sober only a short while, Mikhail, 41, stayed home from work on his last birthday out of fear that his co-workers would insist on celebrating the event with a bottle. "I don't want to talk about my drinking tonight. I just want to thank you for the chance to express myself honestly. Until I came here, I had never done that before."

Already the group is reaching out to others. Some of the Moscow Beginners spend Saturday afternoons visiting inmates in two of the city's alcoholic prisons, and this month a clinic using American treatment methods and run jointly by Soviets and Americans will open for outpatients. It will be the first alternative to the state-run program. Beyond that, according to Volodya, "people are writing to us from all over the country."

Tonight, though, it is 33-year-old Slava who is in trouble. "I have to tell you something this evening that I am not proud of," he says hesitantly. "I drank today. And my wife left me. Please don't abandon me. You know what I am going through. Forgive me for betraying you."

"Betrayed is a strong word," says Liuba, 35, a factory worker who during her drinking days found herself waking up in the beds of men she never remembered meeting. "It's better not to use it. We might not have drunk today, but only at the end of the day can any of us say that with confidence."

"You know," says Slava, "after being here and talking, I feel peaceful inside. I'm sure I'll get better; with the help of my friends, I will get better."

"Until I joined this group, I felt isolated," says Sasha afterward. "Now I am helped by my friends—and by my strength and my example, I can be of help to them." By helping others help themselves, Moscow Beginners is rebuilding the sense of self-worth that society had stripped from them. In a limited way, the A.A. style could turn out to be just what the doctor ordered for a society that is trying to humanize itself. Says Volodya: "What I like about A.A. is that it ends our dependence on a cure from above. We are rediscovering how to help ourselves, and how to help each other. In this country we had forgotten how to do that." ■

Milestones

ELECTED. Jill Long, 36, to the Indiana congressional seat formerly held by Dan Coats, who resigned in January to take the Senate seat left open after the election of Vice President Dan Quayle. Long, a former Valparaiso city councilwoman, lost to Quayle in a 1986 race for the Senate.

DEFECTED. Gata Kamsky, 14, Soviet chess prodigy who is expected to become an international grand master; with his father Rustam; in New York City. Kamsky announced his defection immediately after winning his game in the final round of the New York Open, the premier international chess meet in the U.S.

SETTLEMENT REACHED. For compensation of the families of the 37 sailors killed on the frigate U.S.S. *Stark* in May 1987 by Iraqi missiles; between the State Department and the government of Iraq; totaling $27.3 million. The U.S. presented a claim to Iraq last year, and the negotiated compensation will provide survivors with sums based on each serviceman's length of service and the financial need of his family.

RECOVERING. Barbara Bush, 63, First Lady, from Graves' disease, a thyroid ailment; in Washington. The disorder, which has caused the President's wife to lose 18 lbs. and suffer from swollen eyes, results when an overactive thyroid gland produces an excess of hormones. The White House said Mrs. Bush will continue to treat her condition with a drug that blocks output of thyroid hormones.

DIED. William Chappell, 67, former Democratic Congressman from Florida who lost to challenger Craig James by 791 votes last year after unconfirmed reports linked him to Operation Ill Wind, the federal probe of scandals in Pentagon procurement; of bone cancer; in Bethesda, Md. As chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee on defense, Chappell supported many large weapons systems.

DIED. Malcolm Cowley, 90, journalist, poet and mild-mannered Boswell to the Lost Generation of American expatriate writers in post–World War I Paris; in New Milford, Conn. Drawn to the creative ferment of the French capital, Cowley joined a literary circle that included Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos and F. Scott Fitzgerald, and chronicled the scene in his 1934 book, *Exile's Return*. As an editor in the 1920s and '30s, he sympathized with the Communist Party (but later disavowed it) and championed the writings of William Faulkner. Cowley's critical essays brought prominence to Faulkner and nurtured the career of John Cheever.

Baby boom or busted?

When the baby-boomers were babies, everybody chucked them under the chin and rejoiced at their abundance. Now that they've become a powerful factor in our nation's work force there's an analogous pleasure at their energy and success. But when they start retiring—around the year 2010 and for 25 years thereafter—are we sure they can depend on what the nation has promised them: regular and reliable payments from the Social Security system?

There's always been plenty of criticism of Social Security, and we're not here to say it's perfect. It was set up over 50 years ago, in the depths of the Great Depression, as a means to provide some measure of economic security for older Americans. Its founders talked of a "three-legged stool" that might support the elderly: 1) Social Security; 2) a system of private pensions; and 3) individual savings. Today, more than 90 percent of people over 65 in the U.S. receive Social Security benefits. For most, this is their principal income.

Though millions have organized their retirement lives in reliance on Social Security, and though many private pension plans integrate an expectation of such payments into their own financial commitment to retiring workers, this public system—unlike most private and state pension plans—wasn't initially designed to accumulate reserves. From the start, Social Security was a pay-as-you-go operation, using the payroll tax to provide benefits for current beneficiaries. Its receipts and expenditures are treated as part of the unified federal budget.

Six years ago, however, amid widespread fears that the system might overload the tax burden on workers as the number of retirees increased, changes were enacted to put it on a sounder footing. Payroll taxes were raised for both employers and workers, and growth in benefit levels was slowed.

A further goal was to start providing now for the great surge in expenditure that must come when the baby-boomers retire, many years hence. One scenario—considered the most likely by trustees of the Social Security system—estimates that at its peak some 40 years from now, the reserve needed will be almost $12 trillion. Planning for this has begun, and as a result, large reserves are already accumulating in what are generally called the Social Security trust funds.

And that's where the trouble arises. Present methods of budget accounting in government are using these reserves to hide the true size of the federal deficit. In a "unified" budget, any Social Security surplus—about $56 billion this year, and growing fast—appears as an offset against the federal deficit. This makes the federal deficit look smaller.

The deficit for the current fiscal year is estimated to be $155 billion—but this is after deduction of the surplus in Social Security; the total deficit is $211 billion. As the trust funds' surplus grows, in fact, the federal deficit will seemingly disappear entirely, concealed behind the money we had pledged to put aside for retirement of the baby-boomers.

That's the illusion of fiscal discipline, not the real thing. The cost of government should be faced directly, without any artificial shield. Our national budget policy should show the federal deficit as it stands, whether growing or shrinking, and with no offset from surpluses accumulating in the trust funds.

Then we'd stop kidding ourselves. As the true budget deficit was brought into line, we'd at least have some assurance that reserves in the Social Security system were adding to the sum of national savings. As savings grow, they enable higher rates of U.S. investment—which have their payoff in greater productivity and national output. And out of these will come a broader, stronger capital stock and economic base to provide better living standards for the generations ahead.

From such a foundation, a more productive America will have the resources needed when today's baby-boomers start hanging up their computers to head for the golf course.

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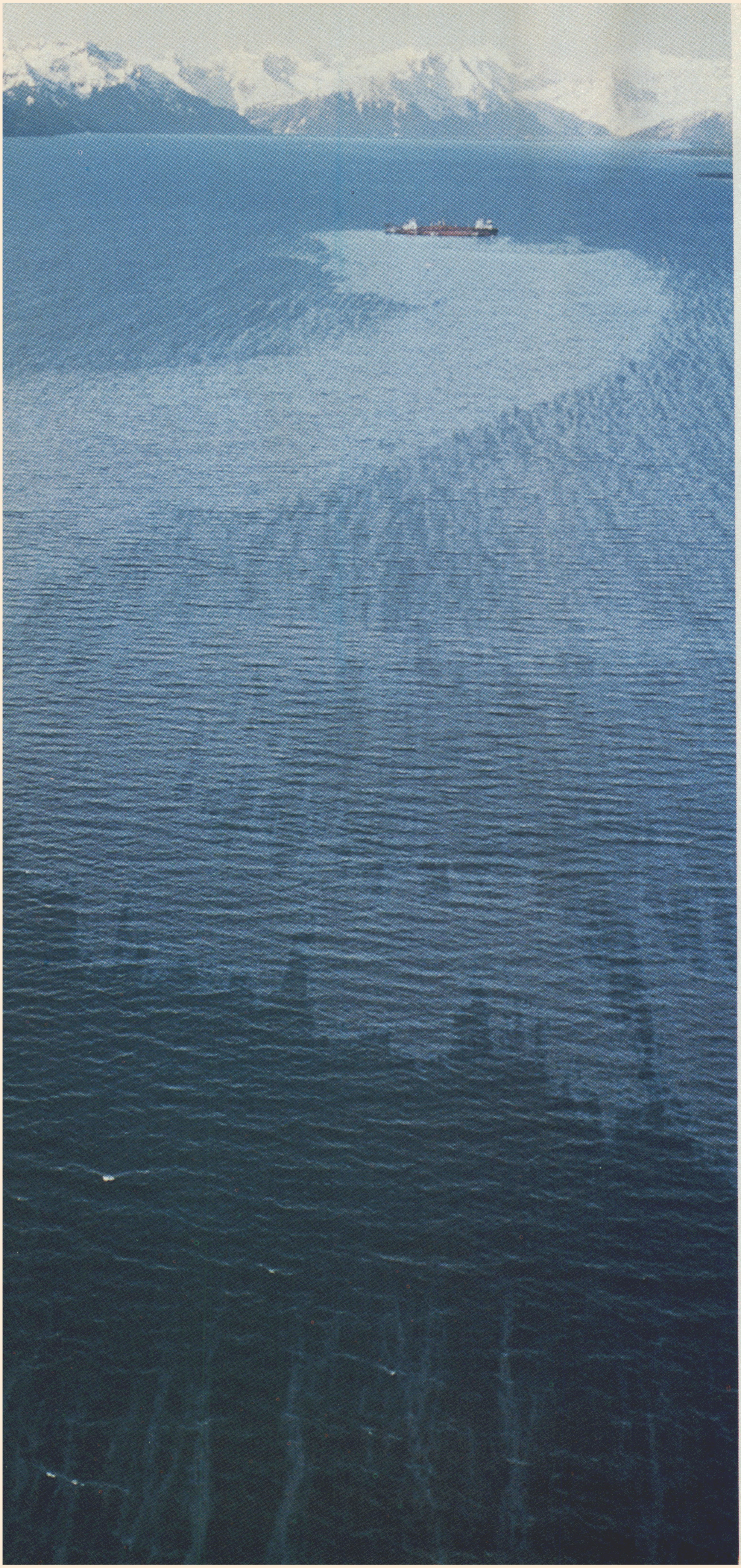


AL GRILLO—PICTURE GROUP

TIME/APRIL 10, 1989

The Big Spill

Bred from complacency, the Valdez *fiasco goes from bad to worse to worst possible*

BY GEORGE J. CHURCH

A captain with too much alcohol in his blood turns over command of his tanker to an unqualified third mate. The mate shouts contradictory orders to the helmsman and eventually impales the vessel on a reef, causing millions of gallons of oil to gush from the mangled hull. Companies that boasted they had the equipment and manpower in place for a quick cleanup turn out to have hardly anything available and lose irreplaceable days getting into action. Then, almost predictably, the calm weather gives way to high winds that render their efforts ineffective.

By midweek Exxon, owner of the wounded tanker, admitted that the largest oil spill in U.S. history was spreading out of control; by week's end the slick covered almost 900 sq. mi. southwest of Valdez, Alaska, posing a deadly danger to the marine and bird life that teems in Prince William Sound. The story, a tale of unrelieved gloom with no heroes, resembled a Greek tragedy updated by Murphy's Law. Everything that could go wrong did; everyone involved, including the Alaska state government and the U.S. Coast

Two days after the *Valdez* went aground, an oil slick snakes across Prince William Sound

"We predicted that there would be a great oil spill at Valdez. We were told again and again that the oil companies could handle it."

—Sierra Club Chairman Michael McCloskey

A sea otter, its belly coated with crude, is one of thousands of marine animals that environmentalists fear will be wiped out

GRILLO—PICTURE GROUP

Guard, made damaging errors; hubris in the form of complacency (it has never happened, so it won't) took a heavy toll; and events marched relentlessly from bad to worse toward the worst possible.

In this case, the worst possible is an unprecedented ecological disaster. Though Exxon insists it will persist in cleanup efforts for months if necessary and promises to leave the highly scenic area "the way it was before," that is close to a physical impossibility. Earlier mishaps suggest that only about 10% of the oil from such a massive spill (this one totaled at least 10.1 million gal., perhaps 12.6 million) will ever be recovered. Some of the rest evaporates. But as the lighter components escape into the air, most of the oil turns into a thick black gunk that eventually sinks to the bottom. There it is joined by oil that first coated beaches but little by little washes back into the water.

What happens next is a matter of theorizing. Nearly all previous massive spills have occurred in areas of moderate climate, where the waves, currents and winds of the open ocean dispersed them; the hemorrhage from the tanker *Exxon Valdez* is the first big spill to foul an enclosed body of cold water. Clifton Curtis, executive director of the Oceanic Society, predicts that the oil deposits on the bottom will act "as lethal time-release capsules," turning loose "harmful petroleum hydrocarbons for months and even years." Birds, fish and marine animals such as seals and otters that are not killed quickly by being coated with crude will still be in danger, as the bottom oil contaminates first microorganisms, then the small fish that eat them, then the larger creatures up the food chain. Fishermen in the port of Cordova (pop. 3,000) fear that their catches of salmon, herring, shrimp and crab will be ruined for years, possibly wiping out their livelihood. Says Barbara Jenson, wife of a fourth-generation fisherman: "I don't think we are going to survive this one."

In a wider perspective, the disaster points up the unresolved conflict between American desires for an unspoiled environment and demands for more energy that has long bedeviled national policy. Immediately the crack-up of the *Exxon Valdez* gives powerful new ammunition to environmentalists fighting against a proposal to allow oil exploration in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, one of the last large tracts of U.S. wilderness virtually untouched by man. The proposal, which has the support of President Bush, has passed the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee, but it may be delayed by the Prince William Sound disaster. Says Senator Joseph Lieberman, a Connecticut Democrat: "The *Exxon Valdez* spill illustrates in a devastating way how delicate the environment of Alaska can be and how impotent we are to protect it from our own mistakes." Ironically, America's worst oil spill occurred just four days before the tenth anniversary of the Three Mile Island accident that choked off the development of nuclear-power plants and led to growing reliance on coal and oil. The bill for that decision is beginning to come due. The question that will increasingly haunt energy-policy debate is this: What degree of environmental risk should be accepted for the sake of adding domestic fuel supplies to a nation that has never been able or willing to practice sufficient conservation and yet rightly views dependence on foreign-oil imports as a threat to economic and military security?

In a sense, the *Valdez* tragedy begins not in Alaska but on Long Island, N.Y. There, in 1985, Captain Joseph Hazelwood was convicted of drunken driving. Last September in New Hampshire, he was again found guilty of driving while intoxicated. In a five-year span, his automobile driver's license was revoked three times. Hazelwood is still not permitted to steer a car, but he retained his license to command a ship—why, no one can satisfactorily explain. In 1985, after Hazelwood informed the company about his drinking problem, Exxon sent him to an alcohol rehabilitation program. The company says it was not aware that the problem persisted after his treatment.

Hazelwood appeared to be in control of himself when he boarded the *Exxon Valdez* Thursday night, March 23. But when his blood was tested fully nine hours after the ship ran aground, he had a blood-alcohol level of .06, higher than the .04 the Coast Guard considers acceptable for ship captains. Assuming he drank nothing after the accident and his body metabolized at the normal rate, Hazelwood's level at the time of the accident was about .19, almost double the amount that causes a motorist to be judged drunk in many states. Exxon fired Hazelwood after it got the test results, a prime case of reacting long after the damage has been done. On Friday the state filed criminal charges against Hazelwood for operating a ship under the influence of alcohol and issued a warrant for his arrest.

RANDY BRANDON—SIPA

A rescue worker holds an oil-encrusted seabird: ecological damage could last years

A local pilot steered the tanker out of the port of Valdez. Once he had departed from the ship, Hazelwood left the bridge and went to his cabin while the vessel was still moving along the jagged shores of Prince William Sound. That was in violation of Exxon policy, which calls for the captain to keep command until the ship is on the open ocean. Hazelwood turned over the steering of the ship to Third Mate Gregory Cousins, who is not licensed by the Coast Guard to pilot a vessel through Alaskan coastal waters.

To dodge icebergs that were floating in the sound, Cousins asked the Coast Guard station in Valdez for permission to switch from the path taken by outgoing vessels to the one used by incoming ships. The Coast Guard gave its O.K. but then lost radar contact with the ship. The local newspaper, the Valdez *Vanguard,* reported that the Coast Guard two years ago replaced its radar with a less powerful unit. Had it maintained contact, the Coast Guard could have warned Cousins that he was straying close to the dangerous rocks of Bligh Reef.

For that matter, the accident might have been avoided had the Coast Guard's radar been electronically linked to the harbor's vessel-traffic system so that an alarm would sound automatically if a tanker wandered out of its correct path. Such a state-of-the-art system is in operation in at least one foreign port. Says Curtis of the Oceanic Society: "This is not just a case of someone getting drunk. Because the industry did not take responsibility for state-of-the-art technology, the problem lies at its doorstep."

According to William Woody, an investigator for the National Transportation Safety Board, the accident was preceded by a series of commands that put the vessel a mile out of the shipping lanes and into harm's way. Cousins and finally Hazelwood, who had returned to the bridge, issued contradictory orders. Shortly after midnight, the tanker impaled itself on Bligh Reef, its hull torn by gashes, some thought to be 15 ft. wide. At least 240,000 bbl. of oil, equal to 10.1 million gal., poured out of the wounds.

The supposedly impossible had happened. Since the building 15 years ago of the pipeline that carries Alaskan oil from the North Slope to Valdez for shipment by tanker to the West Coast, oil companies had been shrugging off environmentalists' forebodings of just such an occurrence. In January 1987, Alyeska Pipeline Service Co., the consortium of oil companies (including Exxon) that manages the pipeline, filed a contingency plan with the Federal Government detailing how it would handle a 200,000-bbl. spill in Prince William Sound. Alyeska did so only grudgingly, however, protesting, "It is highly unlikely that a spill of this magnitude would occur. Catastrophic events of this nature are further reduced because the majority of tankers calling on Port Valdez are of American registry and all of these are piloted by licensed masters or pilots."

Alyeska nonetheless boasted that it would have equipment on the scene of any major spill within five hours. When the unthinkable happened, the reality was somewhat different: the first crews and equipment did not get to the spill until ten hours after the accident. And then they could do little because booms to contain the oil and mechanical skimmers to scoop it up were pitifully insufficient. Moreover, the barge capable of receiving the skimmed oil had been damaged and could not be deployed until the next day.

What was the hang-up? In a word, says an Alyeska supervisor, "complacency." Lulled by almost twelve years of oil shipping through Valdez without a major accident, Alyeska let its old equipment run down to the point that it was taxed to the limit when it cleaned up a small spill of a mere 1,500 bbl. in January. Workers who had been hired to devote full time to combatting oil spills were replaced by people whose primary duties lay elsewhere. The state government failed to keep Alyeska up to the mark; the legislature denied its watchdog agency funds for inspecting oil terminals and was pretty much reduced to taking the oil companies' word for their preparedness. The Coast Guard too has sustained deep budget cuts and, says a friendly observer, "is held together with baling wire." Its closest concentration of cleanup ships and equipment is in the San Francisco area, more than 2,000 miles south of Valdez.

Frank Iarossi, president of Exxon Shipping Co., flew from his Houston home to Valdez and by Friday night took command of the cleanup. By then the slick was spreading and chemical dispersants could not be used because the seas were too calm for them to be effective. On Sunday winds picked up to 70 m.p.h., hindering boats from booming and skimming the oil. The winds drove the oil into a froth known as mousse; workers who tried to apply a napalm-like substance to the oil and ignite it with laser beams did not succeed.

AP

Skipper Hazelwood

The company compounded the damage to its image by initially misleading the press and local residents with assurances that its beach cleanups and booming operations were well under way. But on Wednesday Exxon spokesman Donald Cornett admitted that beach clean-

MIKE MATHER—FAIRBANKS DAILY NEWS/BLACK STAR

A shoreline despoiled by oil: scientists can only theorize about the spill's impact on Prince William Sound

up had not started and that one boat had just sailed around gauging the extent of the spill. Later that night he was greeted in nearby Cordova by citizens displaying signs that read, DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR. ESPECIALLY AT ALYESKA AND EXXON PRESS CONFERENCES.

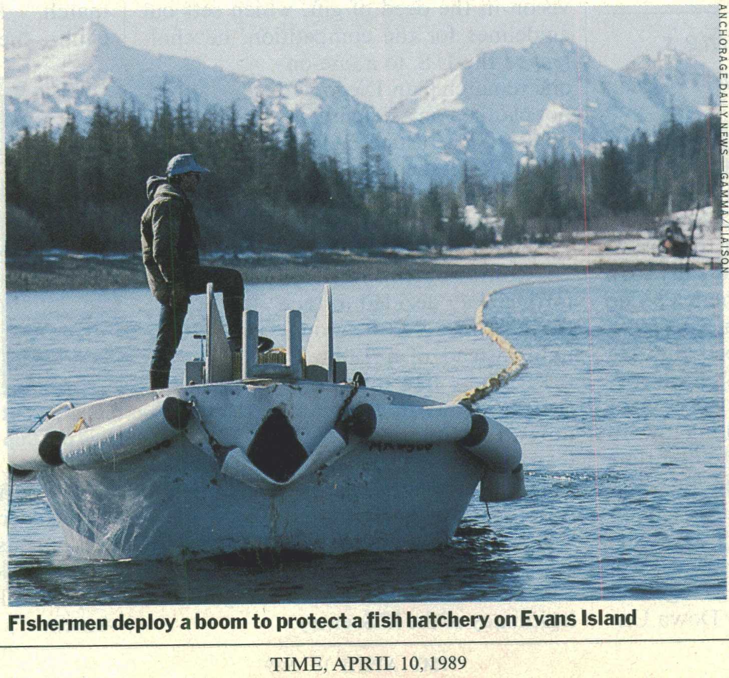
Not until Wednesday was a ragtag fleet in full operation. A team from Washington, consisting of Secretary of Transportation Samuel Skinner, Environmental Protection Agency Administrator William Reilly and Coast Guard Commandant Paul Yost, flew to Alaska at midweek and reported back to Bush that the cleanup was going well enough that there was no need for the Federal Government to take over. That seemed to be a polite way of saying there was no way for the feds to speed things, so Washington might as well stay out and avoid sharing the blame for what the President called a major tragedy.

The spill happened in almost the worst place and at nearly the worst time possible. The jagged coast of Prince William Sound is dotted with innumerable coves and inlets where the spilled oil can collect and stay for months, killing young fish that spawn in the shallows. Fishermen have already written off the herring season that was to start this week. Soon waterfowl by the tens of thousands will finish their northward migrations and settle into summer nesting colonies in Prince William Sound. For them, says Ann Rothe, Alaska regional representative of the National Wildlife Federation, "it will be like returning home after somebody came in and ransacked your house, took some gunk and dumped it all over the place." She fears the sea otter population of 4,000 to 5,000 "will be totally wiped out."

In a highly unusual public apology, published as an advertisement in TIME and about 100 other magazines and newspapers, Exxon Chairman L.G. Rawl promised that his company not only will pay all direct cleanup costs but "also will meet our obligations to all those who have suffered damage from the spill." Under federal law, the company must pay the first $14 million in cleanup costs, then can tap a fund set up by the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Act for an additional $86 million.

And after that? Although the pipeline law limits a company's liability to $100 million in most cases, that lid is off if a spill and the damage that results are due to negligence. A court may find that the actions of Captain Hazelwood and Third Mate Cousins—and the failure of both Alyeska and Exxon to respond quickly to the spill—meet that test. Both the state of Alaska and the Federal Government have opened criminal investigations of the spill. "It will be a long war of experts," says James McNerney, a Houston specialist in environmental and maritime law. The battle over this spill and its consequences could prove almost as messy and unpredictable as the environmental damages.

—Reported by Jay Peterzell/ Washington, David Seideman/ New York and Paul A. Witteman/ Valdez



ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS—GAMMA-LIAISON

Fishermen deploy a boom to protect a fish hatchery on Evans Island

Taking It All Back, Plus Interest

The U.S. wants billions from the king of junk bonds

Michael Milken: once a financial empire builder, now an accused felon

His 1987 compensation was $550 million, the Government says.

CHIASSON—GAMMA/LIAISON

The indictment was long anticipated, but the size of the proposed penalties was enough to provoke a collective gasp among Wall Streeters. Last week a federal grand jury in Manhattan charged junk-bond king Michael Milken, 42, his brother Lowell, 40, and Bruce Lee Newberg, 31, a former colleague of theirs at the investment firm Drexel Burnham Lambert, with a total of 98 felony counts of stock manipulation, insider trading, racketeering and other crimes. The indictment calls for the three accused to forfeit their total compensation of $1.5 billion for 1984 through 1987 (plus interest of $257 million) and pay fines of $3.7 billion. If convicted on all counts, Milken could face a maximum prison sentence of 520 years.

The most stunning new disclosure was the Government's calculation of Milken's income, which had previously been estimated at a mere $50 million to $100 million annually. But Milken's salary and bonuses actually amounted to $554 million in 1984-86 and an additional $550 million in 1987, the indictment says.

Milken's unprecedented income was the result of his employment contract with Drexel, where he has been the firm's biggest source of profits as head of its Beverly Hills–based junk-bond department. Milken almost single-handedly created the junk-bond market, which has grown from $1 billion in 1981 to $180 billion last year. His downfall began three years ago, when arbitrager Ivan Boesky, collared on insider-trading charges, began singing to prosecutors about alleged stock-fraud schemes he carried out with Milken and Drexel. Last December Drexel struck a deal with prosecutors that called for the firm to plead guilty to six felony charges and pay $650 million in fines. Drexel also said it would withhold $200 million in compensation owed to Milken for 1988.

Under last week's racketeering charges, the Government can freeze the Milken brothers' assets even before they are tried. Prosecutors are expected to ask the investment bankers to post a $1 billion bond to prevent such an asset seizure. Last week Milken said he would take a leave of absence from the firm to fight the charges. Said he: "After almost 2½ years of leaks and distortions, I am now eager to present all the facts in an open and unbiased forum."

As a defense tactic, Milken's lawyers will probably attack Boesky's credibility because he received a reduced charge in return for his testimony. They could also challenge the constitutionality of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations law, the statute under which Milken has been charged. Some legal experts believe the law, originally designed to combat organized crime, gives prosecutors unfair leverage in white-collar-crime cases. —***By Christine Gorman. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York***

The Cup Turneth Over

San Diego loses yachting's biggest prize—in a courtroom

Time was when yachting seemed the last preserve of the gentleman athlete. All that changed in the 1980s, as the sport bred enough litigious excess to make Horatio Hornblower reach for the Dramamine. The latest episode in the salty soap opera better known as the America's Cup series came last week, when a New York Supreme Court justice stripped the San Diego Yacht Club of the sport's most coveted prize.

The controversy began sailing toward the court in 1983, when, for the first time since the competition started in 1851, America lost the America's Cup to a high-tech upstart from Australia. Four years later blustery Dennis Conner, losing skipper in the duel with Australia, regained the trophy in a rousing victory Down Under. But Conner offended losing New Zealand when he accused its crew of cheating by racing in a fiber-glass boat.

Michael Fay, head of the New Zealand team, decided to strike back. Citing a provision in the deed of gift, which sets out guidelines for the competition, he challenged the U.S. to a one-on-one rematch. San Diego had not planned on a defense until 1991. But Justice Carmen Ciparick of the New York Supreme Court, which oversees the deed, upheld New Zealand's rogue challenge.

Complicating matters further, Fay decided to race the U.S. in a 132-ft. monohull, instead of a 12-meter (65-ft.) boat like those used since 1958. With time running out, Conner and his team knew they could not design a sufficiently speedy monohull vessel of their own. So Conner opted for a smaller, swifter, multihulled catamaran. Justice Ciparick decided to wait to see the outcome of the race before ruling on the legitimacy of the U.S. entry.

The U.S. won the race, but New Zealand takes the Cup

BILL EPPRIDGE—DOT

As expected, the U.S. catamaran blew New Zealand's monohull out of the water in September 1988. Fay then filed suit, charging that the U.S. had violated the deed of gift's requirements for a "fair match." Enter the New York Yacht Club—the Cup's custodian for the first 132 years of its existence—which filed an affidavit supporting New Zealand's charge.

Last week Ciparick ruled that Conner's catamaran had created a "gross mismatch." The decision gave the America's Cup to New Zealand, which will host the next competition in 1991, and torpedoed San Diego's hopes for a $1.2 billion bonanza during the six-month competition. Conner, ironically, was in New Zealand last week filming a commercial for a new board game called Cup Fever. "I'm a sailor," he declared. "It offends me to see attorneys debating America's Cups in the courts. The Cup should be fought on the water." Amen. ■

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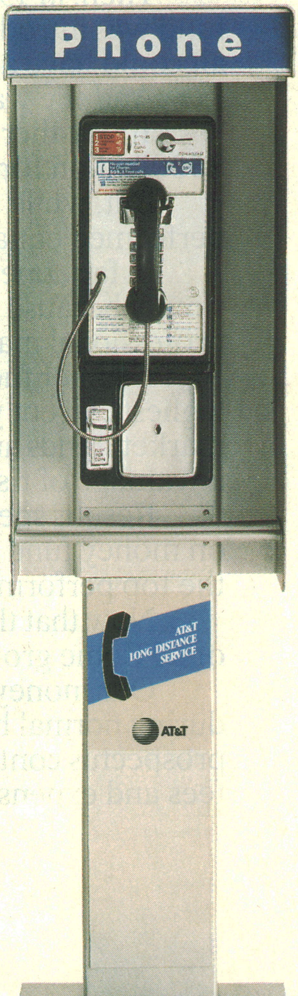

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American Notes

JOHN MC GRAIL

Will these canine crime fighters get a pension?

PHILADELPHIA

A Doggone Shame

In their glory days, they patrolled Philadelphia's mean streets, searched buildings and sniffed for bombs and narcotics. When they retired, the hounds of the Philadelphia police department's canine unit traditionally got pensions in the form of free dog food and veterinary care. But on March 1, Police Commissioner Willie Williams eliminated the benefits of 45 wet-nosed retirees to shave $13,500 from the department's $262 million budget. "When you are looking at cutting services to the homeless," said police spokesman Captain Richard De Lise, "how can you justify feeding dogs?"

Williams' move touched off a howl of protest. The Fraternal Order of Police filed a formal complaint. Allentown-based Alpo Petfoods Inc. offered free vittles to the retired canine crime fighters for as long as they live. Animal lover Randi Biba gathered more than 1,000 signatures on petitions urging the police department to reverse its decision. "Policemen get benefits, and these dogs are their partners," says Biba, a 37-year-old secretary. "What's the difference if they have two legs or four?" ■

THE WHITE HOUSE

How High an Office?

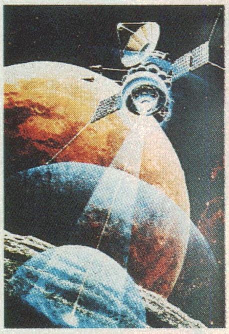
George Bush supports random drug testing in the workplace, including the workplace where he's the boss. The Administration plans to conduct random urinalysis among more than 80% of the 1,850 employees in the Executive Office of the President, which includes the White House staff, the Office of Management and Budget, the National Security Council and other agencies.

Thirty EOP workers have reluctantly filed a class-action suit seeking to stop the tests, contending that the Government has no right to test them without reason to suspect them of drug use. Though there is little evidence of widespread drug abuse among Executive Office workers, their image was not helped by the disclosure last week that two White House guards were fired and one resigned last May after an investigation into allegations of cocaine use among members of the Secret Service's uniformed division. Two NSC clerks were also relieved of their duties. The testing is necessary, says White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, because the Administration must offer "leadership in providing random drug testing as a means of ensuring a clean workplace." ■

SPACE

Do You Read Me, Phobos?

Suddenly, the beeps stopped coming. Soviet scientists last week lost track of one of their nation's most highly touted space projects: Phobos 2, an unmanned craft launched last July to dispatch two landing probes onto the Martian moon Phobos. Repeated attempts to re-establish contact were fruitless. A companion vessel had been lost in space last August.



KEN OLSEN

Phobos 2: lost in space

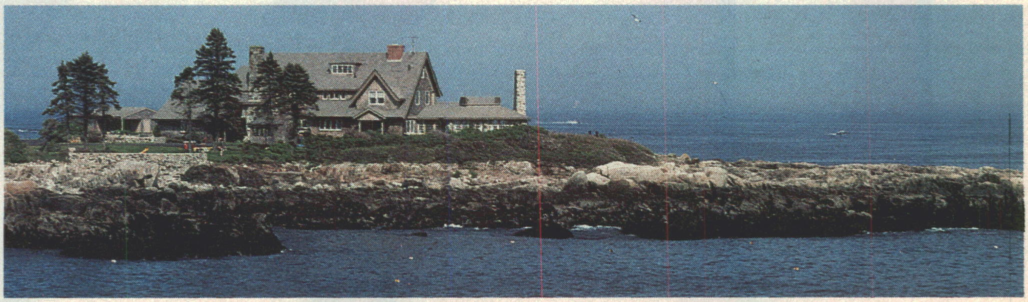
The two spacecraft were part of the longtime Soviet push to explore Mars, an effort that Moscow has several times invited the U.S. to join. Although Phobos 2 had managed to send back information on the Martian atmosphere, magnetic field and environment, some U.S. analysts believe the mishaps in the $500 million project raise questions about quality assurance and control in Soviet flight preparations. But Frank McDonald, associate director of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, warns against using the episode to judge Moscow's competence in space. Says McDonald: "They have demonstrated again and again a very sophisticated capability." ■

MAINE

Rallying to The Claws

Lobstermen in Kennebunkport, Me., are boiling mad about special arrangements for one of the neighbors. They learned last week that the U.S. Coast Guard will enforce a 500-yd. "security zone" in the waters around George Bush's summer home on Walker's Point, site of some of Maine's best lobstering. Whenever the President is in residence, Coast Guard cutters will stop and search lobster boats seeking to enter the zone. Even more frustrating to the 40 or so lobstermen affected: the cutters' propellers tend to get snarled in the traplines, resulting in dozens of lost traps.

During his campaign for the White House, Bush promised that if his visits affected the lobstermen's livelihood, "I would not come here." But at a meeting with the aggrieved group last week, Coast Guard Captain R.W. ("Bud") Breault offered little hope that the rules would be relaxed. Some lobstermen, claiming that steering clear of the zone could cost them as much as $700 a week in lost catches, vow to continue placing traps in the restricted area. ■



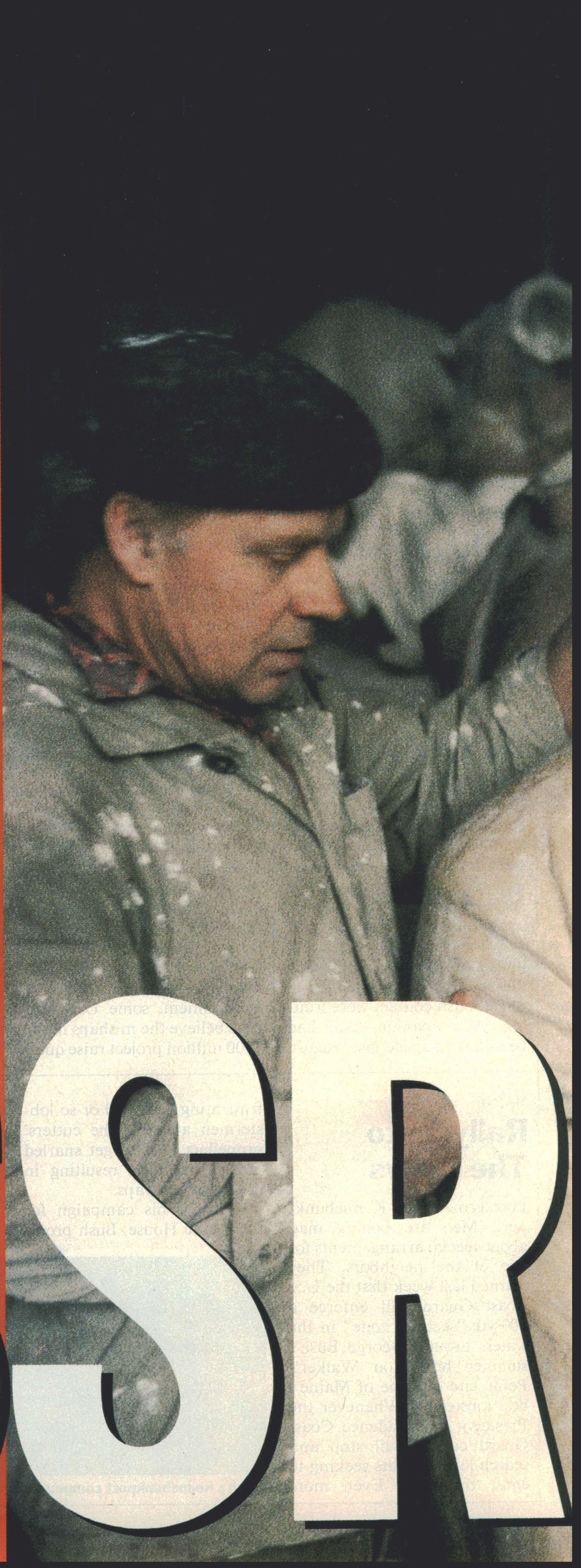
CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Bush's Kennebunkport compound: lobstermen are boiling mad about the new "security zone"

TIME
SPECIAL ISSUE

Careful, there. This is no ordinary statue you're adjusting, but one representing the father of the state, Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, the man who renamed himself Lenin and reshaped Russia in the Bolshevik Revolution. One crucial slip by workers at Moscow's All-Union Artistic-Production Association (hear the clang of bureaucracy in that name), and they must pour a whole new mold. In attempting nothing less than a second revolution, Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev is also adjusting Lenin, paying lip service to his dogma even while reshaping it to fit the needs of the U.S.S.R. The task is a delicate one, for the future of the Soviet Union—in some ways, the future of us all—is at stake. A single crucial slip and the nation's No. 1 sculptor might find himself starting from scratch—or out of a job. But what Gorbachev has already done can never be fully undone. What would Lenin think?

The New USSR



Photograph for TIME by Chris Niedenthal

THE NEW USSR

THE UNION

A historic—and surprising—election is the latest indication that, for all his troubles, Gorbachev's revolution is transforming his nation

A LONG, MIGHTY STRUGGLE

BY WALTER ISAACSON

Upon returning to Moscow in 1944 after a seven-year absence, the American diplomat George Kennan was struck by the enigma of an empire both yearning for its rightful place in the modern world and clinging to the enfeebling insularity of its past. "The Anglo-Saxon instinct is to attempt to smooth away contradictions," he wrote. "The Russian tends to deal only in extremes, and he is not particularly concerned to reconcile them. To him, contradiction is a familiar thing. It is the essence of Russia."

Contradiction has also become the essence of its second revolution, the radical crusade by Mikhail Gorbachev to create nothing less than a new Soviet Union. In fits and starts, using such hybrids as socialist markets and one-party pluralism, he has directed one of the most transfixing spectacles of modern times: an encrusted political and economic system being brought, stumbling and blinking in amazement, into the light of a new era. In the tradition of Peter the Great, who opened up Russia to the West almost 300 years ago to rescue it from backwardness, Gorbachev is trying to transform, neither slowly nor surely, every aspect of his nation's political, economic and psychological life.

Gorbachev has been in power for four years. In some ways, he was running for a second term in last Sunday's election of a new Congress of People's Deputies, seeking a mandate for his three-pronged pitchfork of *perestroika* (economic restructuring), *glasnost* (openness) and *demokratizatsiya* (democratization). Not since the Bolsheviks were trounced in the Constituent Assembly races of November 1917 had citizens of the Soviet Union been given the chance to vote in a real national election. This time some highly visible keepers of the Bolshevik faith fared poorly. But for Gorbachev the results could be, if he uses them adroitly, the mandate he sought to move to the next stages of reform.

In a land hardly famous for political comebacks, Boris Yeltsin, the brash populist who a year ago was ousted as Moscow Communist Party boss and candidate member of the Politburo, has become a symbol of the opportunities and obstacles that Gorbachev now faces. Yeltsin's triumph, along with the defeat of party hacks from Siberia to Lithuania, represented a rousing

At election rallies, Moscow crowds chanted, "Down with bureaucrats!" and "Yeltsin is a man of the people!"

In a land not famous for comebacks, Yeltsin is now a popular hero.

YURI KOROLEV

Leaving the polling station with Raisa, Gorbachev declared, "What we

endorsement of Gorbachev's vision of *perestroika*. But it also represented a feisty revolt against the failure of his reforms to improve the harsh realities of Soviet life.

Gorbachev had already secured one of the seats in the new legislature reserved for top party officials. Thus he did not have to confront personally the deflating question that dogs American candidates: Are you better off now than you were four years ago?

The answer again involves contradictions. *Life is clearly far better these days:* the fear that was the most oppressive aspect of daily existence has been replaced by a torrent of free expression, while experiments with market principles show faint signs of sparking economic success. *Life is just as clearly no better at all:* the shelves in the shops are more barren than when Gorbachev took office, the limited economic reforms serve mainly to reveal how hopelessly ossified the economy is, and the flirtation with freedom has frayed the seams binding the empire's diverse nationalities.

In fact, to pronounce *perestroika* either a success or a failure at this stage is to misperceive its nature. At best, it is the beginning of a protracted and massive undertaking that could take a generation or more. "During the past 70 years, a new man has been created who is obedient and easily frightened," says the poet Bulat Okudzhava, a veteran Soviet-reform advocate. "What has been created over decades cannot be undone in a day." Energizing an empire of 285 million people and turning it into a modern economy ranks among the most daunting tasks of modern times, as audacious as Deng Xiaoping's Four Modernizations or Franklin Roosevelt's creation of a new social welfare state.

Like Dr. Johnson's remark about dogs who walk upright and women who preach, the amazing thing about *perestroika* is not that the Soviets are doing it well but that they are doing it at all. "We so quickly and lightly overlook the remarkable existence of *perestroika* and focus on the obstacles," says Robert Legvold, director of Columbia University's Averell Harriman Institute, "that we underestimate the significance of the fact that it has begun at all." Whatever happens, and whatever course it finally takes, the Gorbachev revolution has already become one of the greatest dramas and most momentous events of the second half of the 20th century.

Five of the six men who have led the Soviet Union have clung to power until their deaths. But the one exception—Nikita Khrushchev, the earthy reformer of a generation ago—stands as a cautionary reminder of the perils of *perestroika*. The combination of *glasnost* and *demokratizatsiya* runs the risk of giving conservatives the chance to point to a breakdown in social order. This is a major consideration in one of the most order-obsessed regimes on earth. Gorbachev's situation, like the fate of his reforms, will thus remain precarious.

Gorbachev has been able to demote but not purge from the Communist Party's ruling Politburo Yegor Ligachev, his conservative thorn. Ligachev and his allies, who include former KGB chief Victor Chebrikov, could become even more antagonistic out of dismay at the fate of fellow party traditionalists in the election. None is likely to try to pull off a coup, but it is possible that they could force Gorbachev to water down the reforms.

Even if Gorbachev is reined in, or toppled, the seeds he has sown in the Soviet mind and the changes he has already wrought will leave an indelible mark. The reforms of Khrushchev and Kosygin were squelched, but the ideas they planted blossomed a quarter-century later in a new generation of leadership. As Gorbachev

RUDI FREY

need is democracy and ***glasnost*** **to tap the potential of our society."**

FREY

Ligachev reminded reporters he is in the same party as Yeltsin.

told Henry Kissinger when he visited Moscow earlier this year, "At any rate, things will never be the same again in the Soviet Union." Notes Kissinger: "This would be a modest result for so Herculean a task." Yes, but once again the contradiction is also true: the fact that the Soviet Union has been so deeply altered that it will never again be exactly the same is of monumental historic significance.

The Soviet people now know what it is like not to fear. They have learned the joys (and, yes, the frustrations) of a feisty press. They have had Pasternak returned to them and have openly called for the publication of Solzhenitsyn. They have tasted the fruits of private marketplaces and cooperative cafés, discovered the potential (and, yes, the frustrations) of private entrepreneurship; they have watched candidates debate on television and be asked whether they believe in God. And they have read articles brushing the dust off Trotsky, probing the demonic mind of Stalin and introducing them to the ideas of Lech Walesa.

Most significant, perhaps, is the forthright admission by the Soviets that they are trying to shed the burden of a rigidly centralized economy based on Leninist-Stalinist principles. The eulogies on the death of Communism may be premature, but there are signs that a verdict is being reached in the long twilight struggle between this century's two dominant ideologies. While scrambling to find euphemisms for such apostate phrases as "private property," the Soviets are jettisoning many of their Communist tenets in favor of some that are at the heart of democratic capitalism: contested elections, pluralism, codified individual rights, market incentives and the reward of private enterprise.

The one thing that can be said with certainty about *perestroika* is that it has exposed how difficult rebuilding the Soviet economy will be. The obstacles are greater, the situation more dire and the fixes more fundamental than even Gorbachev suspected four years ago. "Frankly speaking, comrades, we have underestimated the extent and gravity of the deformations," he told a Party Conference last year. Nikolai Shmelev, one of the country's radical economic gadflies, has put it more vividly: "We are now like a seriously ill man who, after a long time in bed, takes his first step with the greatest degree of difficulty and finds to his horror that he has almost forgotten how to walk."

The overall Soviet economy remains a near shambles. The budget deficit—caused in part by transfusions to anemic factories and by subsidies for food and housing—is about 11% of the GNP, by some estimates. The ruble, arbitrarily said to be worth $1.60 but not freely convertible into dollars or other Western currencies, brings as little as 10¢ on the black market. But price controls have repressed the latent inflation, and people have more paper money—about 300 billion rubles in savings—than there are goods available for purchase.

Translated to a personal level, this means that day-to-day life in the Soviet Union is as difficult as ever. Not only are big consumer items like refrigerators and washing machines in short supply—the average wait to buy the cheapest Soviet car is seven years—but staples of everyday life are also scarce. Long lines snake into the street for such ordinary items as sausage, rice, coffee and candy.

Gorbachev's reforms are part of the problem. He is trying to force factories to become financially profitable, so they are gussying up products in order to price them higher than the everyday models that are price-fixed by the bureaucracy. Moscow

WINNERS

Insurgents had a field day. Victor Podziruk, a lieutenant colonel, beat a general. Roy Medvedev, the dissident historian, led in his district and is favored in a runoff. Alla Yaroshinskaya, a nonparty journalist in the Ukraine whose stories enrage local officials, beat four party members. Nationalism triumphed in Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, where popular-front candidates won a majority of seats.

SOVFOTO

Metropolitan Alexi
The Orthodox Church's representative in Leningrad and Novgorod

YURI KOROLEV

Arkadi Murashev
Advocated a multiparty system and defeated a top Moscow party leader

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Ilya Zaslavsky
An invalid who became popular campaigning for handicapped rights

NIEDENTHAL

Telman Gdlyan
A brash Moscow prosecutor who charged top officials with bribery

LOSERS

In Leningrad the top five party leaders were all wiped out. Also fallen: about a third of the 129 regional party leaders, Moscow's mayor, Lithuania's top leadership, the KGB boss in Estonia, the admiral of the Pacific fleet and the general of Soviet forces in East Germany, the party boss in Kiev, and Yevgeni Brakov, the manager of Moscow's ZIL limousine factory, who had the thankless task of taking on Yeltsin.

SOBOLEV—TASS

Valeri Saikin
Moscow's mayor, seen as a party hatchet man, lost out at the polls

REPIK—TASS

Valentin Zgursky
Kiev's mayor, unopposed, ran afoul of Ukrainian discontent

CHEREDINTSEV—TASS

Vyautas Sakalauskas
Lithuania's prime minister lost to a candidate of the popular front

NAUMENKOV—SOVFOTO

Yuri Solovyov
Leningrad party boss was unopposed, and defeated

consumers were deprived for months this winter of regular soap (32¢ a bar) because enterprises wanted to produce only a luxury soap that they could price at $1.60 a bar.

This does not make *perestroika* popular. A middle-aged book translator in Moscow says that votes for Yeltsin were votes against the establishment and Gorbachev. But doesn't Gorbachev represent change? "Who gives a damn about change when you can't buy cheese and aspirin anymore? They've had their circus. Now we want bread." *Izvestia* reports that when miners in southern Russia lined up for hours to wait for their pay packets, they began to jeer, "And this is *perestroika*?"

But to see only empty shelves is to miss the remarkable nature of the Soviet reforms. Gorbachev believes that the three prongs of his program are inextricably linked. *Demokratizatsiya* goes hand in glove with *perestroika,* he argues, because individual initiative is impossible in a society where decision-making is alienated from the people. And for either prong to work, there must be open discussion of ideas and criticism of the system's flaws. "It is only by combining economic reform with political changes, *demokratizatsiya* and *glasnost* that we can fulfill the tasks we have set for ourselves," Gorbachev told a party plenum in October.

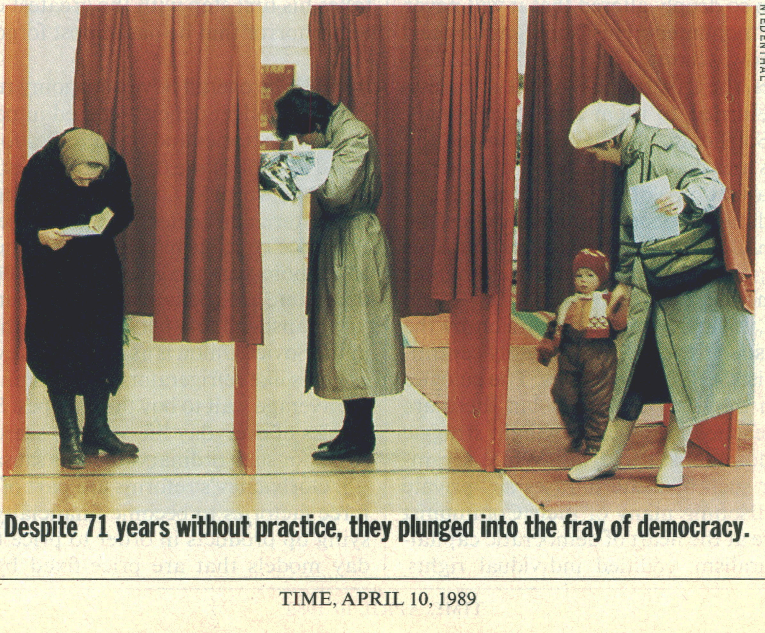
On this linkage, Marx would be pleased with Gorbachev: the dialectical process requires understanding the connections between different social and economic forces. In theory, the urge to proceed on all fronts seems logical.

Does it make sense in practice? American politicians have found it more effective to ignore connections and plunge forward on just one or two initiatives at a time. That is the approach Yeltsin advocates. "By heading off in every direction at once, as we have been doing," he said in his interview with TIME in February, "we have hardly made any progress at all as far as the standard of living is concerned."

But Gorbachev's approach is probably the only way to rebuild a system so deeply corroded. The failed reforms of 1965, which attempted to introduce price and profit incentives, showed that tinkering with parts of the economy without a comprehensive overhaul of attitudes was doomed. Linkage is necessary because the economic and social problems all stem from the same root: too much centralization. A system based on bureaucratic commands has failed. Decentralization is necessary. But this cannot occur unless people are allowed the freedom to think for themselves.

One of Gorbachev's goals in the election was to get people engaged in his reforms. He did, with a vengeance. Despite 71 years without practice, Soviets plunged into the fray of open democracy. "We intellectuals always saw ourselves as the symbol of democracy but thought the people weren't ready for it," says Andrei Voznesensky, a noted Soviet poet. "The joyful thing about all this is that in many ways we have been proved wrong."

The significance of the new Congress of People's Deputies is not yet certain. The 1,500 candidates who were up for election on March 26 will be joined by 750 selected by public organizations ranging from the Communist Party to the Society of Stamp Collectors. They will select 544 of their number for a new Supreme Soviet. This new legislature, of which Gorbachev is expected to be president, will jostle for authority with the Communist Party's hierarchy,


NIEDENTHAL

Despite 71 years without practice, they plunged into the fray of democracy.

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3.8
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ENGINE OIL

**Profile in quality #10:
Engineering.**

*Shown here is the 3.8 Liter Supercharged engine.
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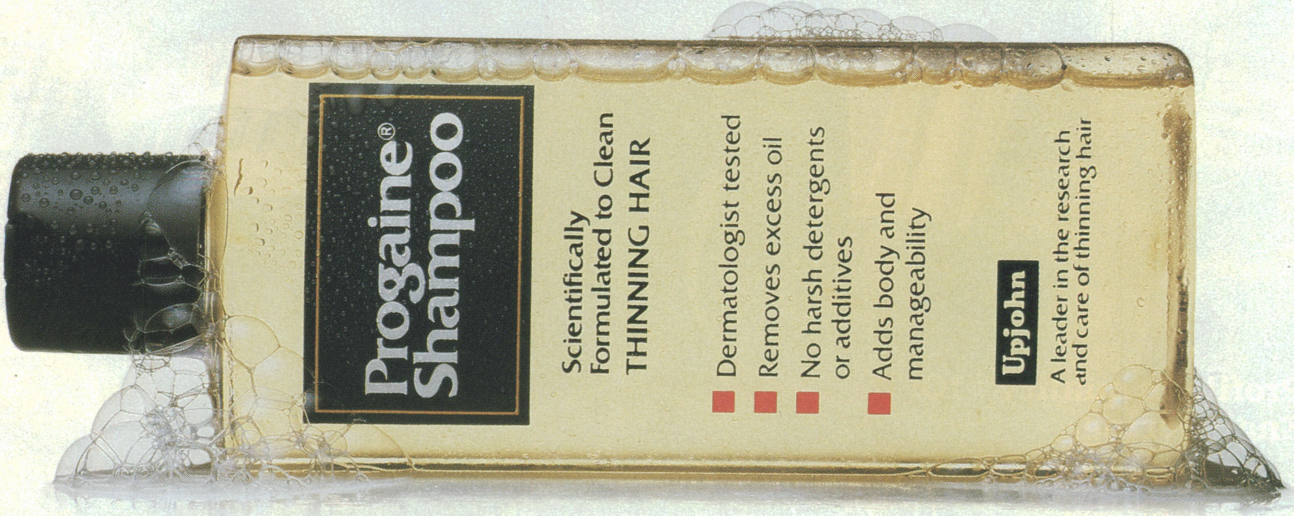
THINNING HAIR SHOULD BE CARED FOR UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS.

INTRODUCING THE IDEAL CONDITIONS.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Removes excess oil
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Adds body and manageability
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A leader in the research and care of thinning hair

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Dermatologist tested
Removes excess oil
No harsh detergents or additives
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Adds body and manageability
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A leader in the research and care of thinning hair

Upjohn

A leader in the research and care of thinning hair.

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

Co-ops and individual farmers have produced pockets of plenty, like the vegetables sold at Moscow's Rizhsky Market. The 5% of land that is privately farmed provides about 30% of the nation's food.

of which Gorbachev is General Secretary. He may thus be able (if his footwork remains agile) to use the new Supreme Soviet to outmaneuver the conservatives in the Communist Party's apparatus and to use the party's Politburo to keep a lid on the insurgents in the Supreme Soviet.

Many elderly voters never mastered the principle that they were supposed to walk into a booth, pull the curtain behind them and secretly cross out the names of those they opposed. Instead, they picked up their ballots and walked straight to the box, as was the practice in past elections. Another change was that the party did not try to drum up turnout. "What kind of election is this?" a baffled older woman complained at a Moscow poll. "Where is the music, and what happened to the buffet?"

Yeltsin, 58, ran as Moscow's Huey Long, stoking populist passions with his calls for an end to the party élite's special privileges and his frontal attacks on Yegor Ligachev. "You're wrong, Boris!" Ligachev had shouted during the emotional Party Conference last year at which Yeltsin sought rehabilitation after being kicked off the Politburo. YEGOR, YOU'RE WRONG! read the buttons sported by Yeltsin's supporters as they marched through Moscow shouting "Down with party bureaucrats!" during the days leading up to the election. Yeltsin ended up with an astounding 89% of the vote in the at-large Moscow district.

One criticism of the election was that in 384 of the 1,500 districts, party hacks ran unopposed. Those who ran alone, however, still had to collect 50% of the vote. The most prominent victim: Yuri Solovyov, the Communist Party boss of the Leningrad region and a nonvoting member of the Politburo. Though Solovyov ran unopposed, almost two-thirds of the voters crossed out his name, and he lost. The mayor of Kiev also ran unopposed and lost. So did that city's Communist Party boss.

Indeed, any notion that the election was totally controlled by the Communist bureaucracy was dispelled by the startling list of losers: the mayor of Moscow, the president and prime minister in Lithuania, the party boss in Minsk, the first deputy premier of Belorussia and the admiral of the Pacific fleet of the Soviet navy. Across the nation, almost a third of the party's 129 regional leaders lost. Estonians even had the courage to vote down the republic's KGB chief. The city party leader in Leningrad, running against an unknown 28-year-old shipyard engineer, received only 15% of the vote. In fact, the five top Communists in the Leningrad power structure tumbled to defeat. Valeri Terekhov, a member of Leningrad's Democratic Union, an opposition group, noted, "Gorbachev opened a volcano, and I don't think he realized the lava was so deep."

Another cause of skepticism about the elections was the bloc of 750 seats reserved for official and public organizations. But even there, insurgency reigned. Leaders of the Soviet Academy of Sciences produced a limp slate of 23 nominees for their 20 reserved seats, pointedly excluding physicist Andrei Sakharov, the Nobel laureate and human-rights activist. But the membership voted down 15 of them, which means that the academy's leaders must come up with new candidates, presumably including Sakharov this time. The Soviet Peace Committee, a goodwill and propaganda organization, was allotted five seats. Among those elected by the group was Patriarch Pimen, head of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Between gasps, however, some caution is in order. The Soviet Union still has a one-party system. After broaching the subject of whether other parties should be permitted, Yeltsin was subjected to an official inquiry by the Central Committee, which is still under way. Gorbachev, who says that pluralism can be accommodated within the Communist Party, calls the idea of having other parties "all rubbish."

Yeltsin will quit his job in Moscow's construction ministry and work to organize a bloc of like-minded members of the Congress of People's Deputies. "They will create pressure and strengthen their voice so it will be heard," he said after his vic-

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Amid the cacophony of *glasnost* exists some poetry, such as that on the capital's hip Arbat. Intellectuals and artists have become the backbone of Gorbachev's support and the prime beneficiaries of his reforms.

tory. They will also, he hopes, elect him to the Supreme Soviet.

In Russian the word for voting, *golosovat,* derives from the Russian word *golos,* or voice. That also happens to be the root of the word *glasnost*. Likewise, the election was an extension of the openness and public airing spawned by Gorbachev's *glasnost* crusade. Of the reform trinity, *glasnost* has wrought the most tangible changes, especially for the Soviet intellectual community, Gorbachev's most solid base of support. Nowadays the only heresy is orthodoxy. Says economist Shmelev: "Four years ago, people felt themselves living behind barbed wire. Now we have a degree of freedom for intellectuals and for ordinary people that would have been unimaginable before."

But *glasnost* has sparked serious problems for Gorbachev, none more threatening than the release of long-festering resentments felt by various national and ethnic groups. The world's last polyglot empire now faces renewed demands from the Crimean Tatars about grievances that go back 45 years, nationalist demonstrations in Moldavia against Russification, secessionism along the Baltic coast and sectarian violence between Armenians and Azerbaijanis.

The explosion of ethnic violence in Azerbaijan a year ago caught Gorbachev without a workable nationalities policy. The Armenians are enraged by what they claim are flagrant cases of ethnic abuse against their compatriots living in Azerbaijan. Gorbachev's prestige plummeted in Armenia when he gave a finger-wagging lecture to Armenian intellectuals who had come to present their case in Moscow last summer and when he ended his snap tour of the Armenian earthquake zone last December with another outburst against nationalists.

The nationalities crisis is also acute in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, the relatively prosperous Baltic States that Stalin seized in 1940. Gorbachev initially regarded the nationalist sentiments in the region as a force that he could harness on behalf of *perestroika*. But he underestimated the resentment. In Estonia last November, the local legislature declared the republic "sovereign," a pronouncement Moscow refused to accept. Residents in Estonia are so fed up with Russians flooding in to clean out their better-stocked stores that they now require customers to produce a passport; only Estonians are allowed to buy appliances, clothing or footwear. The Baltics produced some painful surprises for the party as nationalist candidates notched victories over pro-Moscow rivals.

Another potential problem is the festering unrest in the fertile heart of the Soviet Union, the Ukraine. Gorbachev visited the region in February and lashed out against the disastrous consequences of further nationalist stirrings there, displaying iron teeth rather than the usual smile.

Of all Gorbachev's challenges, his most critical is getting *perestroika* to produce some tangible economic improvements. At the core of this effort is the Law on State Enterprise, passed almost two years ago, which is designed to lift the yoke of central planning off the back of industry. In theory, factories will no longer have to fulfill Moscow-dictated quotas by churning out products with little regard for cost, efficiency or quality. Instead, factories are supposed to become "self-financing." They will contract with suppliers for materials, be responsible for selling what they produce and be allowed to share in the profit if revenue exceeds costs.

In reality, however, the quotas have been supplanted by "state orders" placed by Moscow's ministries for hefty portions of the output of most factories. The nation's entrenched bureaucrats see change as threatening, and their first priority is to preserve their jobs by clinging to their authority to meddle. That suits most managers just fine, because it means they neither have to hustle sales nor worry about scaring up the necessary raw materials. "A form of perverse social contract exists between the bureaucracy and those people who do not want to work very hard," says Shmelev.

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

The seams binding the world's last empire have begun to tear. Members of Latvia's Popular Front who marched to commemorate Stalin's victims are part of the secessionist winds blowing through the Baltic States.

An equally important pillar of *perestroika* is the encouragement of private agriculture. Gorbachev has long promoted "contract" farming, in which small groups or families enter into an agreement to handle a certain portion of a collective farm's crops, land or livestock. The latest innovation, passed by the Central Committee last month, goes much further: it allows families to take leases of 50 years or more on pieces of land, keep the profit on what they raise and even pass the leasing rights on to their children. Administration of this program, though, will be under the control of the collective farms.

This reintroduction of what Gorbachev delicately referred to as "individual property" could cause the most sweeping overhaul in Soviet agriculture since Stalin began to collectivize the farms in 1929, a process that resulted in more than 10 million deaths and wiped out the kulaks, or landed farmers, as a class. Since then the land has been unable to feed its people; the U.S.S.R. spends $105 billion, roughly 15% of its budget, subsidizing food, and it imported 36 million tons of grain last year. One Soviet collective farmer feeds only seven to nine people, in contrast to a Dutch farmer, who can feed at least 112.

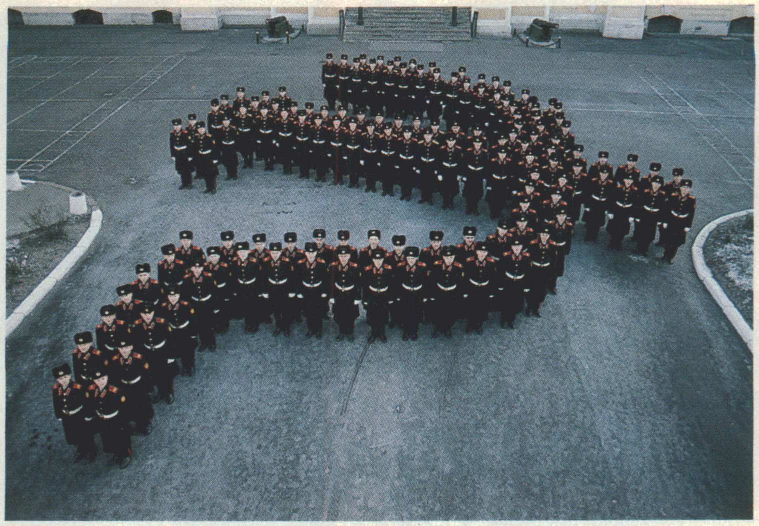
To breed a new class of entrepreneurs, Gorbachev has allowed individuals to start cooperatives and share the profits. At first the program was limited mainly to high-visibility services such as taxis and cafés. Now more than 2 million people are employed in co-ops and private businesses. Privately operated pay toilets are set up all over Moscow. But most co-ops are still harassed by reform-resistant bureaucrats and have trouble securing permits and supplies.

Reaching beyond the country's borders, Gorbachev has attempted to start joint ventures with foreign investors. The Soviets have proved flexible: the original plan, which insisted on majority Soviet ownership, has been revised to accommodate the demands of Western companies. Last Thursday at a Kremlin ceremony, executives of a consortium of six U.S. firms—including Chevron, Eastman Kodak and Johnson & Johnson—signed an agreement for as many as 25 joint ventures involving about $10 billion over the next 20 years. Although the agreement specified ways that profits could be taken out of the Soviet Union in hard currency and not just held in worthless rubles, joint ventures still face enormous difficulties. Ford Motor Co. pulled out of the consortium because, a spokesman said, it was unable to persuade "the Soviets to adopt new and innovative financial arrangements."

Gorbachev's economic reforms, while radical, are nonetheless carefully circumscribed. He is not marching headlong to capitalism but is attempting to reinvent Marxism by creating socialist markets, socialist competition and cooperative ventures. Private ownership of the means of production (land, factories) is still prohibited. Individuals cannot hire workers with a view to profiting from their labor but rather must form cooperative arrangements. There is a noncompetitive banking system, and no stock market for financing private ventures. Most important of all, there is no rational price system: thousands of prices are still set by state fiat rather than supply and demand, which means that supply never seems to equal demand.

Despite what the election indicated, there is significant resistance to Gorbachev's reforms. While managers and workers realize that the present system has its flaws, they are not eager to take a leap into the unknown. Many are satisfied with a social contract in which, as Soviets cynically joke, "they pretend to pay us, and we pretend to work." The probability, nevertheless, is that Gorbachev will become more, not less, impatient. "Shortages exist because we are moving too slowly, halting and stepping off the road too often," says Abel Aganbegyan, an economist who helped shape Gorbachev's ideas.

The next stage of *perestroika* will probably be even harder than the latest. For market incentives to work, prices will have to be decontrolled—a frightening prospect given the pent-up inflationary pressures. Rents and the prices of meat, bread and milk have been kept at the same level for decades; if decontrolled, they would be likely to rocket. Gorbachev understands the challenge. "Socialist markets cannot be formed without price reform," he told a party meeting in February. But having reached that daunting precipice, he blinked. Rents and basic food prices, he promised, will not be raised for at least two years. Until there are price reform and quality products to market, the ruble cannot become a convertible currency, which is necessary if Gorbachev is to attract more foreign investment and bring his country into international financial organizations.


PATRICK AVENTURIER—GAMMA/LIAISON

Military cadets in Leningrad still proudly stand for the hammer and sickle, but defense cuts are designed to shift resources to domestic needs.

To buy time for his reforms, Gorbachev has forced a significant shift of resources away from the military. He has signed a decree cutting Soviet armed forces by 500,000 men within the next two years, helping save 14% of the total military budget and living up to the promise he made in his U.N. speech last December. These cuts have been accompanied by significant changes in doctrine. Conventional forces are being reconfigured to become more defensive in deployment. In addition, the Soviets now speak of maintaining a "reasonable sufficiency" in their nuclear and conventional forces rather than attempting to match or surpass the might of the West in every category. As a Soviet arms-control official asked recently, "What do we need a huge tank park in Eastern Europe for?"

The swords-into-plowshares effort has produced some quirky situations. For example, the Ministry for Medium-Machine Building, which is responsible for building nuclear weapons, has been given the job of modernizing the dairy industry. Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov disclosed last month that the Moscow Aviation Factory will soon produce pasta.

Gorbachev also continues to advocate "new thinking" in foreign policy, which has been reflected in tangible reductions of Soviet commitments abroad. Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze is even plunging into the thicket of creating a Soviet version of the War Powers Act: he has announced that the new Supreme Soviet should have the right to debate any foreign political or military commitments.

The commanding presence that Gorbachev has been able to

AMERICA ABROAD / By Strobe Talbott

THE NEED FOR NEW THINKING

If a computer were to design the ideal President to deal with Mikhail Gorbachev, it might whir and buzz and come up with George Bush. As Ambassador to the United Nations, Bush got to know the folkways of the world forum where Gorbachev has been concentrating much of his genius for public diplomacy. As the U.S.'s man in China, Bush had a crash course in Communism and geopolitics. As director of Central Intelligence, he learned what KGB networks and Soviet missile warheads could do to the West on a bad day. As Vice President, he met as many General Secretaries as he helped bury (three).

Bush is genuinely fascinated by Soviet affairs. He has frequently held private weekend seminars with experts on the subject, and he chose card-carrying Kremlinologists for the top two jobs on the National Security Council staff. One of the first documents Bush signed as President was an order to the Executive Branch to reassess relations and recommend a strategy that looks ahead to the next century. The review is supposed to be an American answer to Gorbachev's "new thinking." Yet to meet that challenge, the study may have to work its way free of attitudes and assumptions that could make fresh initiatives difficult.

Part of the problem is that Bush's Administration came into office on probation in the eyes of the Republican hard right and wary of appearing susceptible to Gorbomania. Some members of the new team seem to relish the chance to sound tougher than their predecessors. A number of Bush aides have privately derided Ronald Reagan for his arm-in-arm stroll through Red Square with Gorbachev at their summit meeting last June and for proclaiming the Evil Empire a thing of the past.

Some of these advisers also seem convinced that what forced the Soviet Union to begin mending its aggressive, repressive ways was U.S. pressure of the past 40 years, so no change in U.S. policy is in order now. This line of argument underestimates the internal origins of Soviet reform. Gorbachev is not so much saying "uncle" to Uncle Sam as he is addressing the failures of the Leninist-Stalinist system. Moreover, he is doing so in a way that is earning him worldwide credit for being flexible and forward-looking, while the U.S. is in danger of appearing sluggish and uncertain.

Yet the Bush Administration seems eager to play down the importance of Gorbachev himself. It is only prudent, of course, to hedge against the possibility of Gorbachev's demise. But the Administration risks going too far in assuming, imprudently, that favorable trends in Soviet domestic and foreign policy are irreversible—no matter who the General Secretary is—and not far enough in taking advantage of the immediate opportunities that Gorbachev himself represents. For example, his willingness to trim Soviet military muscle might give the U.S. a welcome chance to rethink some of its own more expensive superweapons.

The Administration needs and deserves time to prepare its approach. The policy review is still a work in progress. But it would be a shame if it ended up being a rationalization for American old thinking and an all-purpose, platitudinous prescription for dealing not with Gorbachev but his successor. ■

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

In a nation that clings to its memories and reveres its historic heroes, there is a wariness about too much change. As Gorbachev attempts radical reform, citizens still line up to visit Lenin's tomb in Red Square.

exert on the world stage has helped shore up his power at home. This week he is again on the road. In his visit with Cuba's Fidel Castro, who is no fan of *perestroika* or *glasnost,* the Soviet leader will have a chance to show whether his rhetoric about new thinking translates into taking concrete steps toward easing tensions in Central America. Afterward, he plans to go to London to see if Margaret Thatcher still believes, as she once said of Gorbachev, that "we can do business together."

When Gorbachev proposed his plans for *perestroika,* the first question was, Is he serious? He was. Then the question was, Can he succeed? That one is still open. Nowadays, as popular impatience grows, another question comes up with increasing frequency, Are his reforms permanent, or could they be reversed if he was shunted aside?

When a group of intellectuals and artists were sitting around Moscow debating this question, one of them asked what it would take for the hard-liners to reverse *glasnost.* "All they'd have to do is fire about six editors," someone replied. "I think one would do it," said another. But even though such a clampdown could occur, it could not erase the ideas or the taste for open discussion that has been liberated. Says Sergei Zalygin, editor of the crusading literary monthly *Novy Mir:* "How it will end we do not know, but there is no turning back now."

Demokratizatsiya might be easier to dampen. Conservatives simply could ensure that the popularly elected Supreme Soviet becomes mainly a ceremonial body, with real authority remaining with the Politburo. Even so, the elections of March 1989 are a watershed. Never again will the power of the party seem quite so absolute and unassailable. Never again will it be quite so easy to herd Soviet citizens to the polls to cast ballots with only one name.

As for *perestroika,* Gorbachev has made into a mantra the phrase "There is no alternative." Even Ligachev and the conservatives, wary as they are about the mayhem being done to Marxism, agree that something must be done. As Gorbachev well knows, one of the safeguards of *perestroika* is its links to *glasnost:* now that the economy's inherent flaws have been aired, it is impossible to retreat and pretend once again not to see them. "The notion that Ligachev or anyone else can bring *perestroika* to a halt now simply does not square with reality," says Soviet economist Gavril Popov. "Empty store shelves and housing problems have made the process difficult, but something absolutely vital has taken place in Russian terms: a change in our way of thinking."

This does not mean that Gorbachev will prevail or even endure. *Perestroika* has committed one of the most dangerous sins in politics: it has raised expectations more than living standards. Although the reforms Gorbachev has wrought can never be completely reversed, they could be suppressed by a retrograde regime. The result would be a surly Soviet Union that could threaten the world with its bulk and brawn while it seethed about the sclerotic state of its Third World economy and its inability to escape the tentacles of an ideology that does not satisfy the basic needs of 285 million people.

The alternative is not that *perestroika* might suddenly be pronounced a success—even the irrepressible Boris Yeltsin should avoid holding his breath—but that the reforms will continue. For both the Soviets and those destined to coexist with them, that is the important thing. Each new manifestation of democracy, each new opportunity for individual enterprise, each new opening for free thought and expression helps ease the repressive relationship between the Soviet state and its population. That, in turn, should make the new U.S.S.R. a far less threatening world citizen. Last week's election was another act in a lengthy drama that has already, in only four fitful years, indelibly transformed the face of the Soviet Union—and its soul. ***—Reported by Ann Blackman, John Kohan and Nancy Traver/Moscow***

Nearly 20 years after being expelled, a TIME correspondent returns to discover what is new—and not new—in Moscow

THEN AND NOW

BY STANLEY W. CLOUD

Seen again from the air, Moscow is unchanged. The city squats as always on the steppes like an ungainly old hulk, beached and abandoned, its Stalin-era spires so many masts thrusting into the gloom, and the nearest sea hundreds of miles away. Fair warning, neo-Napoleons! Even with *glasnost, perestroika* and the Pepsi Revolution, Moscow the impregnable lives on, isolated and forbidding, a dour reminder of what it means to be Russian.

On the ground it is much the same at first. Behind the hard eyes of a young passport officer lurk the ghosts of his country's history: Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, Lenin, Stalin and all those they once ruled, the entire tragic parade of persecutors and persecuted. And when the officer finally grunts his assent and one is readmitted to the Soviet sanctum, one still imagines great steel doors clanging shut.

Almost 20 years earlier, at the start of the Brezhnev era of economic stagnation and recurring rounds of repression, I was assigned to TIME's Moscow bureau. I took up residence with my family in an apartment block reserved for foreigners and set out to cover what was, despite the depressing realities of Soviet life, a fascinating story. Then, on a May morning in 1970, I received a phone call from an official in the Soviet Foreign Ministry. "Your work here is finished," he said. There were no accusations, no explanations, just "Your work here is finished," and a departure deadline.

Now I was back for the first time.

Despite the chrome and modern conveniences of Sheremyetovo International Airport, the old city quickly pulls you into her familiar, exhausting, yet not altogether unpleasant embrace: the slush and mud of the broad avenues; the air that smells of bad cigarettes, carbon monoxide and disinfectant; the monotony of dun-colored buildings; the occasional startling glimpse of a golden-domed church or pastel-walled czarist mansion; the dark masses hurrying by or huddling in their inevitable queues to buy what little is in the stores. Much more than merely familiar, Moscow today seems as immutable, as depressingly eternal as ever.

Soon enough, though, signs of change emerge. Traffic is much heavier, and if Pepsi has not exactly replaced vodka as the national beverage, it is widely available. Cooperative restaurants enjoy a fairly brisk business, at least among those who can afford the prices (lunches and dinners often go for $20 to $30 a person, without drinks or wine). Major hotels offer Western joint-venture seekers many distinctly unsocialist hard-currency attractions—slot machines, for one—while out on the sidewalks, better-dressed young people hurry by, oblivious to the stiff-knuckled old women sweeping the streets with birch-branch brooms.

And all the red banners and posters that once festooned the avenues and office buildings have vanished, along with their exhortations for workers to fulfill the latest Five-Year Plan and their dreary pronouncements that the socialist road is the road to peace. If the boilerplate is not missed, the color is.

But change has its price, though. Gaping cracks have opened in the wall of social "order" that once comforted the Russian psyche and justified Soviet ideology. Organized crime is so active that Mafia has become commonplace in Russian patois. The homeless are more obvious too, including provincials who have traveled to Moscow to buy or trade for food and must spend the night huddled in drafty railway stations. Elsewhere, gaudy hookers and teenage toughs prowl pedestrian tunnels, and beggars—old women, mostly—hold out quavering hands for kopecks. Black marketeers hustle even in Red Square, and on a green fence near city hall someone has neatly painted, in English, SEX! and ROCK!

Evidently Mikhail Gorbachev is willing to tolerate capitalist-style "contradictions" in his attempt to fuel economic reform with a dose of democracy. In any case, the heavy Soviet lid has been lifted, and the voices from inside the box—above all, the voices of ever resilient Russian intellectualism—are being heard in ways and forums unimaginable 20 years ago. If the democratic experiment has so far failed to improve the economy, it has radically altered the arts and the mass media.

In 1970 I spent much of my last full day in Moscow at the apartment of an "unofficial"—i.e., banned—artist, the late Vasily Sitnikov. A true eccentric who built kayaks by hand in the vain hope of exporting them to the West, Sitnikov scorned "socialist realism" in his art. His most serious paintings alternated between a touching optimism and a profound morbidity. During our afternoon together, we discussed the plight of Soviet artists, and I left with two paintings hidden under my jacket (in case KGB watchers were about). On my return to Moscow this year, I saw a fully sanctioned exhibition of "unofficial" art not unlike Sitnikov's and felt deep sadness that he had not lived long enough to see it.

Sharp memories of the brutal past

How times change. Two decades ago, Brezhnev was the most powerful man in the country, feared by all. Today, six years after his death, Brezhnev is not only scorned as the author of the "era of stagnation" but also mocked by weekend strollers as a masked cartoon. To spend Sunday in the park with Leonid is to understand why today is so different from yesteryear.

A vendor peddles his gallery of faces in Moscow's Izmailovsky Park were jogged as well by a new play, *Four Interrogations,* the story of an old woman unfairly charged under Stalin as an "enemy of the people." Before the curtain rises, the audience sits in darkness while voices screech Stalinist slogans over a loudspeaker. Then an imposing photo of Stalin is projected onto a black curtain. Finally, a spotlight sweeps over the audience, stopping now and then to hold first one person, then another and another in its sudden white glare.

Still, *glasnost,* seen from the queues instead of from the theater seats, must appear as little more than a pretty plaything for the rich. Up to 30% of Moscow's 9 million citizens live in communal flats. If there is any choice at all in the stores, crowded with shoppers whom shortages have made ruble-rich, it is between the shoddy output of state enterprises and the higher quality—and prices—offered by co-ops. "There is more freedom now, but life is harder," a Russian friend said. Reality is a daily grind: commuting from cramped flats to unsatisfying work, sending children to decrepit schools, trudging from shop to dismal shop in hopes of finding even basics like laundry soap.

Valeri Saikin, chairman of Moscow's executive committee and, in effect, the city's mayor, knows all about the curve of declining Soviet expectations. "Moscow is a very large city," he said. With a refreshing lack of ideology, he added, "But it's difficult to solve all the problems by administrative methods alone. We need more initiative by individuals and local groups. Many American cities have fewer problems because private firms help. Here, all responsibility is with the city government. We should have a more balanced system."

Saikin would like to see Moscow produce more of what it consumes. He does not, however, concede that mismanagement and corruption are to blame for economic failures. Chronic shortages, for example, are the fault of the 2.5 million migrant shoppers who flock daily to threadbare Moscow, which to them is a cornucopia. Said His Honor, whistling in the arctic wind: "We would have enough food in Moscow today, and no lines, if we weren't exporting so much to other areas." Let carping journalists and the grumbling public be patient. "Our shortcomings have been exposed," said a *glasnost*-weary Saikin. But patience is in short supply: Saikin lost his bid last week to join the Congress of People's Deputies.

If Saikin is dubious about *glasnost,* he is not alone. Many political and social conservatives, not all of them neo-Stalinists, are appalled by Gorbachev's program. Among the critics is Stefan Krasovitsky, a member of the Christian society Rus (the ancient name for Russia), who sees the new openness as "a program of absolute obscenity, youth-depraving, child-seducing pornography through the state-owned means of mass information."

However that may be, Soviet artists and writers who once relied on official decrees to guide them now must look to what Vitali Ignatienko, the energetic editor of *New Times* magazine, calls his "internal censor." Better internal censors than official ones, of course; and better the uncertainties of self-regulation than awakening one day to find that *glasnost* was only an Oz-like Technicolor dream. Should *glasnost* end, said Vitali Korotich, editor of *Ogonyok* magazine, "I will be destroyed, and we will be left a hungry, stupid, terrible country with a big army—a very dangerous country."

As I was leaving Moscow, Korotich's apocalyptic vision was still on my mind. And, standing before another snarly passport officer at the airport, I found myself wondering if 20 years from now this young man, or one like him, will have taken control—in the name of order and the purity of Lenin's revolution. ■

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

In the most extensive Soviet poll on *perestroika* ever conducted for a foreign publication, TIME discovers surprising candor—and more than a little dissension

WHAT THE COMRADES SAY

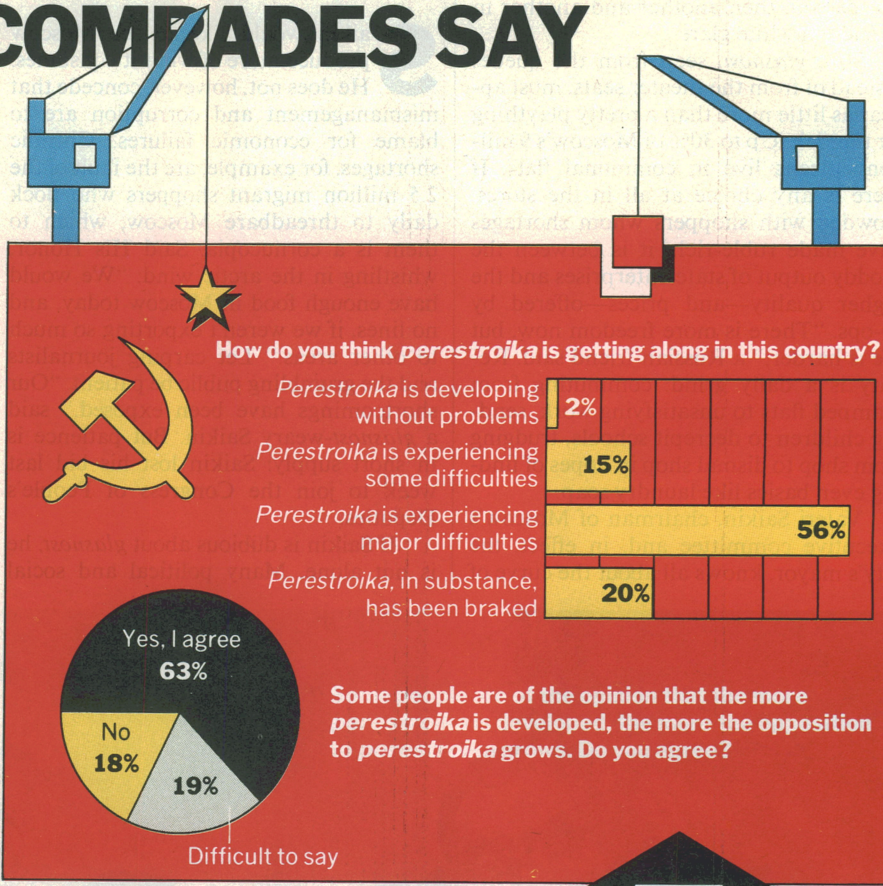
BY VSEVOLOD MARINOV

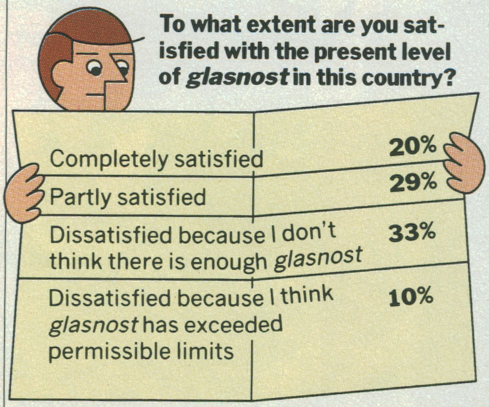
How's he doin'? Not bad—but . . . According to a TIME poll of more than 1,000 Moscow residents, Mikhail Gorbachev's approval rating stands at 79%. Buoyed by the success of his U.S. visit, Gorbachev enjoyed a popularity rating of 92% in December. By March, those who expressed doubts climbed from 5% to about 12%, reflecting the reality of shortages and dissatisfaction with the progress of *perestroika.*

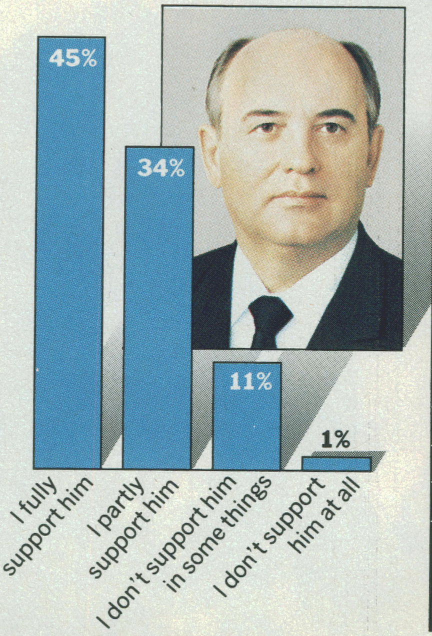
Seventy-one percent agree that Gorbachev's reform program is encountering difficulties, and 20% think it has been braked, but only 1 out of 10 believes that *perestroika* is a deviation from Marxism-Leninism. Though 1 out of 4 says his material life has improved in the past three years, another 25% (and 34% of people over 60) say things have got worse.

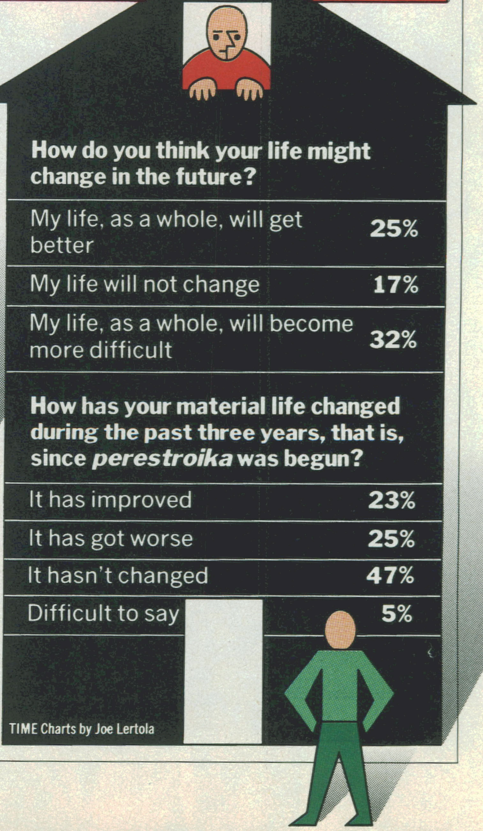
Glasnost remains Gorbachev's biggest hit. Only 10%, obviously the conservative traditionalists, contend that there is too much openness, with more than one-fifth of those over 60 claiming that *glasnost* has already gone too far. Young people are the most eager to press openness to the limit. In the under-30 group, 37% demand more *glasnost.*

There are signs that Gorbachev's revolution has in fact engendered "new thinking" within the Communist Party. When party members are asked the touchy question of whether the Soviet Union might someday have a multiparty system, an impressive 36% express readiness to entertain the notion. Among the general public, 40% of the men thought the Communist Party would eventually









TIME Charts by Joe Lertola

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Jeff Blatnick Olympic Gold Medal winner

Winning the Olympic gold was not his biggest victory

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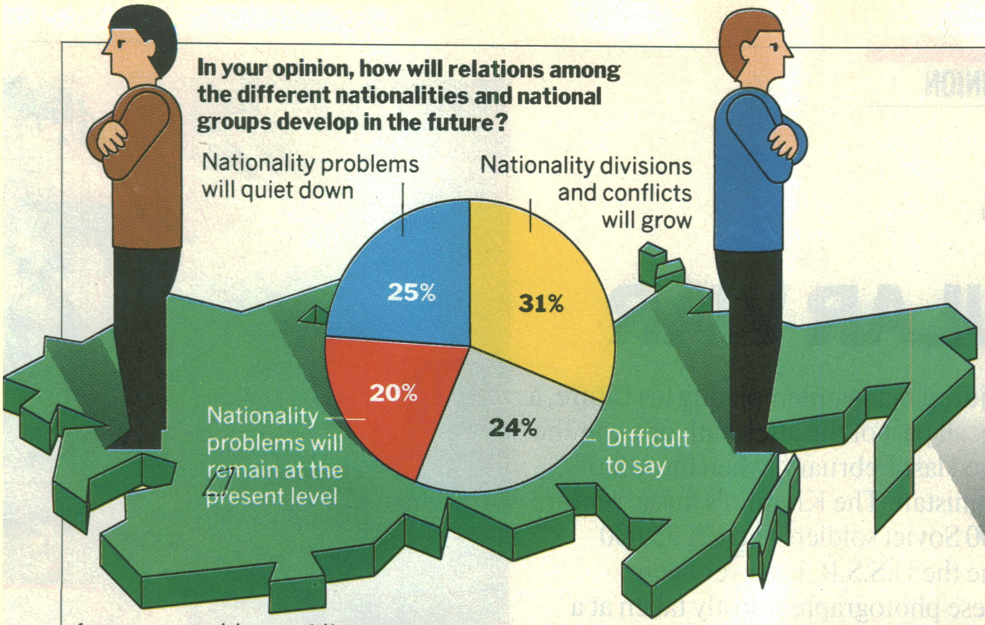
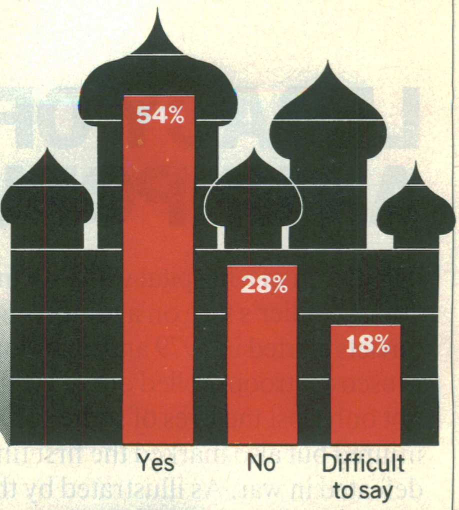
JMS 2

In your opinion, how will relations among the different nationalities and national groups develop in the future?



Do you think religious believers could be members of the Communist Party?



have competition, while women were more conservative, with only 27% taking that view. Another surprise: even after decades of official atheism, half of all party members say religious believers can also be members of the Communist Party.

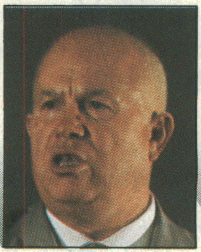
If Gorbachev is wondering how Soviet history will judge him, he will do well to remember that the country's leaders tend to die twice: once in body and soul, and later in public opinion. While Joseph Stalin and Leonid Brezhnev were accorded elaborate state funerals, their reputations since then have changed quite markedly. Stalin is viewed negatively by 62% and positively by only 7%, though that rating is almost double among people who see *perestroika* as a deviation from Marxism-Leninism.

Brezhnev has suffered an even more dramatic fall from grace. His strongest negative rating, 80%, comes from Communist Party members who bitterly blame him for abusing his post and causing the party's prestige to decline. On the other hand, Nikita Khrushchev, a reformer of sorts who was thrown out of office and saw his reputation tarnished before he died, is enjoying a modest boost in popularity. More than 29% view him favorably, compared with only 5% for Brezhnev.

Unless Gorbachev can deliver on his promises of a better life, his popularity is likely to slip further. What may work to Gorbachev's benefit is the fact that only one-fourth of those polled expect their lives to improve. With expectations that low, Gorbachev may never find himself in the ratings cellar. ■

Now I will read you the names of three former General Secretaries of the Soviet Communist Party. How would you evaluate the performance of each of them?

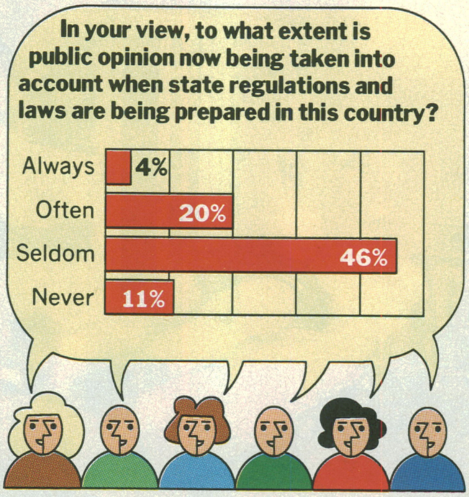
Joseph Stalin

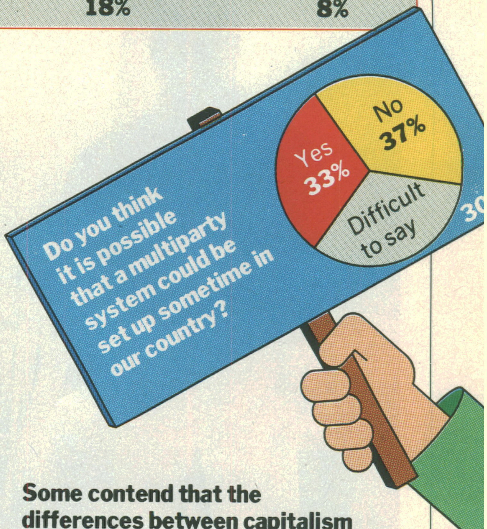

Nikita Khrushchev

Leonid Brezhnev

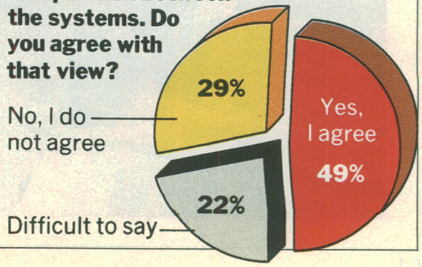
	Joseph Stalin	Nikita Khrushchev	Leonid Brezhnev
Very negatively	30%	3%	21%
Negatively	32%	14%	48%
Partly positive, partly negative	13%	36%	18%
Positively	6%	28%	4%
Very positively	1%	1%	1%
Difficult to give an answer	18%	18%	8%

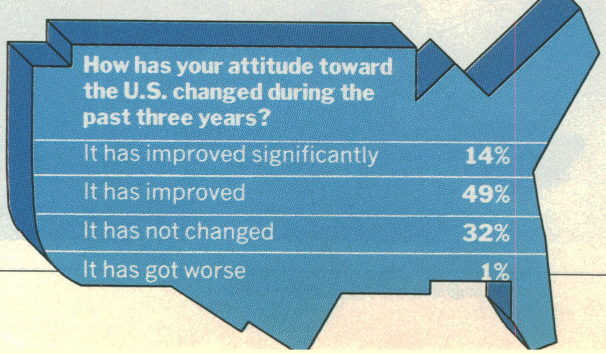
In your view, to what extent is public opinion now being taken into account when state regulations and laws are being prepared in this country?





Some contend that the differences between capitalism and socialism are so deep that there will always be a relationship of competition between the systems. Do you agree with that view?





How has your attitude toward the U.S. changed during the past three years?

It has improved significantly	14%
It has improved	49%
It has not changed	32%
It has got worse	1%

Vsevolod Marinov is the senior researcher at the Institute of Sociology, U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, and a member of the Soviet Sociological Association, which conducted a telephone poll for TIME of 1,005 Muscovites between March 6 and 14. The association maintains that the sampling error is plus or minus 3%.

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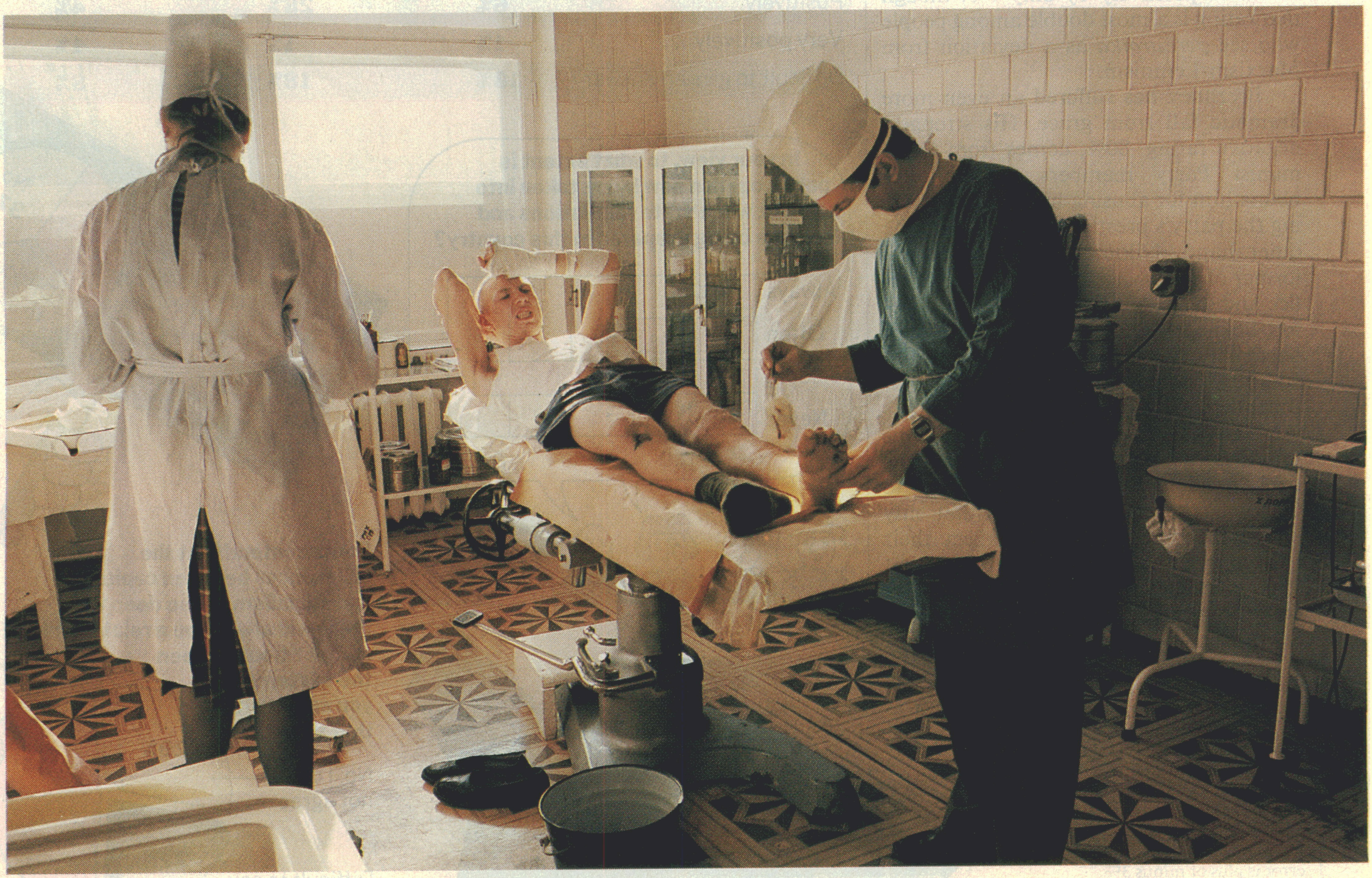
LEGACY OF AN UNPOPULAR WAR

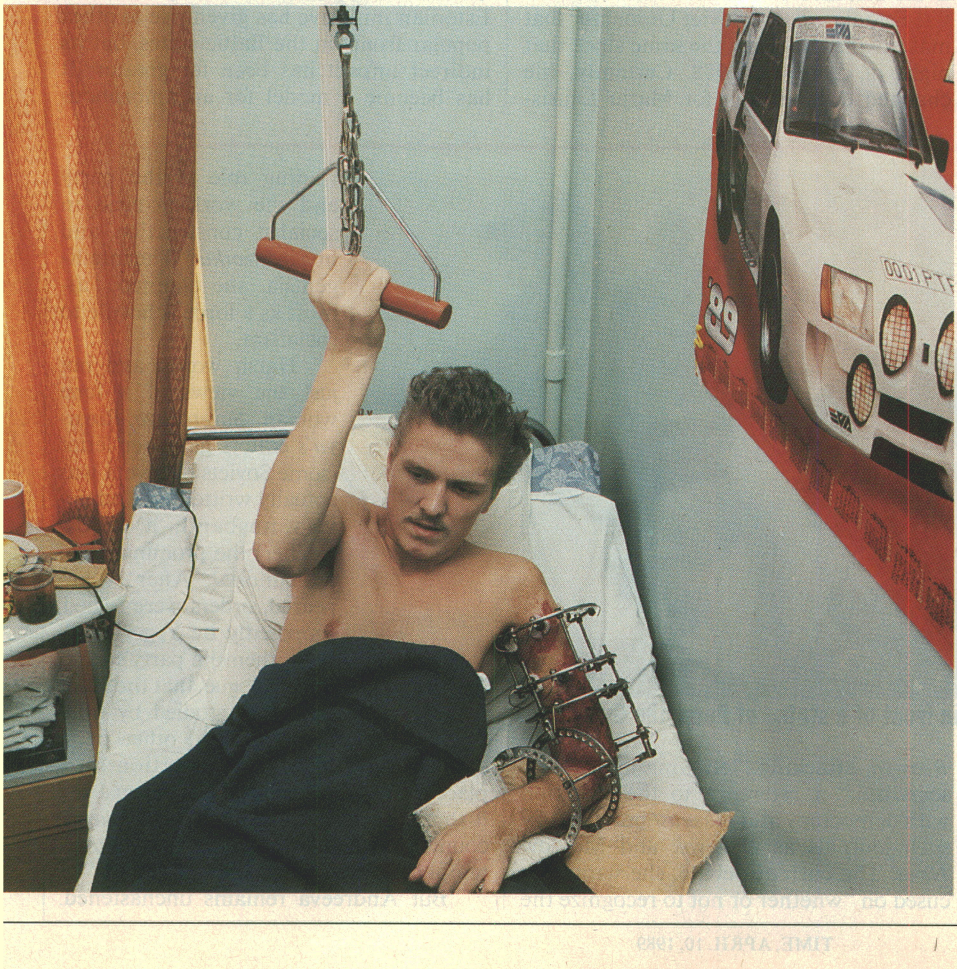
The gloom of a hospital ward, an injured man contemplating his future, a young soldier's face on a tombstone: all part of the aftermath of a war the Soviets started in 1979 and abandoned last February, when the last of Moscow's troops rolled out of Afghanistan. The Kremlin's misadventure not only cost the lives of some 15,000 Soviet soldiers and left 35,000 injured but also marked the first time the U.S.S.R. had ever been defeated in war. As illustrated by these photographs, mostly taken at a military hospital outside Moscow, the agony of Afghanistan goes on, especially for the luckless wounded, wearing their bandages like withered garlands of battle.

Clockwise, from top left:

- A weary Sergei Zakhodyakin, 21, who suffered leg and arm injuries
- Nikolai Yudin, 19, lost both legs and an eye in a mine explosion
- Waiting for artificial limbs, Nikolai Drobat is carried by fellow vets
- Inscribed on the tomb of a 19-year-old soldier: "He showed heroism and courage"
- Andrei Atanov, 20, once a welder, waits for injuries to mend
- Soviet doctors change the dressing on Sergei Zakhodyakin's leg



Photographs for TIME by Vladimir Vyatkin



Игорь Григорьев
1961 14·X—
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Выполняя боевое задание
проявил героизм и мужество
погиб в бою в Афганистане.

In advancing his agenda, Gorbachev faces growing pressure from two opposite camps: the liberals and the conservatives

GO FASTER! NO! GO SLOWER!

PUSHING FORWARD

Marju Lauristin at her home in Estonia

RUDI FREY

Let's Think a Bit More, Estonian television's live talk show, has a reputation for being a *glasnost* groundbreaker, but few who tuned in one Wednesday evening nearly a year ago were quite prepared for what happened. During a debate about making the political system more democratic, a novel notion came up. Why not unite people who support *perestroika* into something resembling the popular-front movements that lobbied for social reforms in Europe during the 1930s? For a moment, the question hung in the air. Nothing like it had ever been tried in the Soviet Union. Telephone lines soon jangled with enthusiastic offers of support. When the broadcast ended at midnight, excited participants remained in the Tallinn studio to draft a manifesto.

Estonia—or the Soviet Union, for that matter—has not been the same since that night of April 13, 1988. Certainly, life changed dramatically for Marju Lauristin, 48, a journalism professor who had watched the show at home in the university city of Tartu. Inviting other activists to her apartment, she helped write the founding declaration of the Estonian Popular Front. Less than three weeks later, local party officials gave the group guarded approval to organize.

When Mikhail Gorbachev first sowed the seeds of democracy, no one could have foreseen that they would mature so quickly into grass-roots revolutions like the Estonian Popular Front. There may be times, in fact, when the Soviet leader must wonder if he has planted a brier patch. The Estonian initiative has given rise to other popular fronts in the Baltic states, but its indirect impact has been far greater. It has become a model for an amorphous

HOLDING BACK

Nina Andreeva in front of a statue of Peter the Great

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

"There is a sharp ideological battle taking place in our society today. There are no indifferent people because the direction of *perestroika* will determine the fates of our children and grandchildren." So argues Nina Andreeva, 51, who only a year ago was an obscure teacher of chemistry at a Leningrad technical institute. Today she is famous—notorious, some would say—as a symbol of opposition to Mikhail Gorbachev's reform program. His opponents are unorganized, and their criticism takes different forms, but they nonetheless represent a potential threat to his leadership.

Andreeva's challenge first came in a letter to the conservative daily *Sovetskaya Rossiya,* attacking "left-wing intellectual socialism," a reference to the flirtation with democracy and *glasnost* practiced by such journals as *Ogonyok* and Moscow *News.* The current debate, she wrote, focused on "whether or not to recognize the leading role of the party and the working class in socialist construction and in *perestroika."* The intelligentsia, she claimed, "almost as a force is hostile to socialism."

Harsh words, and not just the views of a lone woman. *Sovetskaya Rossiya's* editors gave her letter (some Soviets believe it was actually written by Andreeva's husband, a fellow teacher) the prominence of an editorial. After it appeared, orders were issued, supposedly by Yegor Ligachev, then the party's leading ideologue, that the letter should be studied by military units and other party cadres. Significantly, publication took place the day Gorbachev departed on a visit to Yugoslavia. After his return, *Pravda* counterattacked, labeling the letter "an attempt to reverse party policy on the sly."

But Andreeva remains unchastened.

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PUSHING FORWARD

mass of unofficial political groupings and single-issue movements across the country, championing causes long ignored by the party and government bureaucracy: cleaning up the Volga River, stopping the building of nuclear power plants, preserving historical monuments, fostering the study of regional languages.

A petite woman with gray hair, Lauristin may seem an unlikely revolutionary, but she is as much a rebel in her own way as was her father Johannes, a prominent Estonian Bolshevik. Her Popular Front has taken the organizational model of the party and turned it upside down. The movement promotes no rigid political platform, except a general commitment to democracy and pluralism, and welcomes everyone into its ranks. Its central steering committee is an umbrella organization for dozens of local chapters that open their doors to any citizens' groups with a worthy cause. In Tartu the Popular Front joined with the environmentalist Greens and the local branch of a monument-preservation society to stage an evening of "public accounting," during which municipal leaders ran a gauntlet of tough questioning. Says Lauristin: "We are seeking a way to make the transition from totalitarianism to democracy and begin a normal exchange between the authorities and the people."

> "We are seeking a way to make the transition to democracy."

The movement's success in channeling public opinion has been impressive. When party First Secretary Karl Vaino tried to pick delegates to the All-Union Party conference last summer, the Popular Front announced a mass meeting. One day before the rally, the imperious party boss was replaced by Gorbachev protégé Vaino Valjas. In November the Estonian supreme soviet, with strong Popular Front backing, turned down new election-reform laws that it considered an infringement on the republic's sovereignty, triggering a showdown with the Kremlin. Says Lauristin: "It was the first conflict between *perestroika* from above and *perestroika* from below, but it helped both sides to make contact."

Though the confrontation with Moscow has eased, tensions still linger, particularly within the republic's Russian-speaking minority. The Russians are concerned that the Estonian-dominated Popular Front is bent on carrying out a nationalist agenda that will turn them into second-class citizens and ultimately lead to a break with the Soviet Union. Such fears have been fanned by the rival Russian-led Intermovement, which has attacked popular-front activists as "counterrevolutionaries." Lauristin worries about the Stalinist clang of such rhetoric and cites it as an example of a continuing "colonial mentality." Says she: "This is not an ethnic problem. It is a problem of differences in political culture and language."

The Estonian community is a unique social laboratory for grass-roots democracy. It is a highly literate, culturally homogeneous group, shaped by a brief interlude as an independent republic between the two World Wars. What has been so astonishing is how the ideas of the Popular Front have spread elsewhere. Officials in other republics have accused the movement of sending "emissaries," but as Lauristin points out, Estonians traveling outside the republic these days get besieged with questions. "The movement has become like an exploding supernova," says Lauristin, elected last week to the Congress of People's Deputies. "The power given off by this new star of democracy has been so great that it has radiated across the Soviet Union." Now, even the Kremlin will have to brush up on its astronomy. ***—By John Kohan/Tartu***

HOLDING BACK

In response to questions from TIME, she repeated the most frequently heard popular criticism of *perestroika*—namely, that it is responsible for "a deterioration in food and other supplies, inflation [and] disruption of the financial system." She openly questioned whether Gorbachev's metaphorical proposal to "shake down the old trees" is compatible with true socialism.

Some of Gorbachev's most hostile critics are among those whose help he needs to make *perestroika* work: the 18 million members of the *nomenklatura,* or ruling class. Says Eldar Shakhbazov, deputy minister of finance in Azerbaijan: "The first layer of opponents of *perestroika* are people who would lose their economic privileges." Not only might they be shifted to less desirable jobs, but the *nomenklatura* fears that reform may also eliminate the perks—special stores, food sources, even schools—that make them the Soviet Union's pampered élite. Those privileges are a touchy matter. When *Pravda* published a letter from a reader complaining about *nomenklatura* perks, Ligachev chided the paper for admitting that the privileges even existed.

At a more theoretical level, *perestroika* has been attacked by conservative intellectuals who improbably combine a nationalist nostalgia for Russian Orthodoxy and the Stalin era with a xenophobic hatred of corrupt Western influences on Soviet life. Many of these critics belong to the Writers' Union of the Russian Federal Republic, the largest of the U.S.S.R.'s 15 constituent republics. The literary monthly *Nash Sovremennik* has denounced rock music and beauty pageants as demeaning influences on Russian culture. Such writers as Yuri Bondarev and Vasily Belov have attacked the de-Stalinization process for defaming a period when, despite Stalin's tyranny, the Soviet Union became a world power.

> Gorbachev "has no clear thoughts and no perseverance."

Many of the Russian writers are openly sympathetic to the ugliest manifestation of Soviet neoconservatism. Founded in 1979 as a cultural and historical group attached to the Ministry of Aviation Industry, Pamyat (memory) has grown into a violence-tinged social movement that blends ardent nationalism with virulent anti-Semitism. To Pamyat's conspiracy theorists, an evil alliance of Zionists and Freemasons is responsible for most of the world's woes; Jews who were at the heart of the Bolshevik Revolution are blamed for the failures of Communism.

"It's important to remember that the Great Russian Revolution was not great, and it was not Russian," says Dmitri Vasiliev, the group's principal theoretician. "It was organized by Jews." Vasiliev is mildly contemptuous of Gorbachev ("He has no clear thoughts and no perseverance") and calls Lenin a "merciless Bolshevik." At the movement's noisy rallies, hecklers are often attacked by Pamyat toughs who are the Soviet version of skinheads. Soviet Jews are concerned that Pamyat's modest membership of several thousand is an inadequate index of its power. Says Boris Kelman, a Leningrad refusenik: "Pamyat is not only protected but controlled by people at a high level in the party. It gets support from the KGB."

So far, Gorbachev has outmaneuvered his critics within the party hierarchy. His control of the media means that, even under *glasnost,* opposition to *perestroika* gets limited voice. Yet by now it is clear that unless Gorbachev can inspire widespread public support for the reform process—no sure thing—his attempt to shake down the old trees will be truncated before it has a chance to grow. ***—By John Elson.***

Reported by David Aikman/Moscow

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC

On March 24, in the early morning hours, a disastrous accident happened in the waters of Prince William Sound, Alaska. By now you all know that our tanker, the Exxon Valdez, hit a submerged reef and lost 240,000 barrels of oil into the waters of the Sound.

We believe that Exxon has moved swiftly and competently to minimize the effect this oil will have on the environment, fish and other wildlife. Further, I hope that you know we have already committed several hundred people to work on the cleanup. We also will meet our obligations to all those who have suffered damage from the spill.

Finally, and most importantly, I want to tell you how sorry I am that this accident took place. We at Exxon are especially sympathetic to the residents of Valdez and the people of the State of Alaska. We cannot, of course, undo what has been done. But I can assure you that since March 24, the accident has been receiving our full attention and will continue to do so.

L. G. Rawl
Chairman

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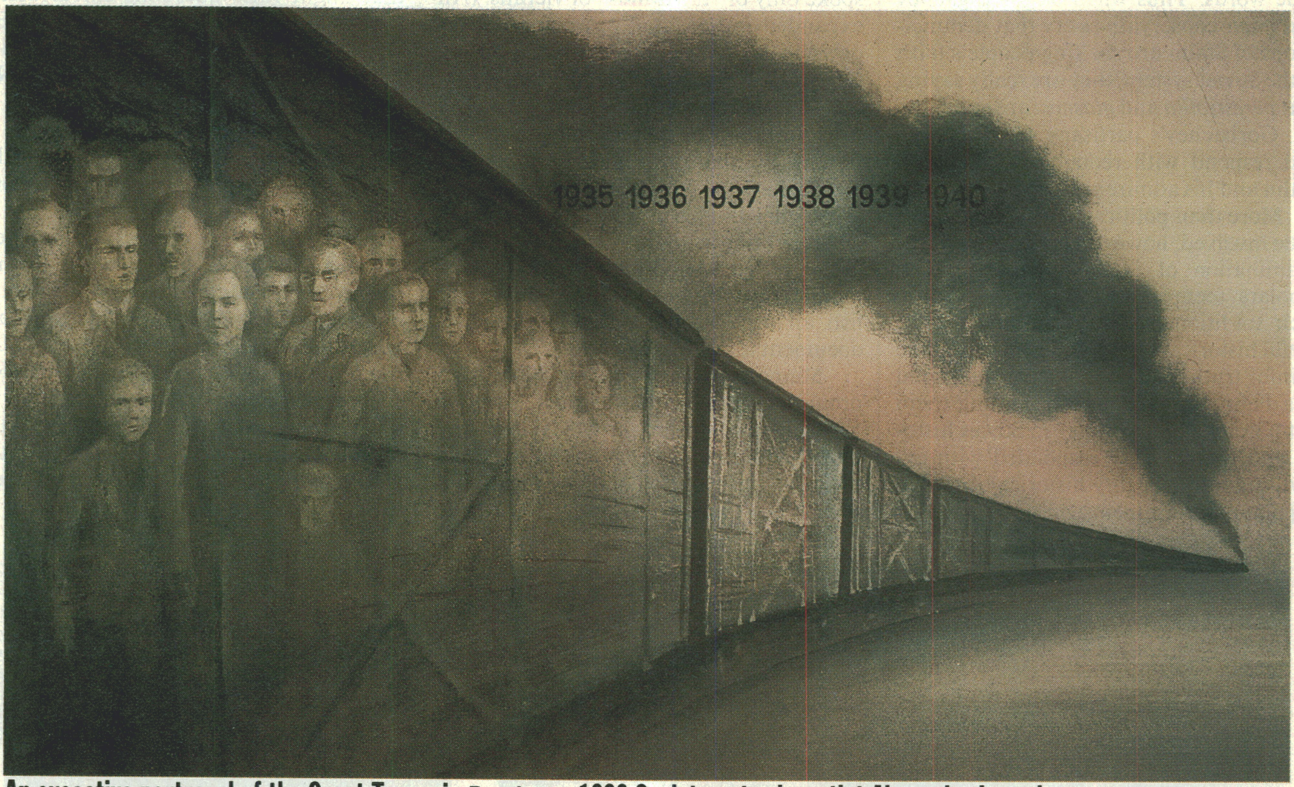


COURTESY OF MIKHAIL ANIKST

An evocative portrayal of the Great Terror in *Requiem,* a 1988 Soviet poster by artist Alexander Lozenko

In allowing Stalin's crimes to be exhumed, Gorbachev is trying to create a mandate for his reforms. But what if debate about the past calls the legitimacy of the state into question?

HAUNTED BY HISTORY'S HORRORS

For almost 50 years there were whispered stories about black vans that drove every night into a fenced enclosure in the Kurapaty forest, about gunshots and screams waking villagers who lived nearby. But not until last spring did the full horror begin to be known. Workers digging a trench for a gas pipeline through the forest near Minsk came across a heap of human skulls pierced by bullets from Nagant revolvers fired at close range. The prosecutor of the Belorussian Soviet Socialist Republic set up a commission to investigate the murders. Last July more skulls and bones were unearthed, along with paraphernalia of everyday life—remnants of packed lunches, purses filled with kopecks—indicating that the people had been snatched from their daily routines to be shot. With that, the truth became clear: from 1937 until the approach of Nazi invaders in 1941, Joseph Stalin's secret police had used the Kurapaty forest as a killing field. Estimates of the number of men and women buried there range from 30,000 to more than 200,000.

It is not by chance that the excavation in Kurapaty and a search for other mass graves in the Minsk area and the Ukraine are occurring now. The exhumation constitutes a precise visual image of the Soviet Union's efforts to confront the horrors of its past. With Mikhail Gorbachev's approval, Soviet historians, scholars and journalists are metaphorically digging up evidence of Stalin's crimes and exposing those crimes in all their ghastliness to the light of day.

Rewriting history has long been a tradition among Soviet leaders. Stalin revised a history of the Communist Party to puff up his role in the Bolshevik Revolution. Nikita Khrushchev began the deflation of Stalin; Leonid Brezhnev converted Khrushchev into a nonperson; Gorbachev in turn has depreciated Brezhnev, causing his name to be removed from factories, cities and streets. As the joke goes, the Soviet Union is the only country in the world with an unpredictable past.

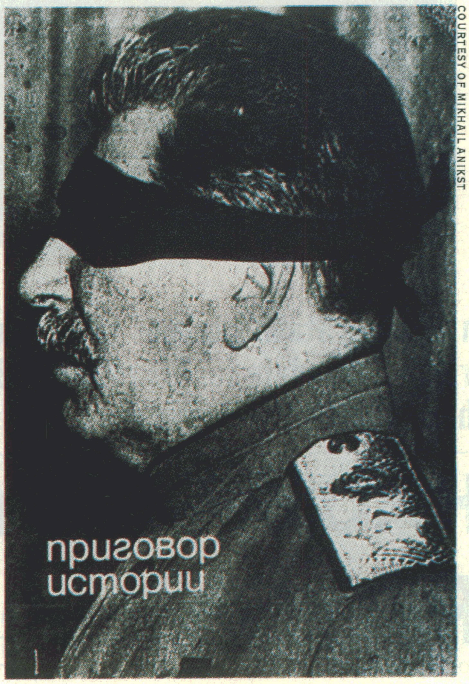
Stalin's ghost is the most formidable opponent of almost every change that Gorbachev is trying to effect. It was Stalin who established the system of collective farms and the stifling central control of industry that Gorbachev is attempting to break up. And it was Stalin who punished independent thinking with such savagery as to smother the creativity of whole generations.

Thus the discrediting of Stalin and his policies is virtually a precondition for any sort of reform. Vladimir Lakshin, deputy editor of the monthly *Znamya,* explains, "History concerns what is going on today and not just the past. We are not simply talking about Stalin but of a form of Stalinism that is so much a part of the flesh and blood that people are incapable of thinking in any but a Stalinist way. We have to get that out of our system."

Gorbachev's opponents are equally aware that much is at stake. The Soviet tradition of unity among all leaders still forbids any direct criticism of Gorbachev's policies. Such debate as does occur is carried on in Aesopian language, and history is currently the favored supplier of code words. Thus when Yegor Ligachev and other conservatives cry that denunciations of Stalin are shaking people's faith in the Soviet system, they are really saying that *perestroika* and *glasnost* are going too far. Gorbachev's partisans get the point, and respond with redoubled attacks on Stalin and his admirers today.

More than political expediency seems to be involved, however, in the present reexamination of Stalin. Journalists and scholars seem genuinely eager to drop their traditional roles as perpetuators of useful historical myths and instead tell the painful truth. Gorbachev gave the signal in a February 1987 speech inviting them to fill in the "blank spots" in Soviet history, and writers have responded with everything from weighty historical tomes to popular entertainments.

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT



COURTESY OF MIKHAIL ANIKST

Tatiana Smilga holds a photo of her father, a party official executed in 1938; a 1988 poster of Stalin titled *Verdict of History* by artist Pyotr Kapustin

In one sci-fi movie, *Mirror for Heroes,* a modern time traveler finds himself condemned to relive endlessly one day in the Stalinist past. Such periodicals as *Ogonyok* and Moscow *News* churn out article after article attacking Stalin or rehabilitating his victims; even Leon Trotsky, Stalin's archenemy, can be portrayed with some sympathy. Excerpts from *Let History Judge,* a scathing work that historian Roy Medvedev published in the West in 1971, have begun appearing in the Soviet press, and the entire book is scheduled for publication late this year. The book argues that the Gulag's supposed labor camps were often really death camps set up by Stalin to kill prisoners through hard labor, starvation rations, harsh climate and lack of medical attention. Medvedev is also speaking out through interviews. In one, he put the number of Stalin's victims at 40 million, of whom 20 million died. Gorbachev, in a November 1987 speech, spoke only of "thousands" of victims. (An expanded and updated version of Medvedev's book will be published in the U.S. by Columbia University Press next month.)

At least two institutions are dedicated to examining the bitter truth about the past. A Politburo commission formed by Gorbachev has rehabilitated such figures as Nikolai Bukharin, shot after a frame-up show trial in 1938. A rapidly growing group called Memorial aims to build a monument to Stalin's victims and establish an archive and research center to document his crimes.

Memorial's members include such prominent intellectuals as poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, historian Medvedev and Nobel laureate Andrei Sakharov, who serves as the group's honorary chairman. But its most important role is to provide an outlet for the grief and pain that victims of Stalin and their relatives have long had to keep to themselves. A steady stream of visitors from all over the Soviet Union seek out Memorial's cramped Moscow office. Many are elderly women who wait for as long as an hour and a half—as if "they were lining up to buy sausage," says a Memorial volunteer. One woman, hands trembling, offers to donate a ring that her husband fashioned for her in the prison camps out of a bolt nut. Another, barely keeping back tears, asks for advice about how to discover what happened to her father. She had thought he died of pneumonia in a labor camp in the early 1950s, but has recently heard that he was shot in Moscow's Lubyanka Prison.

There are signs that the revision of history is going further than Gorbachev ever bargained for. Some members of Memorial and other intellectuals have begun calling for a public trial of Stalin, a move that might raise questions embarrassing to the Communist leadership. Still, as Belorussian writer Alexander Adamovich says, "had there not been a trial at Nuremberg, Nazi atrocities at Auschwitz or Buchenwald might have been denied by later generations. Our history must also have a legal foundation based on solid documentation."

More important, a few Soviet intellectuals have begun arguing that a re-examination of the country's bloody past should not stop with Stalin but should go on to—whisper it—Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, Lenin himself, and to some of his principles, such as the centralization of all power in the Communist Party. Gorbachev often represents his policies as a return to the pure tenets of Lenin that Stalin perverted. But a few voices are suggesting, at least by implication, that the history debate is ultimately about the legitimacy of the Soviet state, a state with no validation other than the sacred rightness of the Communist Party and its doctrine of historical inevitability. "We have no cult of Stalin, but we have a cult of the party," says literary critic Igor Zolotussky in the journal *Novy Mir*. "The party, and the idea it personifies, is always right. Party activists often make mistakes—but the party, never. What is this but a new form of idolatry?"

For the moment, only a tiny minority have aired such views. But they illustrate an ancient dilemma that Gorbachev may soon confront: once people are allowed to voice long-forbidden thoughts, how do you get them to stop short of some line that the state considers safe? —***By George J. Church. Reported by Paul Hofheinz/Moscow and John Kohan/Minsk***

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To revitalize its moribund industry, Moscow aims to free its plants from meddlesome central planners and encourage enterprise

Turning Up The Power

BY JOHN GREENWALD

The giant factory in the heart of Leningrad looks more like a Rust Belt relic than a showplace of new industrial ideas. The Elektrosila power-equipment plant is an aging labyrinth of concrete buildings and connecting tunnels. Nearly half its creaky machine tools and other equipment was built in the 1960s. Yet this factory is the Soviet Union's largest producer of turbine generators for hydroelectric plants and nuclear power stations. Moreover, Elektrosila stands at the forefront of Mikhail Gorbachev's campaign to rejuvenate Soviet industry by freeing factories from the total, stifling control of government bureaucracies.

Because the Committee for State Planning controls only 30% of Elektrosila's production, the factory's managers have extraordinary freedom to plan, manufacture and sell the rest of the plant's output as they see fit (total annual production value: 162 million rubles, or $260 million at the official Soviet conversion rate). Elektrosila has boosted its foreign sales from less than 15% of its production a few years ago to about one-fourth of its current output. "We are now the masters of our own castle," says Valentina Murinas, 50, the factory's chief economist. Elektrosila's new spirit of enterprise extends to its rank-and-file workers, who now receive pay raises based on the plant's profitability. Next year they may be able to buy shares in an employee stock-ownership plan.

HOW THIS FACTORY IS DIFFERENT

■ **Independence. Moscow no longer buys all of Elektrosila's output. The plant's managers handle 70% of production.**

■ **Rewards. Factory wages have gone up 7.4% since mid-1988, or 14% more than the typical pay for Soviet workers.**

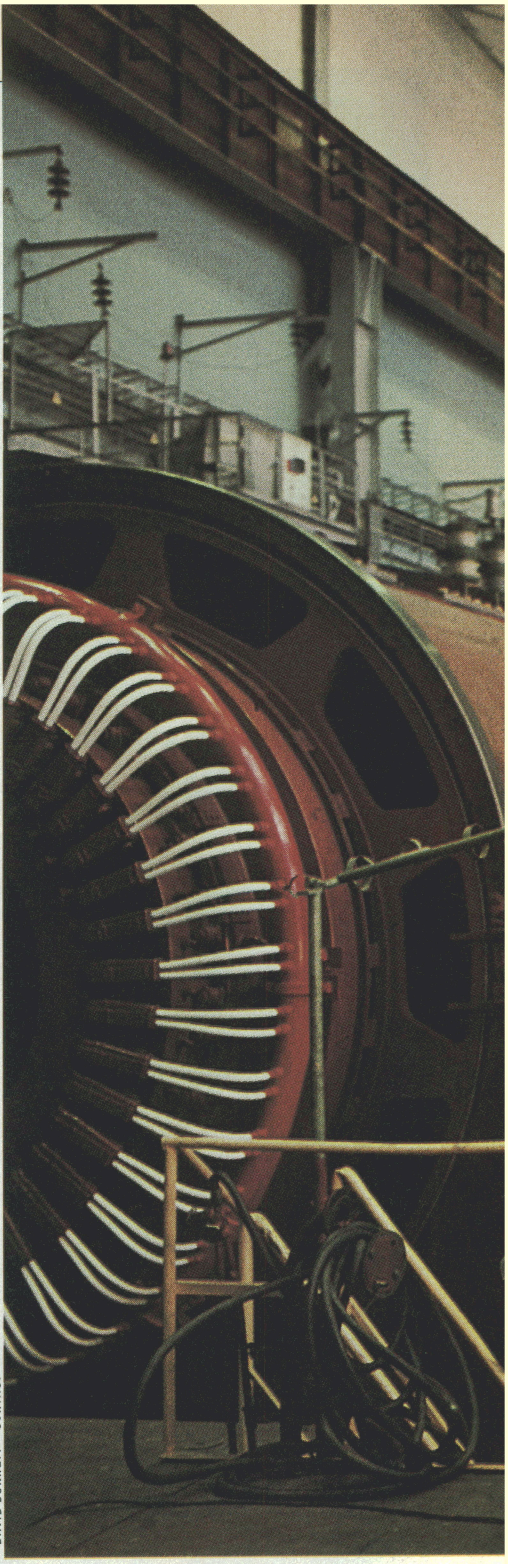
■ **Initiative. The plant is part of a consortium that has set up a commercial bank to help finance foreign trade and equipment.**

■ **Ownership. Elektrosila's director hopes to allow workers to buy shares next year, which would pay dividends of 7% to 15%.**

Elektrosila is an exception among Soviet factories, which lag at least a generation behind their Western counterparts in efficiency and quality. The typical Soviet plant's labor productivity is a paltry one-third the average level of factories in non-Communist industrial countries. At the same time, Soviet plants use two to three times as much energy and raw materials as Western factories consume for the same amount of output. Since most Soviet plants answer only to bureaucrats instead of consumers, finished merchandise is often shoddy or simply the wrong type of product to meet demand.

Most Western experts, along with rueful Soviets, blame the country's industrial ministries for stifling initiative and innovation. "I used to have to go to the ministry with the smallest change in our work," says Boris Fomin, director of the Elektrosila plant. "They issued hundreds of instructions, which usually contradicted one another. There was no strategic guidance." While Gorbachev's industrial reform required enterprises to wean themselves from government subsidies by January 1989, the majority of Soviet factories still rely on Moscow for merchandise orders, supplies and financial support.

The industrial ministries, forced to fulfill their five-year plans, have been slow to relinquish their power. Employees at the giant Uralmash machine works in the town of Sverdlovsk won a victory last year when they successfully protested a state plan on grounds that it called for more heavy machinery than customers needed. But after the workers made their point, Moscow bureaucrats simply sent the orders to a more compliant factory. Said a fed-up manager of another plant at last June's Communist Party Conference: "It's hopeless to fight paperwork. You have to kill off the authors."


DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

A primary obstacle for managers trying to balance their books is their inability to set prices. By dictating everything from salaries to the price of finished goods, Moscow planners rob factories of any incentive to hold down costs or make a profit. For example, the prices of labor and raw materials are kept so artificially low that factory managers live in a finan-

Inside a new revolution: Elektrosila workers are dwarfed by turbogenerators under construction at the innovative plant

cial fantasy land. "Right now factory managers don't know when they're doing a good job. They can say they're profitable even though they're selling tractors for $2,000 when they should be selling them for $5,000," says Judy Shelton, a research fellow at the Hoover Institution in California and author of a new book titled *The Coming Soviet Crash*. But Moscow is cautious about letting plants determine prices for fear that the move would spark a burst of inflation and consumer outrage.

For the industrial ministries, the most difficult aspect of restructuring will be to close down unprofitable factories. Although the law now allows bankruptcies, very few have taken place because bureaucrats are loath to reduce their domain and fearful of the unrest that would be caused by throwing employees out of work. Moscow prefers instead to merge unsuccessful enterprises into stronger ones.

To become anywhere near competitive in a global market, Soviet factories desperately need high-technology plants and equipment. The government recognizes this, but has gone about fixing the problem in its old-fashioned way of calling all the shots from Moscow. For example, the government has ordered far more computers than factories can produce without sacrificing strict quality standards, instead of allowing the plants to set their own targets. Western economists think Moscow should give individual managers more discretion to experiment with new technologies and independent research. Says Philip Hanson, a Soviet-economics specialist at Britain's University of Birmingham: "The fundamental role of the market in weeding out unsuccessful technological processes and forcing firms to innovate is something that a lot of Soviet officials don't really grasp."

Most Western economists think the Soviet restructuring will take as much as a decade to start showing results, since the shift in approach really amounts to a second industrial revolution. The old ways of doing business will be just as hard to replace as the rusting machinery. "It is not that they aren't going to make some progress, but it's much more difficult than starting out with a clean slate," says John Hardt, a Soviet specialist at the Congressional Research Service.

Such worries have not slowed the managers at the Elektrosila plant. They have teamed up with ten other factories and six research centers in Leningrad to form a consortium to explore new manufacturing methods. They plan to sell their equipment in package deals so that customers can sign up for an entire power plant with a single stroke of the pen. Elektrosila hopes for a substantial boost in exports to raise the foreign currency the plant needs to buy up-to-date Western machinery. At the moment the factory has only 7 million rubles ($11.2 million) in hard currency, and "one good machine tool costs about 2 million rubles," says economist Murinas.

Elektrosila's newfound independence has brought some unexpected problems. "There's more risk now," says Fomin, the plant director. "Before, all my mistakes were leveled out by the ministry. They were covered up. Now we must rely on our own skills and resources." Simply arranging financing or figuring out whom to call for operating permits can become a major headache. "We have great difficulty getting supplies," says Alexander Kozlov, 42, the factory's chief planner. "Everyone is in the process of change. Some old connections are broken, and new ones have not yet been established."

Yet if the men and women of Elektrosila are a bit awed by their new freedom, they are too enthusiastic to be daunted. Fomin, a stocky man whose black wavy hair makes him look a decade younger than his 62 years, has turned down repeated offers of ministry jobs in Moscow. "I'm in love with what I'm doing now. Besides, I do more good here. So far, I have had no bad flukes, so I sleep pretty well. But there are a lot of general managers in the Soviet Union who don't sleep well at all these days." As any capitalist would tell them, a little restlessness is good for business. —***With reporting by Ann Blackman/ Moscow, with other bureaus***

OH, NO HERE COMES JOE

Accompanied by a two-man television crew and three state vegetable inspectors, Victor Shinkaretsky bursts through the doors of a small family-leased vegetable store just around the corner from the Kremlin. Startled customers watch as he begins rummaging through the beets, potatoes and carrots. "We're checking for nitrates," Shinkaretsky explains, as the inspectors set up their portable laboratory equipment.

Soft-spoken and unassuming in private, Victor Shinkaretsky is a bulldog on the job and on the air. Appearing several times a week on *Good Evening, Moscow!*, a prime-time television show that specializes in covering everyday headaches in the capital, Shinkaretsky is the Ralph Nader of the U.S.S.R., the champion of consumers in a country with precious little to consume. Though his persistence in uncovering agriculture shortcomings has earned him the nickname "Tomato Joe," he quickly points out, "I also expose the problems of sanitation, transportation and theft."

IGOR GAVRILOV

On the job: Shinkaretsky and his staff test for nitrates

Shinkaretsky, who works for state-run Gosteleradio, has no private office, no producer, no staff. His only status symbol: a beeper that he carries in his shirt pocket. When it flashes the number 6, he knows to call Yuri Luzhkov, Moscow's deputy mayor and the official in charge of the city food supply. "We're in cahoots," Shinkaretsky says, and winks.

For one of his most memorable pieces, Shinkaretsky posed as a worker in a sausage factory. Passing several indifferent guards, he walked out the factory gate and headed toward a hidden television camera. Pulling a large ham from under his coat, he told viewers, "You see how easy it is to steal here." After the report was aired, the factory tightened security.

Shinkaretsky's voice is a lonely one, since the consumer movement is just awakening in the Soviet Union. Besides a small group of activists in the capital, there are fledgling consumer groups in Leningrad and Kiev. A draft law was introduced in Moscow in February that would allow customers to exchange shoddy goods, but Shinkaretsky is not impressed. He wants to start a consumer journal and set up a council that tests cars, stereos and, particularly, television sets, a fire hazard because they have a tendency to explode.

A translator for the Foreign Ministry before switching to journalism in 1972, Shinkaretsky joined *Good Evening, Moscow!* three years ago. "I decided to use *glasnost* to the hilt," he recalls. Today he is often recognized on the street, and he is peppered with questions. At the store where he checked for nitrates, a stooped old woman approached him and asked, "Can you do something about the lack of toothpaste?"

The passive way in which many Soviets deal with the drudgery of daily life infuriates Shinkaretsky. "We shouldn't have to put up with these things," he says, tightening his jaw in anger. "And our society should recognize that it is we who are to blame. Instead of being consumer-minded, many people are parasites. They expect to be given good food, good roads and good education, but they don't want to push for anything themselves. This is a revolution, and no one will do your revolution for you." Bidding a quick goodbye, Shinkaretsky is off again, this time to visit one of the city's vegetable depots. Film at 11.

—Ann Blackman/Moscow

Contrary to popular opinion, you don't have to break the law to appreciate the Mazda RX-7 Turbo.

Sit in it for 1.4 seconds. That's all it takes for most people to know that they're in the lap of something extraordinary. The seat actually seems to hug you. Unless you're a race driver, you've never sat in one like it. The steering wheel, the gearshift, the instruments—everything has a feeling of rightness about it. Of course, you're quicker than most people, so it'll probably take you only 1.2 seconds.

Get stuck in traffic in it. The newly refined twin-scroll turbo is unique. It delivers smooth, instant power even at low rpm. Indeed, between 1500 and 7000 rpm, the turbo rotary's torque curve is flatter than ever. This helps eliminate the difficult-to-control surges of power found with many turbos, and results in slow driving that's as effortless as fast driving. Not as much fun, mind you; but just as effortless.

Park it in front of your mother-in-law's house. She's probably been wondering what her darling saw in you anyway.

The RX-7 will give her a clue. After all, anybody who owns something that good can't be all bad.

Turn the sound system up high. It's got 6 speakers and over 100 watts of power, so, unless you've got the ears of a teenager, don't turn it all the way up. Please.

Take it on a long trip. It'll eat up the road the way a dog eats up table scraps.

Accelerate. For 6.3 seconds. That's all it now takes to get to 60 mph in an RX-7 Turbo. If you don't think that's quick, just count, "1 thousand 1, 1 thousand 2, 1 thousand 3, 1 thousand 4, 1 thousand 5, 1 thousand 6, 1 th." There. You're going 60 mph. (Should you get it on a race course, the quarter-mile time is equally startling: 14.8 seconds. And while you're there, take a few laps, and note how the new air dam, side skirts, and rear wing help reduce aerodynamic lift.)

Stop. When you're going 60 mph. The RX-7 Turbo's power-assisted, 4-wheel ventilated disc brakes, will stop you in just 140 feet. They'll stop you straight too, thanks to an Anti-lock Braking System that continuously modulates the braking force. Of course, you may never have to stop this quickly, but it's nice to know you can.

Wind it out in first gear. The thing that will startle you—aside from the exhilarating rush of power—is just how whisper smooth the rotary engine is. No words can describe this. You must experience it.

Drive it slowly down a winding, country road. Some sports cars only steer well when they're going fast. The RX-7's Electronic Variable Assist Power Steering adjusts the effort needed to steer the car by sensing how fast the car is going and the steering angle. So no matter the speed, the feeling of control you have is always the same: great.

Now drive it a little faster down a winding, country road. With its V-rated high-performance tires, new 16-inch alloy wheels, exotic Triaxial Floating Hubs, and a Dynamic Tracking System that allows the rear wheels to interact with lateral g forces, the RX-7 Turbo flows through turns almost as naturally as water flows downhill.

Take it up the toughest hill you know. Since the turbo creates its own atmosphere, the more powerful 200 hp engine never struggles or gasps for air, not even going up steep grades a mile high in the mountains. It simply flattens them.

Take it through the tightest turn you know. You don't have to go extra fast. Take it at the speed you always take it. You'll notice how much easier it is in an RX-7. After all, this is a world-class sports car, so curves most cars strain to handle are a day at the beach for the RX-7.

Make a U-turn. The Mazda RX-7 Turbo has a turning radius of just 32.2 feet. So, if you've ever wondered how a dog feels when it chases its own tail, this is how to find out.

Wash it when you're sure the neighbors are watching. With its new wheels and fog lamps and side mirrors and taillights and nose design and color-keyed mouldings, they'll probably want a ride in it so much they'll even return the tools you lent them.

Drive somebody else's sports car. Any sports car. We don't think you'll find one that gives you what the RX-7 Turbo does. Not even one that costs thousands more. That's because Mazda engineers do more than make the RX-7 look and perform like a world-class sports car. They engineer the RX-7 so it feels as if it's an extension of you; almost as if you and the car are one, sweeping through turns, leveling hills, devouring miles. And that's a difference you'll be able to feel the first time you drive one. Go feel it for yourself. This afternoon.

mazda

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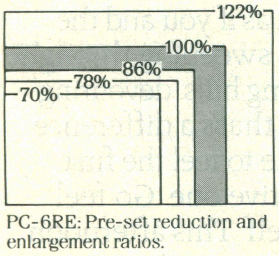

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CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Hairstyling at a cooperative fashion boutique in Moscow

The co-op movement is thriving, but has run into resistance from bureaucrats and resentment among consumers

ON THE FRONT LINE

When Andrei Fedorov ran a state-owned restaurant in Moscow, he made 190 rubles ($304) a month even if no one came to dinner. "I didn't care if we had customers or not," he says with a shrug. "I didn't care if the service was good." Two years ago, he started his own now popular bistro, Kropotkinskaya 36, just off Sadovaya Ring Road in the Soviet capital. Fedorov pays himself about 850 rubles ($1,360) a month, nearly four times the average Soviet salary. But he works twice as hard as he ever did as a government employee. "If I don't have customers," he says, "I'll go bankrupt."

Fedorov is far from it. Last year his restaurant earned a profit of 600,000 rubles on revenues of 2 million rubles. Some of Fedorov's fellow Soviet citizens feel threatened by his success. For example, he wants to buy a farm to ensure himself a supply of quality produce and meat. But fighting his way through a bureaucratic maze to get the requisite permits is a thankless task. "Rather than create opportunities for real competition," he says, "these ministries are trying to tie our hands. I go to the ministry, and they say what I want to do isn't necessary. They say we are not part of socialism."

Fedorov's experience of fortune mixed with frustration is typical of the thriving entrepreneurs—capitalists without the name—who exemplify a key but controversial part of Mikhail Gorbachev's economic-reform program, the cooperative movement. In 1987 Gorbachev proposed the formation of privately owned, profit-oriented cooperative enterprises to supplement and even compete with state-run projects. The primary goal of his proposal, which in many respects echoed Lenin's quasi-capitalist New Economic Policy of 1921, was to inject vitality into the U.S.S.R.'s laggard consumer goods and services industries. In addition, the new co-ops would pay taxes and presumably absorb some of the 15 million workers who might lose their jobs in a much needed pruning of the bureaucracy.

Like Fedorov's restaurant, the co-op movement has taken off—but it faces a bumpy ride. Although they now account for only about 1% of the country's economy, the 48,000 Soviet co-ops (there were only a handful a year ago) employ some 770,000 workers. The services they offer read like a Yellow Pages directory: animal grooming, auto repairs, computer maintenance, hairstyling, plumbing, translating—even operating pay toilets.

Despite Gorbachev's strong support for the co-op movement, many apparatchiks remain hostile. Under prodding from the bureaucracy, the Soviet Council of Ministers last December imposed stringent new limits on co-ops in such sensitive areas as medicine, education and publishing. More crackdowns are imminent. One Moscow businessman charges that the bureaucrats are jealous of his success, constantly asking how much money he makes rather than how much in taxes he pays. This entrepreneur is appalled by the system's endemic shakedowns: "Say I'm in private publishing, which is no longer allowed under the new cooperative decree. So I go to a state publishing company and say I want to publish and will give them 50% of my profits. They say I can continue publishing if I hire five of their bureaucrats. I don't need them, and I have to pay them. But I can continue publishing. That's the new state racket, and it's corruption."

Another hardship facing the co-ops is extortion by organized crime. Last December at least two Moscow cafés were vandalized, and in January thugs attacked another private restaurant, knifing

FLIGHT NO. 30 CARRIES THE GOODIES

The scene looks like a department store's Christmas rush. The floor is piled high with television sets, videocassette recorders, audiocassette players and sewing machines. Nervous energy and thick cigarette smoke swirl through the crowd. On a Saturday evening, these giddy shoppers have converged in front of a check-in counter at New York City's Kennedy Airport, where they will board Pan Am's nonstop to Moscow, the famed Flight 30.

What the medieval silk-and-spice caravans were to Western Europe, Flight 30 is to Soviet consumers today. The few who can afford the 1,762-ruble ($2,800) round-trip ticket gain an opportunity to outfit their homes with otherwise unavailable dream goods. The Soviet government, which officially frowns on such lavish spending of hard currency, limits how many rubles its citizens can change into dollars for their trip (7 rubles, or $11.20, a day). But they manage to raise the cash. A favored scheme is to carry jewelry to sell in the U.S.

The jam-packed Flight 30 is no joyride for the crew. A major headache is carry-on baggage; one man tried to board with two VCRS. Says a flight attendant: "Some of them have so many articles of clothing on, they look like Eskimos."

customers and setting it afire. In response, some co-op owners have paid bribes to the racketeers or offered them phony jobs in return for protection.

Some opposition to the co-ops is based on more than sloth or jealousy. Most Soviet citizens are dismayed by high prices in the private shops, which typically are at least twice the going rate at state stores. In February *Pravda* accused some co-ops of buying raw materials at bargain prices from state factories and then selling the finished goods at huge markups.

Soviet citizens grumble about their economic system, but it is the only one that most of them know; they are understandably wary of experiments that allow some individuals huge profits. In the poll for TIME conducted by the Soviet Sociological Association, more than 30% of respondents expressed an interest in joining a cooperative, but those over 50 years of age had strong negative feelings about the movement. Entrepreneurs fear that their prosperity may be short-lived. "Co-ops are on the front line of *perestroika,"* says Kropotkinskaya's Fedorov, who is secretary of Moscow's 6,500 co-ops. "But we don't know what will happen next. I keep thinking day and night that I'll be told, 'You have to close.' There is a tug-of-war going on between the cooperatives and the bureaucrats—and the bureaucrats are winning." Still, as long as the battle continues, the Soviet people will experience something truly rare in their socialist history: economic initiative and service that works.

—By John Elson. Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow

A TASTE OF THE LUXE LIFE

When the silver-plated telephone rings in Marina Osadchuk's clothing and beauty boutique, it chirps like a canary. These days it sounds as if a cageful of canaries has been let loose in Osadchuk's store in Moscow. People call constantly to inquire about the handmade suits and dresses, priced at 200 to 700 rubles ($320 to $1,120), or to make appointments to get their hair done for 15 rubles ($24). With 50 customers a day, Osadchuk has more business than she can handle.

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

"We buy anything we want," says boutique proprietor Osadchuk

Osadchuk's eager clientele largely represents a new class of Soviet consumer: the nouveau riche, of which she is a proud member. Better yet, call them yuccies—young upwardly mobile Communists. Osadchuk pays herself a monthly salary of 700 rubles, or $1,120, about three times the average Soviet salary and enough for her family to live very comfortably. Says she: "We buy anything we want." Thanks to the co-op movement, employee profit sharing and other budding forms of entrepreneurship, many Soviets are suddenly earning enough money to do more than just scrape by. They are enjoying a taste of the good life, and some are even becoming wealthy, at least by Soviet standards.

Yet the fling with materialism is problematic in a country that has officially scorned materialism and has trouble producing enough basic goods, much less luxury items. Even such Western staples as cars, refrigerators and washing machines are in chronically short supply. As a result, well-off Soviets often have much more money than they need for smaller indulgences, including restaurant meals, videos and stereo gear. "Money slips through our fingers," says Vladimir Ivlev, chairman of a Moscow clothing cooperative that pays him a monthly salary of 2,000 rubles ($3,200).

NIEDENTHAL

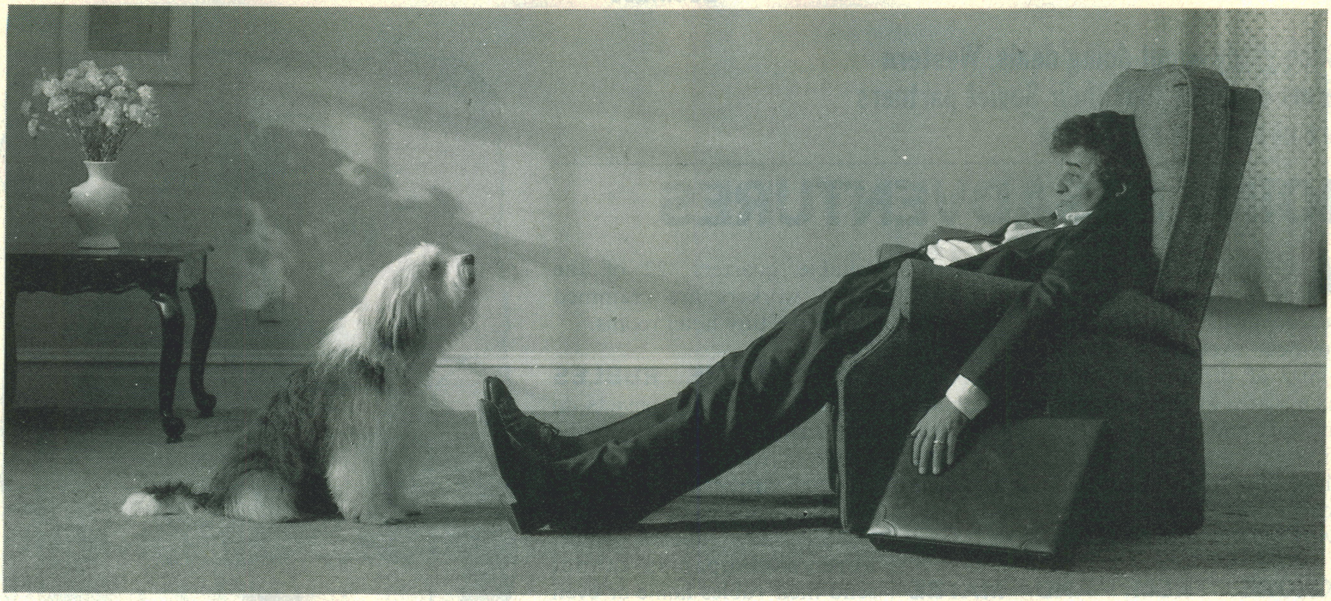
Ivlev is riding high

Ivlev, who often wears imported jeans and Adidas sneakers, has richly furnished the three-room apartment he shares with his wife Tanya and son Sergei. A sleek, ebony-colored bookcase holds a Korean color TV and matching video system. Ivlev says he paid 1,000 rubles ($1,600) for a Panasonic tape deck. "And we have better food because we shop at the open market, where prices are higher," he points out. Is their bank account growing? "It's not our aim to save money," says Tanya. "We want to spend as much as we can."

Vladimir Yakovlev, 30, a former journalist, has cashed in on the co-op movement by starting a company to collect and sell information about such ventures. Yakovlev launched the firm, called Fakt, two years ago and already has more than 30 offices in the Soviet Union. Yakovlev, who last fall visited the U.S. for the first time to learn more about foreign trade, pays himself 1,500 rubles a month ($2,400), five times as much as he made as a journalist. His most enviable perk is a company car and driver. "I spend a lot of money every month on clothes and fancy restaurants," he says. "I have no bank account. No savings." Consumers have little incentive to save because such major expenses as housing and education are subsidized and bank accounts pay interest of only 2% to 4%.

Even if luxury goods are scarce, having extra income means being able to procure a better grade of necessity. For example, a pound of beef costs 1.4 rubles ($2.24) when it can be found in a state store, but is usually filled with lard and bone. Better-quality beef is readily available at co-op markets, but costs about 4.6 rubles ($7.36) a pound. The same is true of services. Well-off consumers seeking to avoid Moscow's public dentists flock to Joseph Bochkovsky, whose private office has such modern equipment as high-tech drills from Czechoslovakia and Japanese-made disposable needles for injecting anesthetics. Prices at his office are four times as high as those at state-operated polyclinics, where dentists use more rudimentary tools. But the 600 patients on his waiting list consider Bochkovsky's humane dentistry a welcome addition to the good life.

—By Ann Blackman/Moscow



How to solve the energy crisis.

If you're like a lot of people the energy crisis has nothing to do with oil embargos and solar power.

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The reason for this phenomenon? Lack of exercise.

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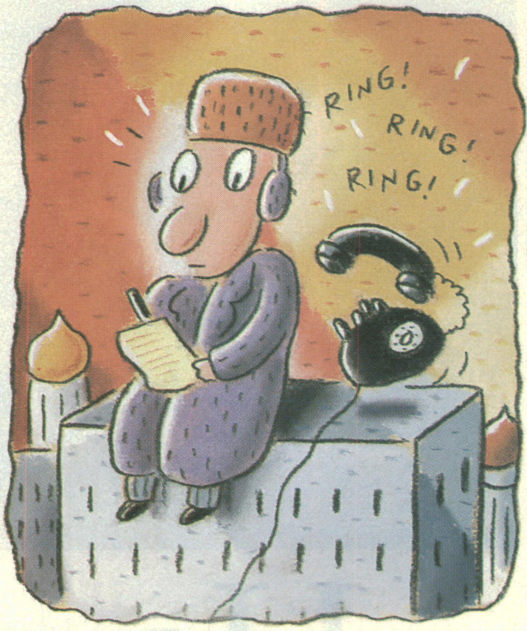
Once giddy about doing deals, Western firms discover that their Soviet partners are not always on the line

JOINT MISADVENTURES


RING!
RING!
RING!

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TIME BY GARY BASEMAN

After the U.S.S.R. put out the welcome mat two years ago to attract joint ventures with Western firms, hundreds of business executives rushed to Moscow. Many of them inked deals to produce such wares as shoes and pizza, computer software and fertilizer. But doing business in the Soviet Union has presented more challenges than capitalists imagined. The road to *perestroika's* pot of gold is filled with bureaucratic potholes.

IGNORE THEM, AND MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY. Soviet employees are a bit lackadaisical when it comes to customer relations. Said a U.S. executive: "The phone would ring, and our Soviet managers wouldn't answer it. They'd pick up the receiver and hang up. And they didn't understand about taking messages. I would come back to the office, and they'd say, 'Someone called.' I've finally got them to take a number."

WE'VE BEEN MEANING TO GET TO THAT. After Combustion Engineering signed a contract in 1987 to provide machinery and software for oil refineries, Soviet bureaucrats helped the company locate a Moscow building for its headquarters. Only problem: there were holes in the floors, and the structure was badly in need of renovation. Until they can find suitable quarters, 22 of the firm's workers are crammed into three tiny hotel rooms.

WANT SOME RUBLES CHEAP? Since the Soviets do not permit their money to be freely converted into dollars or other currencies, the rubles Westerners earn in the U.S.S.R. have dubious value. Foreign companies cannot send their rubles home or even calculate their earnings accurately because there is no accepted exchange rate. While Moscow says the ruble is worth about $1.60, the currency fetches as little as 10¢ on the black market. Some U.S. firms have got around the problem by persuading Moscow to allow the companies to export what they produce with Soviet partners for dollars rather than rubles.

HAVE YOU GOT A LICENSE TO OPERATE THAT STAPLER? A U.S. firm that wanted to install photocopiers was told to obtain a special permit from the local fire department. When the same company tried to order typewriters, recalls its office manager, "the Soviets said, 'We can't get those. We'll do that next year.' "

QUICK, SEND OVER A TON OF PEPPERONI. AstroPizza, a joint venture between the city of Moscow and New Jersey's Roma Food Enterprises, was a hit from the moment its truck began hawking hot slices around Moscow last spring. But when Roma resumes sales this month after a winter break, the company will once again have to ship all the fixings from New Jersey because it has been unable to find decent tomatoes, cheese and other ingredients in the U.S.S.R.

HAVE YOU GOT A WORD MEANING LEVERAGED BUYOUT? Drawing up a contract that is precisely equivalent in two languages, English and Russian, can be a mind-bending exercise. One problem: there are no words in the Russian language for many Western business terms. Michael Bonsignore, president of Honeywell International, took special care in preparing contracts for the equipment that his company is providing for four Soviet fertilizer plants. Says he: "We translated our English documents into Russian, then had someone else translate them back into English to make sure that we were really saying to them exactly what we wanted to say."

LET ME OUT, I'M HAVING A BIG MAC ATTACK! The expense of maintaining Western employees in the U.S.S.R. is extraordinarily high, as much as $400,000 a year for a one-worker office. Says a Western diplomat: "The cost of renovating a Soviet apartment to our standards is $100,000, if you can find one. And to keep the Western employees sane, you have to fly them out of the country at least four times a year." Because employees feel deprived of their comforts, some companies provide allowances, so that personnel can import such hard-to-find items as toothpaste, fruit, toilet paper and fresh vegetables.

I'VE HEARD OF THE SOFT SELL, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. The Soviets have almost no advertising experience, since there has been little need for promotion in a land of few choices and chronic shortages. The basic sales philosophy can be summed up in the words of a Soviet citizen who was asked what he would do if he wanted to attract more customers to stay at his hotel. "Well," he said, "I would hope that all the other hotels were full."

—By Janice Castro. Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow, with other bureaus

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Now get up to $1,200 in savings and up to $750 cash back on a GMC Truck.

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But hurry...these offers won't last long. See your dealer for details.

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*There are Value Package savings also available on 1988 models.

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†For cash back you must take retail delivery from dealer stock by May 2, 1989.

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- AM-FM stereo cassette and equalizer • Sierra Classic trim • Power steering • And more.

$1,200 Value Package savings**
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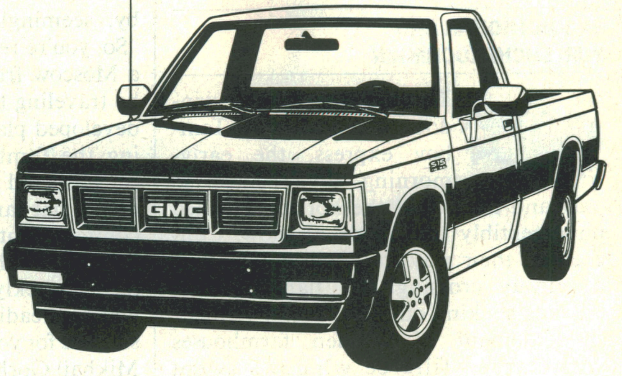

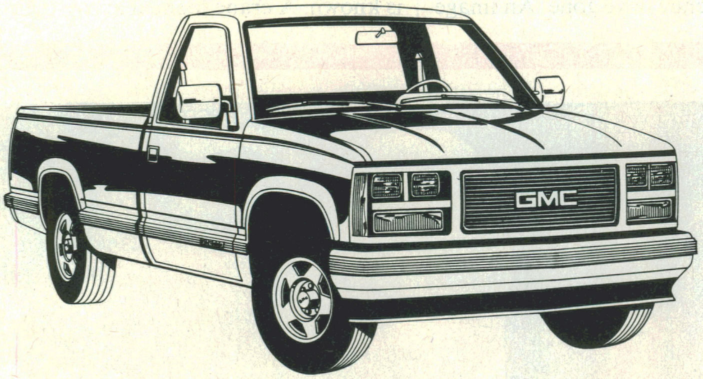

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$900 Value Package savings**
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S-15 Jimmy 1989 Value Package CAA3*

- Air conditioning • Cast aluminum wheels • Power windows and power door locks • And more.

$1,800 Value Package savings**
500† Cash back
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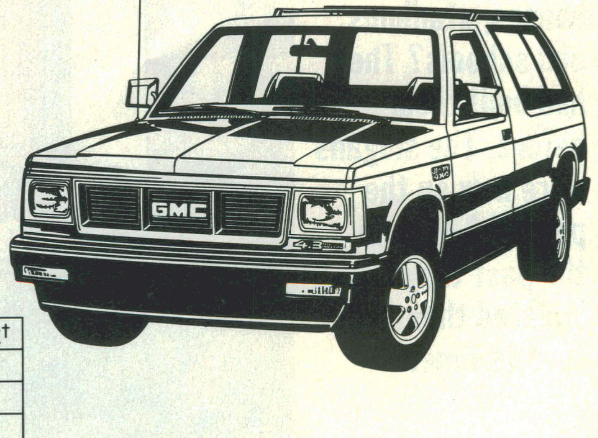

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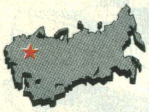
GM

To see how the reforms are faring outside Moscow, a TIME correspondent and a Soviet journalist traveled together to Tambov, about 260 miles southeast of the capital. Setting down their impressions side by side, the two found far more had changed than they expected and discovered a cadre of young Gorbachevs ready to carry out reform, despite the difficulties

TAMBOV: *PERESTROIKA* IN THE PROVINCES

BY JOHN KOHAN AND YURI SHCHEKOCHIKHIN



Through the fogged window of the Moscow-Tambov express, the early-morning sky seemed so gray and thick that the horizon blended imperceptibly into fields of snow. Children on their way to school dawdled by a railway crossing, the flaps of their fur hats sticking out like ungainly wings. A settlement of wooden farmhouses with carved filigree windows swept by, seemingly unchanged in centuries. "So, you're really going to Tambov," said a Moscow friend, surprised that I would be traveling to such a provincial and undeveloped place. "There's a Russian saying: the Tambov wolf is your comrade." I remembered his sneering tone as I stared at the flat landscape from the two-bunk compartment I was sharing with Yuri Shchekochikhin, a commentator from the Soviet weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta.* So, you are heading off into the wilds of Russia? See for yourself how far the reforms of Mikhail Gorbachev have gone. An image came to mind of *perestroika* as a stalled tractor, sinking ever deeper into the rich black earth of the Tambov region. It was a common Moscow view, as if nothing new could ever come out of the provinces.

Our taxi pulled away from the Tambov train station, spraying mud and loose gravel from the potholed roadway. The landmarks were typical of a rural Russian administrative center. A tank seemed poised to topple off the memorial honoring the heroism of local citizens in the Great Fatherland War, as World War II is known. A crane loomed above the con-

Looking at the streets of Tambov, I wondered what was new. They were building new houses, stadiums and schools? They had built them before. The slogans were new on the posters? Even in the past they updated them from time to time.

Waiting for a bus under the familiar gaze of Lenin

Photographs for TIME by David Burnett—Contact

struction site of the new Communist Party headquarters, just across from an imposing statue of Lenin thrusting his arm into the future. Political posters and slogans of a type that had all but vanished from Moscow could be seen on billboards and atop apartment houses.

When I told my mother I would be traveling to the Tambov region with an American, she got very upset. "Are you crazy?" she said. "Just think of where you are taking him. There's mud everywhere. You'll get bogged down on some road. There is nothing in the stores either."

My mother's voice conveyed a fear of foreigners that had been drummed into her over the years, as if every Westerner were a CIA agent. But she was also concerned about how an American would view the region where she and my father had come from. My grandparents were buried in the town of Uvarovo, 60 miles southeast of Tambov. I had spent my early childhood years there, and returned to Uvarovo every summer as a schoolboy.

I had not been back since 1982, and was eager to see how life had changed in this region on the edge of the Russian steppe. Now, looking at the streets of Tambov, I wondered what was new in this city of 300,000. They were building new houses, stadiums and schools? They had built them before. The slogans were new on the posters? Even in the past they updated them from time to time.

During lunch at the Tolna Hotel, Alexander Kuznetsov, the deputy chief of the ideology section of the Tambov Regional Communist Party Committee, assured us that "all the processes of change going on in Moscow make their way to us in Tambov, if somewhat later on." We needed to be convinced. I made clear that both of us knew enough to recognize a *pokazukha*, or staged event, when we saw it.

The week before our arrival in Tambov, the drivers on two trolleybus lines had gone on strike, protesting the dreadful condition of the roads . . . Tambovskaya Pravda, *the local Communist Party daily, devoted the front page to a regional party committee meeting, examining the fate of those repressed under Stalin . . . Elections had been held for a new factory director . . . In the town of Michurinsk, 40 miles to the northwest, an ecology rally had been organized, drawing more than 1,000 people.*

We jotted down these facts in our notebooks, and many more: the founding of a local branch of the anti-Stalinist movement, Memorial, the first reported case of AIDS in Tambov, the first Soviet-Finnish joint construction project, rumors that racketeers were moving in on local cooperatives. Late-night television had even come to Tambov, something we Muscovites still lacked. Then there were those telling words from a worker on the regional party committee: "We decided to do away with special food packages for ourselves so that there would not be talk about us having privileges that other workers did not."

I kept going over these facts, trying to understand something that has been at the heart of unending arguments in Moscow: Had the provinces come to life, or were they still sleeping? I made a discovery that surprised me: public life was bubbling along here. TheY were not just putting up houses—new people were growing up.

There was no mistaking the mustachioed figure with pipe in hand. Illuminated by a brilliant spotlight, Joseph Stalin had come to life onstage in a local theater production of Anatoli Rybakov's groundbreaking novel about Stalinist-era repression, *Children of the Arbat.* When Stalin stepped forward to deliver his monologue, a chilling silence enveloped the auditorium of the Lunacharsky Dramatic Theater. "It takes great cruelty to tap the great energy of a backward people," declaimed the provincial tyrant. "A dictator is great who can inspire love for himself through terror."

Public Prosecutor Vyaceslav Kuchmin told us that about 100 local instances of Stalinist illegalities had already been reviewed. Not that Kuchmin was in complete agreement with those critics in Moscow who he felt "showed only the negative sides of our history" and drew too many "unfair comparisons" with the U.S. "We are the same people as we were then," he explained. "We can't just exchange this nation for another."

The market in Tambov was a horn of plenty . . . The bountiful scene seemed to deny reports filtering into the Soviet capital about food shortages in the provinces. Certainly, no one was starving in this land of the good black earth.

Waiting to buy pastries at the state-run market

We listened as six members of the "opposition," as they say in the West, argued with a representative of the regional party committee. They included journalists from Tambovskaya Pravda, *a professor and a college dean.*

"We have no difference of views with the party, just with certain people on the city and regional party committee."

"Why didn't you come to us?"

"You wouldn't have received us. You only know how to swing billy clubs."

We had trouble understanding what the argument was all about until members of the opposition showed us four issues of their unofficial publication, called Sodeistviye, *meaning assistance. According to an editorial in the first issue,* Sodeistviye *presented news that was not covered by the local party newspaper, "everything that Tambov citizens talk about in lines, while catching a smoke at the factory, in college corridors and in family kitchens."*

"Why didn't you publish your material in Tambovskaya Pravda*?" asked party ideologist Kuznetsov.*

"They won't print it."

The longer I listened, the more amazed I was that this conversation was even taking place. Could you have imagined it ten, five, even three years ago! Who would have met with them for a talk? Wouldn't it have been officials from the local KGB*?*

When the opposition had left, party ideologist Kuznetsov asked John a question: "Tell me, what would happen if you spent the day working for your own magazine and went to work for your competitor in the evening? What would your bosses think of that?"

John admitted that he would probably be put on warning and then fired.

"Well, these guys from Tambovskaya Pravda *are insulted because the party has given them a reprimand."*

I suggested that the local party paper should give Sodeistviye *a chance to publish some of its material in the party's pages.*

Kuznetsov shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know . . . We're also learning how to act now in such situations."

Inefficiency is so commonplace in the Soviet Union that we were piqued by tales of a dramatic transformation under way at the Lenin Factory in Michurinsk. The plant, which makes auto parts, had gained national notoriety in 1986 after criminal investigators broke up an organized-crime ring trading in stolen merchandise. Now we heard the Lenin works had been "leased out" to *kooperativshchiki.*

The brave new world of self-management was evident at the new Wheel cooperative at the Lenin site. The slogans hanging from the rafters read like proverbs from Poor Richard's Almanack: HOW YOU LOOK SHOWS HOW YOU LOVE YOUR WORK and WHAT YOU SAVE TODAY WILL BE OF USE TOMORROW. No one seemed to need the prompting. Workers actually tended to their machines, instead of congregating in the aisles or staring off into space. Output had tripled, pilfering had plummeted, and alcohol abuse had declined so much that the janitor no longer found enough empty bottles to make a twice-daily trash run into town. The 130 cooperative members earned, on average, 625 rubles ($1,000) a month, about 2½ times the norm for factory workers. Production had begun to meet demand.

Lunch at the Michurinsk factory proved to be one of those seemingly commonplace occurrences that actually signifies a great deal about perestroika. *We did not eat in a separate executive dining room, or in a side room at a nearby restaurant reserved for the special few, but in a lunch hall where everybody ate together: factory director and lathe operator, shop floor manager and watchman.*

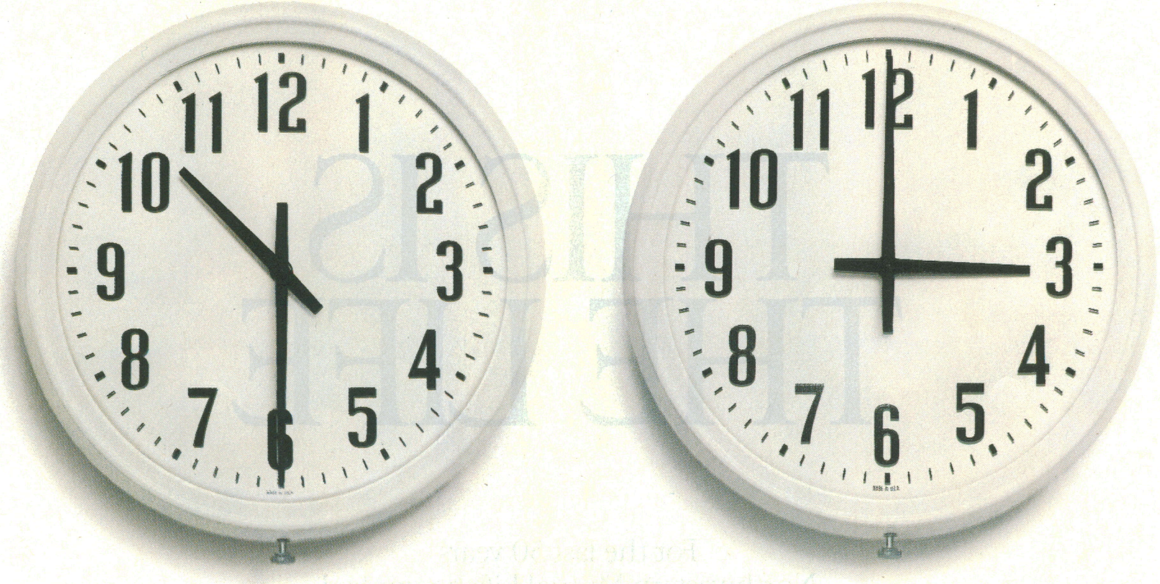
The chief engineer did not make a point of telling us that "we eat alongside the workers" or demonstrating for us, as guests, how democratic he was. It was all perfectly natural, just like paying afterward for the meal.

This may have seemed quite normal for John, but it was evidence for me that people

The brave new world of self-management was evident at the Wheel cooperative at the Lenin site . . . Workers actually tended to their machines, instead of congregating in the aisles or staring off into space.

A worker at the Michurinsk cooperative inspects a row of auto parts

A.M. **P.M.**



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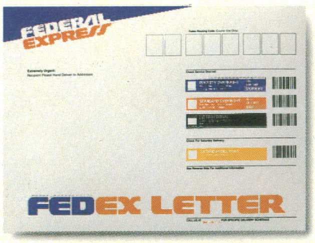

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no longer lived here the way they used to. Stalin began the practice of giving privileges to the leadership: special foods, dachas fenced off from those belonging to ordinary mortals, apartments in the best-built houses. Brezhnev expanded these privileges. How many hunting and fishing "lodges" were built and furnished with Finnish furniture and rugs so thick you could tumble into them up to your waist! This inequality in a society declaring equality caused great indignation.

Leaving the lunchroom, I understood that the management at the Michurinsk factory could no longer afford to live differently from everyone else. And I understood why: they were leasing the factory. They now had to account for every kopeck.

Ruby pomegranates and marinated apples, fragrant herbs and honey in the comb, slabs of homemade butter and mounds of cottage cheese, pig's heads dangling from hooks and hunks of beef fresh from the chopping block. The Sunday market in Tambov was a horn of plenty. Cooperatives and private farmers here had more varieties of meats to offer than you could usually find in Moscow. The bountiful scene seemed to deny reports filtering into the Soviet capital about food shortages in the provinces. Certainly, no one was starving in this land of the good black earth.

Not everyone wanted or could afford to pay 8.3 rubles ($13) for half a pound of smoked sausage or 10 rubles ($16) for half a pound of tomatoes. But the alternative was unappetizingly scrawny chickens, larded sausage, pickled fruits and canned goods available at state-run stores at subsidized prices. Still, consumers complained about the high prices at the co-ops. They seemed to believe ample supplies of cheap food were an economic right.

During our visit to the Michurinsk Food and Vegetable Institute, the future agronomists aired a few gripes and opinions about the Soviet "food problem":

"The issue is how many years you can rent land. We need a law guaranteeing that no one will interfere."

"Peasants don't exist as a group anymore. We have forgotten how to work the land."

"We have gone far in developing the technology of cybernetics and space travel, but we don't have proper equipment to dig up potatoes."

"We produce meat here in the Tambov region, and we send it to Moscow to be made into sausage. Then we have to go to Moscow to buy sausage made from Tambov meat."

This paradox of provincial life had even inspired a riddle. What is long, green and smells of sausage?

The train from Moscow.

We drove to Uvarovo, the village of my youth that had since turned into a decent-sized city of some 50,000. I discovered that the second secretary of the city party committee was Vladimir Selyugin, an old childhood friend. When I last saw Volodya, he had been working as an agrotechnical engineer. Why had he suddenly turned up on the committee? He told me that he was tired of Uvarovo being run by transients. He had grown up here, worked here and had no intention of going anywhere else.

I also learned to my amazement that Vladimir Razhev had been elected director of the chemical factory, after being fired from the same post several years ago because of conflicts with the local leadership. "The city party committee was against his candidacy," said First Secretary Vladimir Karpov. "We had another director in mind, but the workers elected Razhev."

It was funny to watch Razhev and Karpov needle each other over dinner. I knew for certain that several years ago it would have been inconceivable that Razhev would be named director of the factory against the will of the city party committee. It would have been even more difficult to imagine that a collective of workers would have the right to elect him.

Had the provinces come to life, or were they still sleeping? I made a discovery that surprised me: public life was bubbling along here. They were not just putting up houses—new people were growing up.

Having a good time at a Saturday night dance at Tambov's House of Culture

Like the boy in the Russian folktale whose magical hat allows him to see and hear everything unobserved, I sat at the dinner table and listened to Razhev and Karpov. The exchanges about ecology and the financial obligations of local factories to the surrounding community crackled. But it was not the flow of argument that impressed me so much as the fact that an American was allowed to listen. Had Soviet officials always spoken so bluntly among themselves? Or was this a reflection of *plyuralizm*, a borrowed word slipping awkwardly off Russian tongues.

Here was a new generation of 30- and 40-year-olds who went unnoticed in the capital: young Gorbachevs from the provinces who had survived the Brezhnev years with some of their ideals intact. They certainly bridled at being cast as backwater party bureaucrats.

"The greatest brake on *perestroika* is not the apparatus here," said the soft-spoken Karpov. "It comes from the people. They still do not understand that they now have the responsibility to make decisions for themselves. They want us to bring about democratization for them."

Second Secretary Vladimir Selyugin was adamant about the environment. "You come down from Moscow to tell us we have an ecological problem," he said with emotion. "Don't you think we know this ourselves? You can go back to Moscow, but we are the ones who live here. Do you think I want my child to breathe polluted air?"

Toward evening, we walked through the chemical-factory housing complex. One food store that we went into was empty. There was nothing but cans of sprats and packages of macaroni in one food shop we visited. "The store is empty," I joked. "There are just people here."

"The factory supplies its workers with food," said Selyugin, "but, all the same, you can see our problem for yourselves." Then he nodded toward the salesgirls wearing mink hats and added, "They're doing all right, though."

He said it, not worrying what John would think of a party worker openly acknowledging the existence of a local trade mafia. He knew that in the end, he was answerable only to those living in his town. He was not going to walk away from that responsibility, nor was he afraid of it. He had no reason to hide anything. The times were different. Now you could tell the truth.

But old versions of the truth could still be found. Pushing my way past a mob of women lined up on the Tambov pedestrian mall to buy yellow tights, I had stepped into a bookshop. On display were paperbacks from a series called *Imperialism: Acts, Facts and Records.*

And then, the great leap forward. An equally random visit to a bookstore in an Uvarovo housing complex turned up the unexpected: two copies of George Bush's autobiography, *Looking Forward,* translated into Russian. The shop manager told me he had already sold 28 copies.

The following night, when we started back to Tambov, our hosts accompanied us to the outskirts of Uvarovo, where our two-car convoy pulled over so we could say one last goodbye. All was darkness, except for the expanse of snow caught in the headlights. With lightning speed, plates of foods materialized on the closed trunk of one of the cars. A bottle of vodka appeared. The occasion seemed to demand a humorous toast.

"The inspection team from Moscow has now finished its work and will be returning home, " I said. "We have seen a great deal and have talked a lot about *perestroika*. We promise you that we will come back to see just what you have accomplished."

A joking reminder came from the group to keep the speech short. After all, we had only one glass to pass around. The hour was getting late, and everyone wanted a chance to drink *na pososhok*, a toast before taking up your walking stick, as the Russians say. One for the road, however rough and long it might be. ■

"You come down from Moscow to tell us we have an ecological problem. Don't you think we know this ourselves? You can go back to Moscow, but we are the ones who live here. Do you think I want my child to breathe polluted air?"

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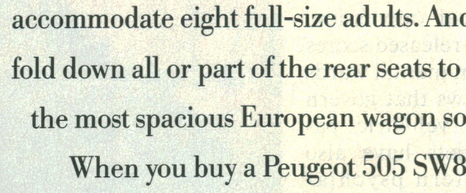

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THE NEW USSR

MEDICINE

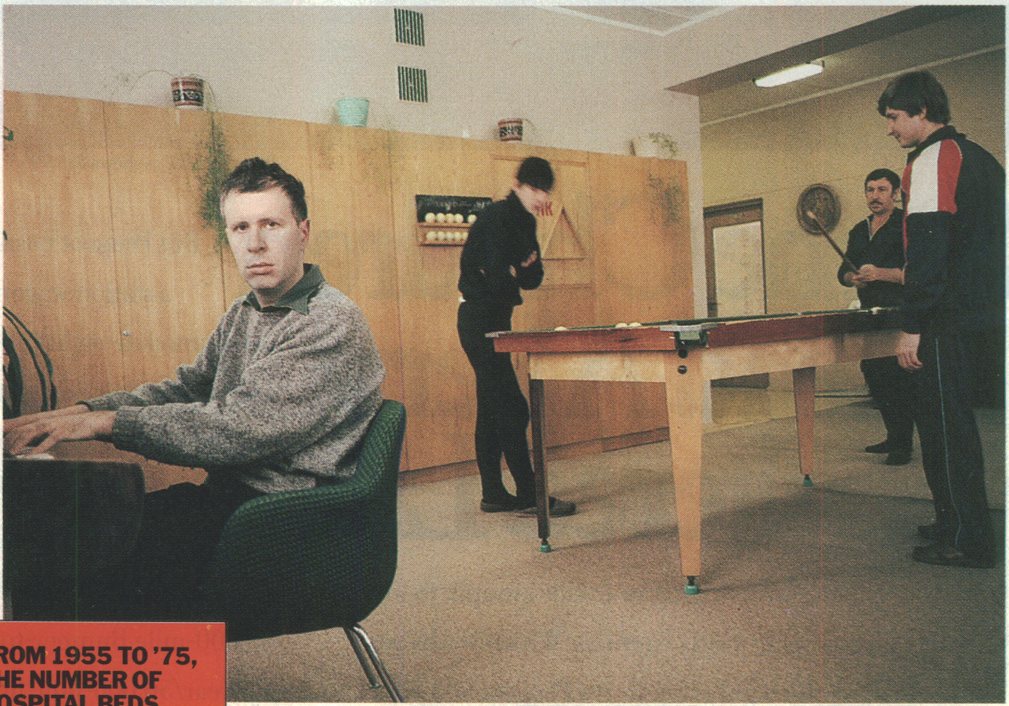
Long ostracized by colleagues around the world, Soviet psychiatrists try to show that they are not instruments of oppression

A PROFESSION UNDER STRESS

Soviet doctors called it psychiatry, but sometimes it seemed decidedly unscientific. For decades, sane Soviet citizens were branded as lunatics because they defied the government. They were hospitalized for years under prison-like conditions and put on powerful drugs that turned them into zombies. Particularly unruly patients were sometimes wrapped in wet canvas and nearly suffocated. As word of such abuses spread outside the Soviet Union, the country's psychiatrists became outcasts in the international medical community.

Now the Soviets have mounted a concerted campaign to regain respectability. While never admitting that Soviet doctors had ever been instruments of political oppression, the Kremlin has released scores of dissidents from mental wards and reformed laws that govern the rights of psychiatric patients. The Soviets have also permitted Western psychiatrists to come to the U.S.S.R. and see for themselves whether mental patients are being mistreated. Those efforts seem to be bearing fruit: last week, the executive committee of the World Psychiatric Association voted to readmit the Soviets, who had withdrawn from the organization in 1983 under threat of expulsion. If that decision is approved at a meeting of the W.P.A.'s full membership in Athens next October, Soviet psychiatry will have scored a substantial victory.

Last month a team of 26 U.S. mental-health experts made an unprecedented two-week tour of Soviet psychiatric facilities. Armed with a list compiled by human rights activists of present or former mental patients believed to have been hospitalized unjustly, the delegation interviewed 27 people. The American group, which included psychiatrists, attorneys and a psychologist, has agreed not to discuss its findings publicly until the official report on the trip is issued later this year. At a press conference, the only revealing comment from Dr. Loren Roth, the University of Pittsburgh psychiatrist who led the group, was that the two weeks had been "stressful and difficult for both sides." Nevertheless, there were indications that at least a few Soviet mental patients could still be considered victims of psychiatric abuse.



DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

Leisure time at Moscow's All-Union Scientific Center for Mental Health

FROM 1955 TO '75, THE NUMBER OF HOSPITAL BEDS FOR MENTAL PATIENTS TRIPLED, AND THE NUMBER OF PSYCHIATRISTS QUADRUPLED

Soviet psychiatry began to take shape in the 1920s and drew especially on the work of physiologist Ivan Pavlov (whose experiments on conditioning, particularly with dogs, gave the term Pavlovian response to the English language). His followers largely rejected the work of Sigmund Freud and other Western theorists and looked for physical rather than psychological causes of mental problems. That emphasis led Soviet psychiatrists to rely on drug treatment, work therapy and re-education rather than psychotherapy.

The practice of classifying dissidents as disturbed was facilitated by the work of Dr. Andrei Snezhnevsky, who was director of the Institute of Psychiatry of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Medical Sciences and who dominated Soviet psychiatry from the early 1950s until his death two years ago. Snezhnevsky considerably broadened the definition of schizophrenia by adding the category "sluggish schizophrenia." He defined the disorder as a slow-developing illness without the hallucinations that are a classic element in the Western definition of many schizophrenias. Instead, the "symptoms" could be nearly all forms of behavior—unsociability, mild pessimism, stubbornness—that deviated from the social or political ideal.

Hard evidence of Soviet psychiatric abuses first reached the West in the 1970s, and international outrage began to build. At the W.P.A. meeting in 1977, the delegates voted to condemn Soviet practices, and pressure mounted to expel the country's psychiatrists from the organization. Just before the 1983 W.P.A. meeting, the Soviets withdrew from the association.

Eager to rejoin the international psychiatric establishment, the Soviets have spared little effort to show their good faith. In the past two years, the government has released more than 100 dissidents from hospitals and carried out several legal and procedural reforms. The new regulations provide that mental patients or their relatives can appeal an involuntary hospitalization in court. Moreover, control of special psychiatric hospitals for the criminally insane has been shifted from the Ministry of Internal Affairs, which oversees the police, to the Ministry of Health. And in a break with the Soviets' monolithic tradition, a few ar-

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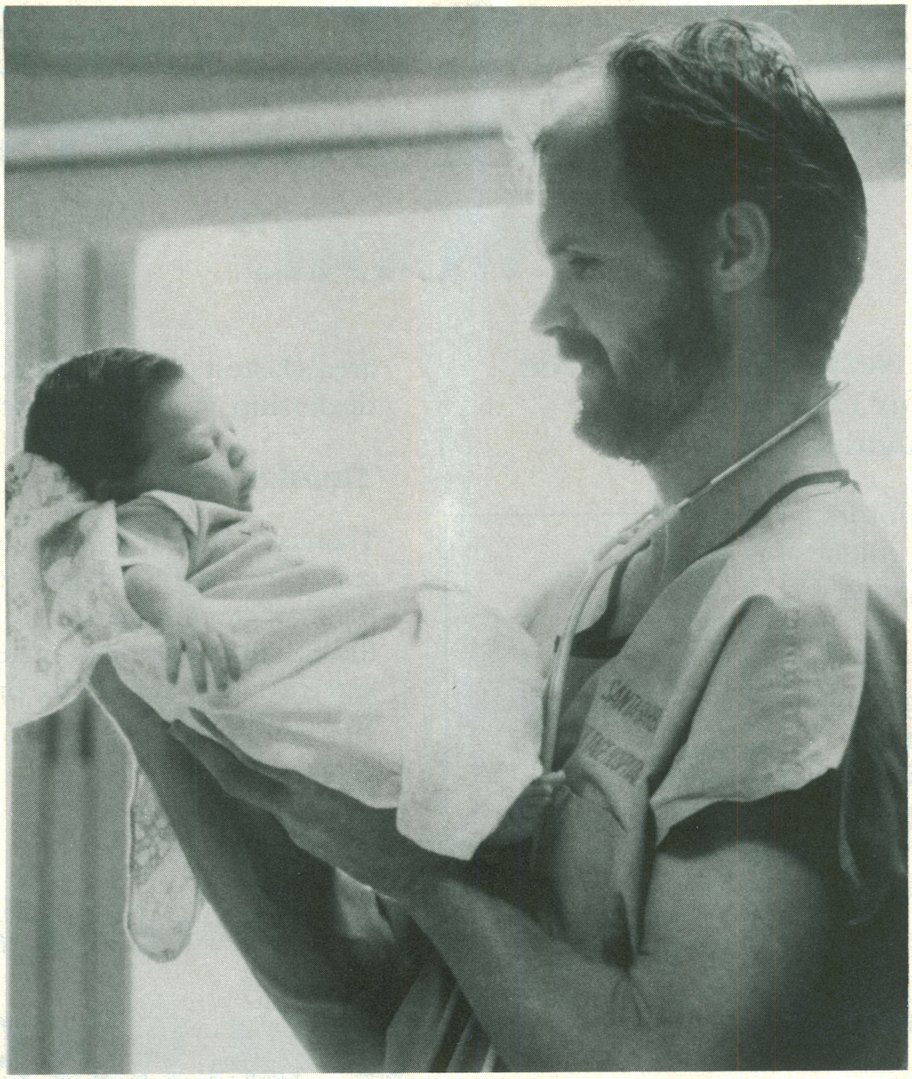

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ticles discussing psychoanalysis have started to appear in periodicals.

Despite all the ferment, there is some reason to question whether fundamental change has taken place. The psychiatric leadership is still old line. The All-Union Scientific Center for Mental Health is headed by Dr. Marat Vartanyan, a longtime protégé of Snezhnevsky's. And Moscow's Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, which has been responsible for many of the forced hospitalizations, remains under the command of Dr. Georgi Morozov, as it has for decades. Critics doubt there can be any real reform until those two leaders and others trained by Snezhnevsky are replaced.

Alexander Podrabinek, an underground-newspaper editor who was once exiled to Siberia for nearly six years for examining Soviet psychiatry in a book titled *Punitive Medicine,* contends that the changes are strictly cosmetic. Even though the special psychiatric hospitals are nominally controlled by the civilian Ministry of Health, he notes, the guards are still military personnel and the doctors commissioned officers. Says Podrabinek: "The only thing that has changed is the label." He claims that new language in the regulations has actually given the government even greater latitude to misuse psychiatry. Under the old rules, "mentally ill" people could be forcibly hospitalized if they were judged to pose a physical threat to themselves or society. That remains unchanged, according to Podrabinek, but now people can also be put away if they threaten "the rules of the socialist community."

No one knows how many patients are being held in Soviet mental hospitals solely because of their political beliefs. In the past few weeks alone, a visitor encountered several possible cases. One man, for example, claimed that his son had been hospitalized for resisting the draft. Another young man said he had just been released after spending two months in a mental ward for refusing on religious grounds to enter the military. While hospitalized, he said, he was given sulfazine, a powerful drug that has no apparent effect other than inducing a high fever.

Despite their reluctance to comment, the U.S. psychiatrists who traveled to Moscow last month seemed far from reassured by their tour. Some of the visitors said Soviet psychiatrists still appeared to use drugs of dubious medical value. Many Western experts will no doubt oppose readmitting the Soviet Union to the W.P.A. until Moscow shakes up the psychiatric leadership and unequivocally renounces past practices. Though grounds for skepticism remain, there are signs that the current Soviet reform wave will lead to more humane and enlightened forms of psychiatric care. *—By John Langone.*

Reported by Glenn Garelik/Moscow

THE NEW USSR

TECHNOLOGY

In a society where information has always been tightly controlled, the electronic revolution moves slowly

IN SEARCH OF HACKERS

In the lobby of Moscow's Hotel Ukraina, a dingy Stalin-era landmark, clerks who used to book reservations with paper chits now check guests in with a pair of Soviet-made computer terminals. Specialty stores that once tallied purchases on wooden abacuses have bypassed cash registers and gone directly to computers. And computers can now be found at the TASS news-wire service, at the offices of Aeroflot and at the government planning agency Gosplan.

In almost any other country, the sight of a few computers would hardly seem worth noting. But in a society predicated on the control of information—and, perhaps more important, on centralized decision making—the placing of information processors in the hands of factory managers, middle-level bureaucrats, educators, journalists and regional planners is very big news. "There's a struggle taking place over the control of information," says Loren Graham, a Soviet-science watcher at M.I.T. "The debate is whether to make personal computers available to the general public or to restrict access by price or institutional control."

RUDI FREY

Kasparov's club: a fledgling organization beset by bureaucrats at every turn

Four years have passed since Gorbachev launched his crash program to catapult the Soviet economy into the computer age, and the results are just starting to show. Soviet manufacturers cranked out a record 100,000 microcomputers last year, bringing the total number of personal computers to an estimated 200,000. That is a far cry from the 30 million machines Moscow estimates the country can absorb. By all accounts, Gorbachev's electronic-literacy program will fall far short of its ambitious goal of installing a million computers in the schools by 1992.

The problem is as much political as it is technological. Consider, for example, the children's computer club that chess champion Gary Kasparov helped organize in 1987 and to which he donated two U.S.-made Atari 1040s. Although it had the blessings of Yevgeny Velikhov, vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, the fledgling organization was beset by bureaucrats at every turn. First the housing authority said space would be granted only if the club agreed to turn over its computers. Then, when Kasparov procured 70 more machines, the state committee on sports insisted that it should have control of the computers. Only after Kasparov vehemently protested were the bureaucrats thwarted and the children able to keep their machines.

Unless Soviet youth grow up with computers, the country will be at an increasing disadvantage in the global technological race. The U.S.S.R. must rapidly automate and computerize its industry if it is to increase productivity and manufacture goods that can compete in the world market. And without exportable products, the Soviet economy will never earn the hard currency it needs to finance modernization and growth. ***—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.***

Reported by Glenn Garelik/Moscow and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Though socialism still rules the curriculum, students are encouraged to think for themselves. But did anyone tell the teachers?

RESTRUCTURING THE 3 R'S

BY NANCY TRAVER MOSCOW

Galina Boyko, principal of School No. 32 in Moscow, was teaching Russian literature to a class of 13-year-olds when a boy shot his hand into the air and asked about man's need for religion. Boyko, a 32-year veteran of the classroom, was understandably startled: religion has long been taboo in Soviet schools. But instead of avoiding the issue, she led her students through a 30-minute debate on the universal search for faith. "Before school reform, parents would have come to me, frightened that religion had even come up," Boyko said. "Now no one is surprised."

In School No. 79 across town, Principal Semyon Boguslovsky sat at a table with a handful of teenagers, each dressed in the blue blazer that most Soviet students wear. When Boguslovsky said free discussion in the classroom was possible on every subject, Volodya, 16, quickly spoke up. His face red with anger, Volodya said, "There is much talk, but nothing has really changed. We are already tired of talking." Instead of silencing his young charge, Boguslovsky said nothing, but his features took on a boys-will-be-boys look of resignation.

A few years ago, Boyko would not have handled the topic of religion with such confidence, nor would Volodya have had the last word. Now fresh breezes of tolerance are wafting through many Soviet schools, from first to tenth grade. Always considered a potent means of molding character, schools have been transformed into little laboratories of restructuring. Under Gorbachev, they are to change citizens from sheep into self-starters. Said Boguslovsky: "Soviet society requires not just a person who carries out orders but someone who thinks for himself. Our children are not mannequins, and our school is not a fortress."

To help children cope with the demands of a changing society, many teachers are encouraging a spirit of inquiry. Some ninth- and tenth-graders are choosing their own elective courses. Rote learning, long the mainstay of education for the 42 million students in the nation's 130,000 schools, is beginning to yield to free debate. Like America's system of local school boards, councils made up of trade-union and party members, parents and students have been created to give people more control over their children's classrooms. Boring textbooks that only timidly touched upon the terrors of Stalin have been withdrawn. Until new textbooks become available, articles from newspapers, enlivened by the candor of *glasnost,* serve as the main basis for history lessons. Once banned 20th century classics, such as Andrei Platonov's *Juvenile Sea,* have found their way into classrooms.

Despite these shifts, change is taking place within a narrow framework. Chil-

LEVERA

THE BEST-KEPT SECRET IN THE INVESTMENT WORLD.

TED THAI

School No. 79: changing students from sheep into self-starters

School No. 32: even religion is no longer a taboo topic

dren must still be taught socialist values; how educators will reconcile that with the promotion of a freer learning environment remains to be seen. Some Soviets do not anticipate major problems. Said Boguslovsky: "I'm a Communist Party member, but I speak openly. To me, the two things are not mutually exclusive. I can be a Communist and also speak the truth."

Skeptics are not so confident. They say schools cannot lead the way to reform, they can only reflect society, not shape it. Some of the harshest criticism comes from *Uchitelskaya Gazeta,* a pro-reform teachers' newspaper that regularly berates the State Committee for Public Education and the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences. Those two mammoth bureaucracies oversee the nation's school system and train its 4 million teachers. Reformers believe that both block educators eager to try more innovative methods.

Some parents blame the teachers. For years, teachers have been one of the most conservative elements of Soviet society, barking orders like drill sergeants and demanding ready obedience. In many schools, parents are called in for collective meetings, where they hear their children denounced before other adults. Any mother or father who tries to defend his child does so at the risk of seeing him later punished by his teacher. Boyko agreed that many teachers are not prepared for reform. "They don't have the strength to change, or they think the old ways are just fine," she said.

Gennadi Yagodin, appointed last year as chairman of the State Committee for Public Education, has been blunt about the failings of teachers. Many cannot be replaced or re-educated, he says; the system is simply stuck with them. Money is another problem. Yagodin has promised to double the budget for new school construction and teaching materials. But the biggest need, he feels, is for free thinking. Says Yagodin: "The school badly wants more democracy." In the end, only a generation of new teachers, trained in the era of *glasnost,* may be able to carry out the sweeping school reform so crucial to changing Soviet society. ■

AGE.

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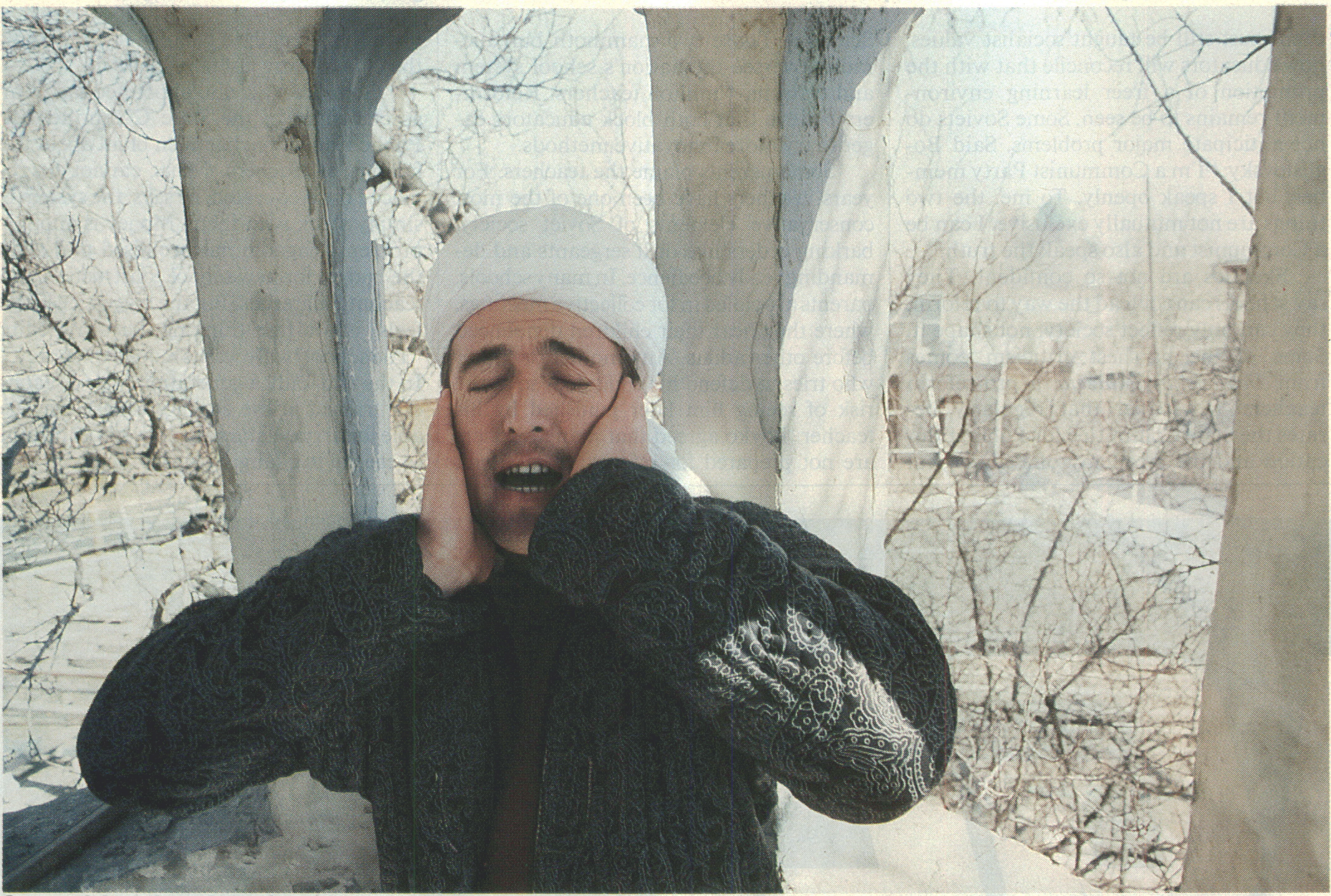
Nurtured by a growing official tolerance, the country's 55 million Muslims enjoy a flowering of freedom

ISLAM REGAINS ITS VOICE


CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

A muezzin's call to prayer from a Samarkand minaret: after enforced silence, believers are cautiously regaining their public voice

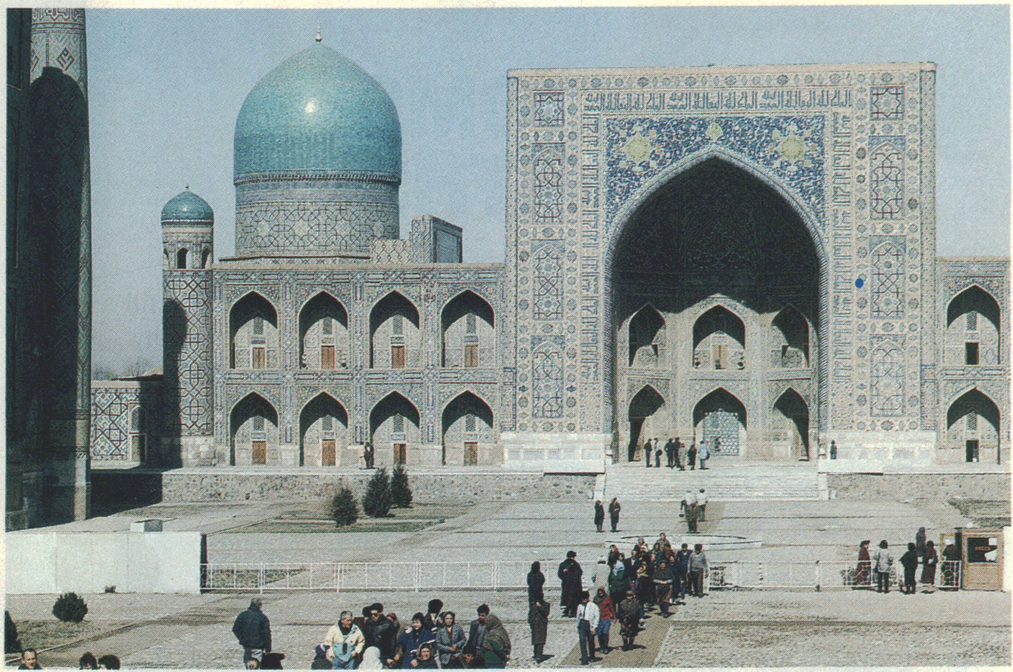
BY RICHARD N. OSTLING

"*Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar!*" The call to prayer echoes forth from a minaret in Tashkent, as it has from mosques throughout the 13 centuries of Islam. "Was it loud enough?" asks the mullah who will lead the prayers. That is an eminently reasonable question, since in the Soviet Union no muezzin is allowed to use a loudspeaker. The inquiry is also metaphorical. In the U.S.S.R.'s fourth largest city and leading Islamic center, as elsewhere across the nation, believers are cautiously regaining their public voice after an oppressively enforced silence.

All faiths are affected by a growing accommodation between church and state in the officially atheistic nation. Last year's 1,000th-anniversary celebrations greatly enhanced the privileges of the Russian Orthodox Church. This year the long-suffering Jewish community opened its first school for rabbis in 60 years, and Lithuania's Roman Catholics got their first full lineup of bishops in 40 years. A similar renewal is taking place among the 55 million Muslims, who constitute the world's fifth largest Islamic population (after Indonesia, Pakistan, Bangladesh and India). By some estimates, Muslims will make up one-fourth of Soviet citizens by the turn of the century.

At the Tashkent-based Muslim board for Central Asia, the most important of the four government-imposed bureaucracies for Soviet Islam, Deputy Chairman Abdulgani Abdulla recalls that "almost nobody was interested in religion" in the 1960s. Now, he reports, large numbers are becoming active believers, many of them young people. "None of the philosophies except the religious ones are able to satisfy men's needs," he maintains. The leader of the Muslim board for Transcaucasia, Allahshukur Pasha-zada, declares that until recently "freedom of conscience was on paper only." The pre-Gorbachev regimes, he says, "destroyed all the values of the people." Just a few years ago, no officials would have dared utter such words except in intimate conversations with friends.

As they learn to speak out more freely, Muslims are trying to regain some control of religious affairs. Popular pressures



CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

The magnificent Registan Mosque, looming over Samarkand, is among the 1,400 now open nationwide

led to last month's installation, with great fanfare, of a new leader for the Central Asia board. The previous head, reputed to be more adept at drinking (forbidden by Islam) and politics than study of the Koran, was ousted after an unprecedented protest march in Tashkent. His successor is Mukhammadsadyk Mamayusupov, 36, a modest and dignified scholar. At the same time as Mamayusupov's elevation, the Uzbek Republic gave his board a precious Koran dictated by Caliph Osman, one of Muhammad's earliest followers. Thousands cheered and wept as the invaluable holy book was moved from a museum to the new headquarters mosque, which has just been returned to the board.

Only weeks after the Communists took over in 1917, Lenin soothingly announced to the nation's Muslims, "Your religion and customs, your national and cultural institutions are proclaimed free and inviolable." But the Communists' suspicion of religion quickly made a mockery of Lenin's promises. Eventually, most of the country's 26,000 mosques and 24,000 religious schools were shut down. The vast majority of Islamic teachers were either killed or imprisoned. During World War II, Stalin forcibly deported to Siberia entire populations of Muslims who were suspected of disloyalty. "Those were difficult years for the believers," recalls Achin-Oka Akhmedov, who as a farm worker outside Tashkent lived through the worst of it.

NIEDENTHAL

Delving into the Koran in one of two surviving religious schools

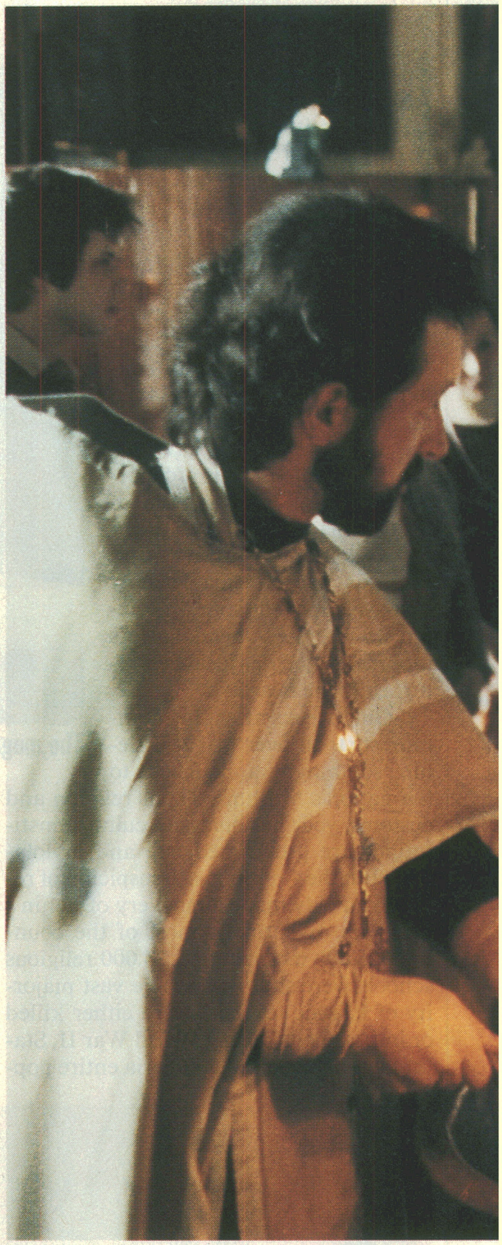
By most accounts, religious marriages, funerals and circumcisions remain near universal practices in Muslim regions, even among Communist functionaries. Yet only a small proportion of the Muslim population attends services at government-authorized mosques. This is partly because there are so few official mosques in relation to the Muslim population and partly because interruptions in the Soviet workday are frowned upon. Another reason, perhaps the most important, is that many believers frequent the estimated 1,800 unregistered mosques, some led by secretive Sufi mystics.

Despite its resurgence, Islam still faces obstacles. The country has perhaps 1,400 legal mosques, a sizable increase since Gorbachev came to power but still only 5% of the number that existed before the revolution. The major Muslim cities of Baku and Samarkand have just two functioning mosques apiece. The U.S.S.R. has only one secondary and one higher-level school, which can accommodate just 300 students each year. Both are reportedly scheduled to expand, however, and a third institute to serve Transcaucasia is due to open in September.

Since the mosques are still not allowed to teach Arabic, few believers are able to read the language of the Koran. No translation of the holy book is available in the modern script of any Soviet Muslim nationality. Such handicaps foster the underground network and force believers to listen to broadcasts from Iran, Pakistan and Saudi Arabia for religious instruction. A mere 25 to 30 Muslims a year manage to make the obligatory pilgrimage to Mecca, and the regime continually propagandizes against the monthlong Ramadan fast as a threat to health and worker efficiency.

One area of conflict is Soviet concern for the status of women. The regime long ago outlawed polygamy and veil wearing. It also frowns upon such practices in Muslim areas as assigning women the most difficult labors, giving daughters away to suitors who offer the highest price, and self-immolation of women distressed over such treatment (270 took their lives or attempted to in 1986 and 1987). These old Asian folkways are not part of Islam as such and are regularly denounced by Muslim officialdom.

Yet the government is more tolerant of Islam these days. Besides opening new mosques, the regime has virtually ended official anti-Muslim propaganda. What accounts for the turnabout? Reasons include the need for cooperation from Muslim countries and for popular support along the potentially troublesome southern Asia flank. (In Azerbaidzhan, a few Muslims have been waving photos of the Ayatullah Khomeini or sprouting Iranian-style beards. However, there is sparse evidence of religious fanaticism, either inspired by neighboring Iran and Afghanistan or encouraged by the Soviets' own tolerance.) The crucial factor is awareness inside the Kremlin that economic and cultural stagnation stems largely from the Communists' dogged policy of repressing religion and other forms of independent thought. Islam, like the country's other religions, is a major beneficiary of "new thinking." — ***With reporting by David Aikman/ Tashkent***



NEW FREEDOMS FOR OLD FAITHS

Against all odds, belief has been preserved through ancient rites and modern-day courage. Russian Orthodoxy and, even more, Judaism still suffer serious limitations. Nonetheless, as *glasnost* penetrates everyday life, believers are starting to enjoy wider freedoms than at any other time since the atheistic persecutions were launched during the 1920s.

TED THAI

Clockwise, from top left:

- Epitomizing traditionalism: two Russian Orthodox priests and a nun in Moscow's Yelokhovsky Cathedral
- Orthodoxy is no longer mostly for the aged: young converts prepare for baptism at St. Ivan's Church in Moscow
- Worshiper kisses a Torah scroll during Sabbath services at the Choral Synagogue, one of two in the capital
- Yuri Sokol promotes Jewish identity by using his Moscow apartment as a combined museum-classroom-library
- Numerous young Soviets still prefer religious weddings, like this Christian rite in Tambov, to civil ceremonies

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

ALEXANDRA AVAKIAN—WOODFIN CAMP

Increasingly concerned about flab and *kholesterine,* many comrades are shaping up and eating less

HERE COME THE TRAINERS

BY ANN BLACKMAN MOSCOW

It is 10:30 on a crisp Saturday morning, and exercise instructor Ludmilla Fedina is barking orders like a drill sergeant. "Don't be lazy. You have five more seconds," she cries to Luba Yeremeeva, 27, a machine-tool worker who is pumping away on a Soviet-made stationary bike. Galina Usochina, 47, a factory engineer, turns red as borscht as she works out on a rowing machine. And retiree Zinaida Kolmakova flashes a gold-toothed grin while she demonstrates how, at 61, she can do a dozen chin-ups. Business is brisk at the Krylatskoya Physical Fitness Clinic in west Moscow.

Down the hall, Dr. Irina Arkhangelskaya, who has lost 92 lbs. in the past year and now weighs in at 170, hands a list of foods, with their calorie content, to Ludmilla Makarova, a new client who needs help planning a diet. Makarova, who works in a mirror factory, grimaces as she notes that the suggested daily menu forbids noodles, sausage and sweets. "And no pickles," Arkhangelskaya cautions. "They are high in salt."

More and more Soviets are heeding such warnings these days, as a new concern about health and fitness sweeps the country. Dozens of state-run and private aerobics centers have cropped up in large cities. A television station in Moscow runs a 15-min. program called *Morning Gymnastics* at 8 daily, and another show, *Aerobics,* appears several afternoons each week. Popular journals are carrying more articles about controlling that well-known artery clogger *kholesterine.* Perhaps not coincidentally, the slim, fashionable Raisa Gorbachev, who travels regularly with her husband, is projecting a new image for the Soviet woman.

While it would be an exaggeration to say thin is in, there's no question that Soviets are becoming more conscious of how they look. "My husband told me I'm fat and dowdy," says a 30-year-old schoolteacher between sit-ups at the Krylatskoya clinic. "We've been married ten years, and he's started jogging. So I have to lose weight too." Galina Promyslova, 36, a culinary technician, shakes her head disgustedly and says, "I want to get rid of these hips."

The change in attitude is much needed. Soviet doctors estimate that as much as 50% of the population is seriously overweight. Says Dr. Vasili Vorobyev, chairman of a year-old private fitness clinic in Moscow that serves 600 clients a day: "More Soviet people die from the medical problems associated with being overweight than from any other cause."

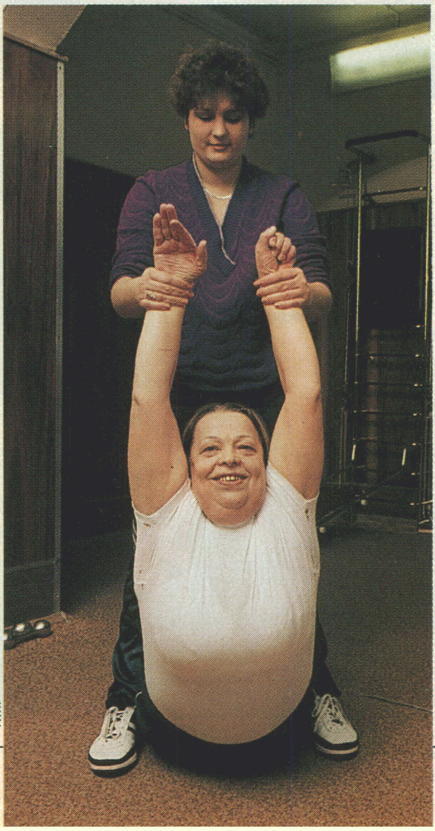
Now, explains Arkhangelskaya, "our people have a new interest in losing weight, and health centers like this one are growing." Doctors at the fitness center, one of six state-run clinics in Moscow, see 80 to 100 customers a day. Cost: $3.20 for an hour in the gym. Most of the customers seem pleased. "I've lost 20 lbs. and have 20 to go," says Russian-language teacher Tatiana Sarycheva, 28, as she slides up and down on a yellow abacus-like machine designed to massage away fat. Besides offering classes in exercise and diet planning, the clinic employs less conventional methods of weight control, including hypnosis and even acupuncture.

The clients at the fitness clinics are predominantly female. Despite the difficulty of buying chic clothes, Soviet women are quite fashion conscious and seem more interested than men in keeping their figures. Moreover, most men prefer to exercise outdoors rather than in a fitness center.

Even with its growing popularity, the fitness movement still faces major hurdles. For one thing, it is difficult to maintain a healthy diet because of the country's chronic food shortages. Fresh fruit and vegetables are scarce, even in summer, and bread, sausage and potatoes are the staples of daily life. Moreover, Soviet doctors do not think the government has given enough attention or resources to the drive for good health. Dr. Vorobyev, who has written a best-selling book called *Components of Health,* advocates a "national campaign for fitness" and is working on a plan to set up kiosks on city streets where people can pick up diet advice, be weighed or have their blood pressure checked. Says he: "I want to put a scale in every factory, in every movie theater and at every bus stop." ■

Huffing and puffing at the Krylatskoya Physical Fitness Clinic

TED THAI

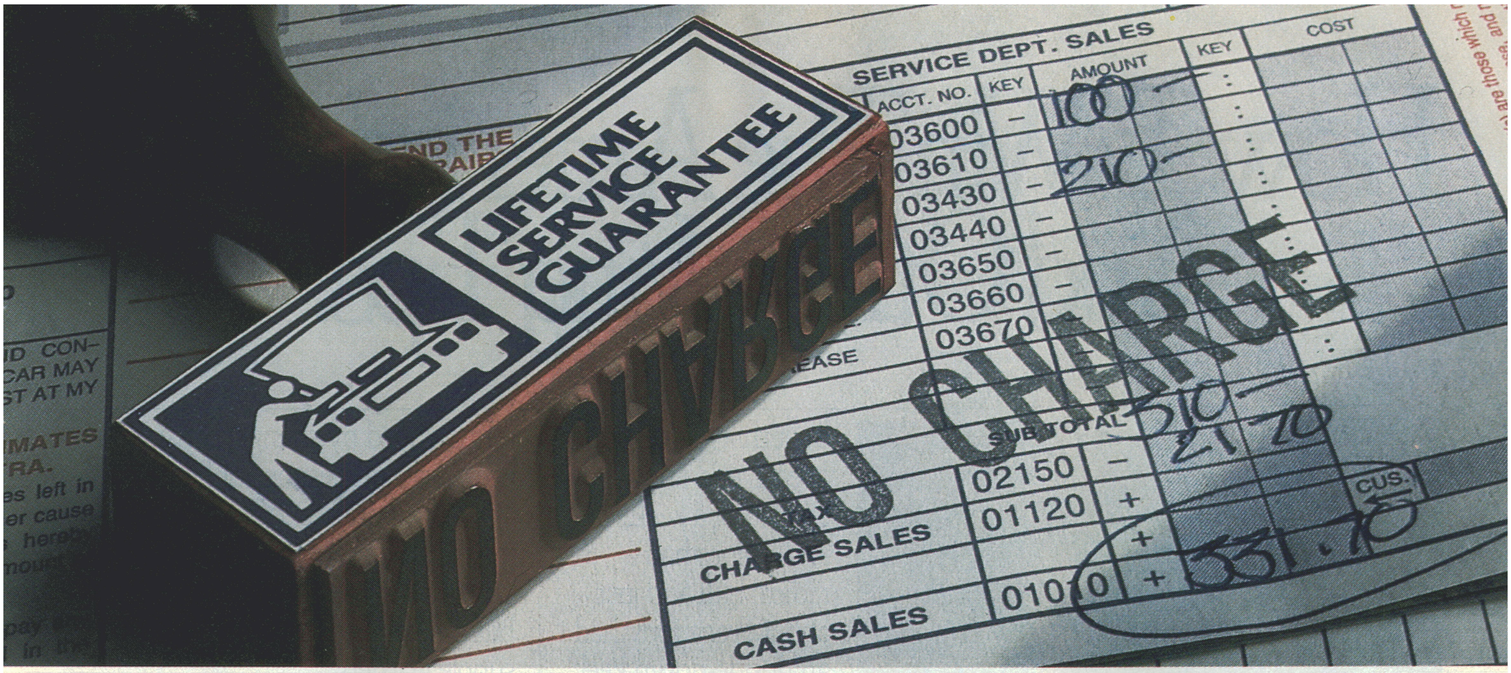


THAI

THE MOSCOW DIET

Dr. Irina Arkhangelskaya recommends this calorie-conscious regimen:

BREAKFAST: bread, butter, cabbage and tea with sugar
MORNING SNACK: salad of boiled beet roots, carrots and sour cream
LUNCH: soup with cereal and carrots, baked fish, stewed fruit and bread
AFTERNOON SNACK: fruit and cottage cheese
DINNER: baked potato, egg, bread and tea
BEDTIME: a glass of milk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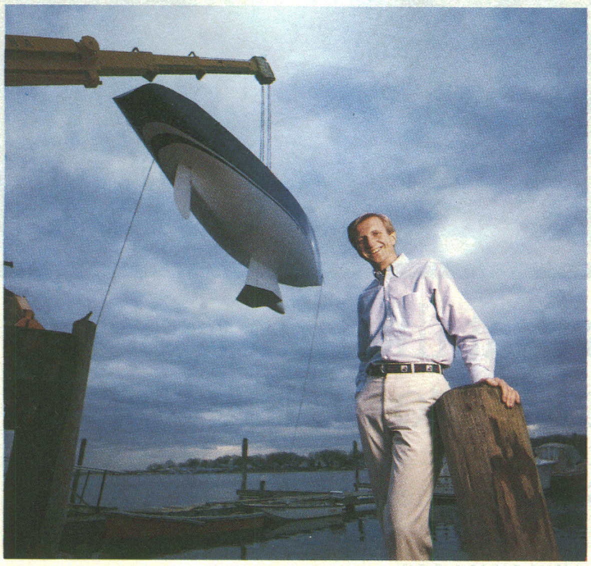
How To Win The America's Cup. And Other Wing Tips.

by David Pedrick



David Pedrick is one of yachting's most celebrated naval architects and is a co-designer of "Stars and Stripes", the 12-meter yacht with which Dennis Conner won back the America's Cup from Australia (No, the boat in the photo isn't "Stars & Stripes". It's her baby sister, a 6-meter).

"Some friends and I were discussing the America's Cup over a couple of Swan Lagers the other night and it occurred to me.

Designing a 12-meter, or any other yacht for that matter, is a lot like racing for the Cup itself.

Like an axiom of racing, there's a time to be conservative and a time to push the limits.

As it turned out, the Australian summer of 1987 was not a time for moderation. Not on the water. Not on the drawing board.

There was a "plastic fantastic" and another boat that had a rudder at each end and a "geek" instead of a keel. Stars and Stripes had a radical hull and just about everybody had an upside-down keel sprouting winglets and even tiplets.

Now it sort of makes you wonder. Have we totally abandoned the classic? I mean, next thing you know, somebody will see if wings can make shoes work better upside down, too.

As I quickly discovered when the people at Dexter asked me to be in this ad, that's something that isn't about to happen anytime soon."

If one follows the fleeting dictates of fashion, then the classic dress shoe is, at best, an anachronism.

If, however, one is unswayed by change, consider the classic dress shoes of Dexter.

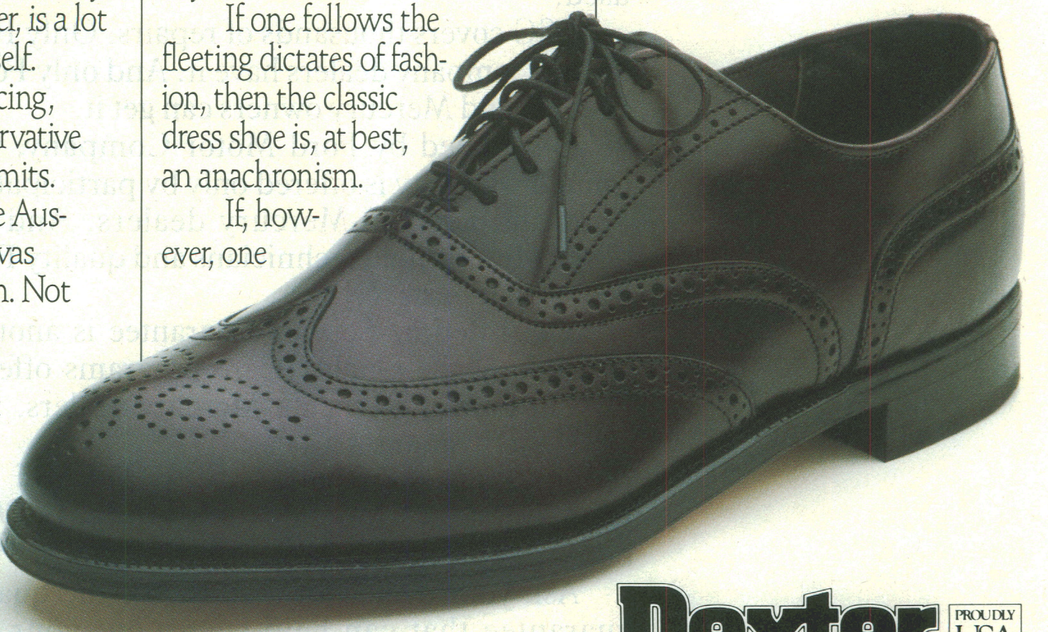
For instance, our unswerving commitment to crafting our classic shoes from nothing but the richest, softest, most supple leathers.

Not merely leather in the uppers, but in the soles, quarter linings and insole coverings.

As for shape retention, support and comfort, we are no less demanding. And every one of our shoes is put together from start to finish with unheard of craftsmanship and attention to detail.

"Which leads me to one final thought. In another 25 years, boats may not look like boats. And that's exciting.

As long as shoes still look like shoes."



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The erotic is no longer taboo in the media or in schools. But a tradition of silence does not die so easily

REHABILITATING SEX

A button on sale at Moscow's Izmailovo open-air market not long ago neatly captured the country's traditional attitude toward sex: IN THE SOVIET UNION, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SEX. As far as public discussion is concerned, the statement is not far from wrong. The U.S.S.R. has long been a society that is not just puritanical but almost completely ignorant about sexuality. The typical Soviet woman has nine abortions not because of liberal attitudes but because the procedure is a substitute for contraception, which is essentially unavailable. Says Igor Kon, a founding father of Soviet sociology and the nation's leading—and perhaps only—sexologist: "If you want to imagine the atmosphere in the Soviet Union, imagine a world before Kinsey—even before Freud."

But the very fact that the button is available at all is a sign that those attitudes are beginning to change. The Soviets seem determined to make up for lost time. In the past year as never before, TV shows have been alluding unashamedly to sex and even offering occasional nudity, while films have had explicit sex scenes. Last December at an erotic-art exposition in Moscow, a woman was covered in whipped cream and men in the audience were invited to lick it off; the scene was later shown on late-night TV. The capital even boasts its first touch of Times Square raunch, at the Tramway Workers' House of Culture, which last month began playing host three nights a week to a nude revue featuring a striptease and a simulated sex act.

Magazines such as *Soviet Photo* and *Ogonyok* are publishing erotic pictures, and there is a publication called *Moscow Personals.* Kon's own textbook, *An Introduction to Sexology,* became available in the Soviet Union last year, more than a decade after it was first published in Eastern Europe. Already half a million copies of the Soviet edition are in print. An explicit sex manual, *Advice to Young Couples,* is a best seller at bookstalls.

РЕМОНТ
АВТОРУЧЕК
ЗОНТОВ
РЕСТАВРАЦИЯ
АНТИКВАРНОГО ФАРФОРА
СКЛЕЙКА ХРУСТАЛЯ

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Gazing at the new openness on Arbat Street

The new openness is not just a media phenomenon. The Moscow City Consultation on Family and Marriage recently opened its doors, offering advice to the general public. The Family and Health Association, a voluntary organization, has applied for membership in International Planned Parenthood. Sex education, offered for the first time in just a few schools in the early 1980s, is now supposed to be part of a course on marriage and family life required in all Soviet high schools.

Like many aspects of *glasnost,* however, actual reform of government attitudes toward sex is lagging behind the change in official doctrine. Three years after sex education became mandatory in schools, barely any instructors are qualified to teach it. Those assigned to do so are often too embarrassed even to use animals to illustrate their points. Instead, they talk about sexual reproduction in plants or avoid the topic altogether. The effect is that many schools essentially have no sex education at all. Though that is mostly the result of sheer backwardness, some of the delay also stems from active opposition. Just as in the U.S., those against sex education have accused its proponents of conspiring to undermine the morals of youth.

While ignorance still reigns, little remains that is actually taboo except male homosexuality. Those accused of the practice face three years in prison for a first offense. The handful who test positive for the AIDS virus and then have sex can get eight years.

Nonetheless, Kon is encouraged that things are changing a little. He finds that younger people are maturing earlier and learning more and that women's sexuality, which was previously denied, is starting to be acknowledged. At the same time, men's total authority is starting to crack. Kon even intends to have the word sexism added to the next edition of the *Encyclopedia of Philosophy.*

In the meantime, Kon, now at the Institute for Ethnography, hopes to use his new status as a member of the Soviet Academy of Pedagogical Sciences to keep pushing for change. At Kon's urging, the April issue of the magazine *Semya* (Family) will begin to run a translation of the no-holds-barred French children's sexual-instruction book *La Vie Sexuelle* (The Sexual Life). Three different publications this year will include excerpts from the works of Freud. "Readers will be enchanted," Kon says. "They will think it is the latest thing." Perhaps, he suggests, the excerpts should be accompanied by scholarly introductions to let readers know what has happened in the intervening decades. **—*By Michael D. Lemonick.***

Reported by Glenn Garelik/Moscow

PERSONAL ADS, SOVIET STYLE

Young widow in need of handyman around the dacha—preferably military.

Nurse, 27, 5 ft. 6 in., no children, no apartment, no special requirements, seeks male under 40 with means.

Overworked, hardly home, but compensated by education and demeanor. Reserved, young, attractive engineer-builder, 32, 6 ft. 2 in., with apartment, seeks attractive, well-built girl, 23 to 27, optimist.

Engineer, 34, 5 ft. 10 in., enjoys sports and running, seeks never-before-married Muscovite, well-built with pleasant appearance, born 1962 and hopefully Aries, Gemini or Libra.

THE NEW USSR

PEOPLE

BY HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN. REPORTED BY SALLY B. DONNELLY/MOSCOW

EVERYTHING IS FORGIVEN

Her first name means "a golden crescent moon." But even more poetic are **Altynai Asylmuratova's** beauty and dancing. Asylmuratova (pronounced Ah-sil-mu-*rah*-to-va) is the latest treasure of the 250-year-old Kirov Ballet. Over the past 30 years, the Kirov has lost some of its greatest dancers to the West: Natalia Makarova, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Rudolf Nureyev. So bitter were these losses that the company blotted the artists from its memory. Portraits were removed from walls. Legends lived only as whispers. That has all changed with *glasnost*. "The wonderful thing is that their pictures are back on the wall," says Asylmuratova, 28. Moreover, Nureyev visited his mother in Ufa, near the Urals, two years ago; Makarova danced in Leningrad in February; and Baryshnikov is negotiating a return. Asylmuratova did her part last month, performing with the American Ballet Theater in Los Angeles. She claims she had no time to enjoy her stay. But rumor has it she went shopping.

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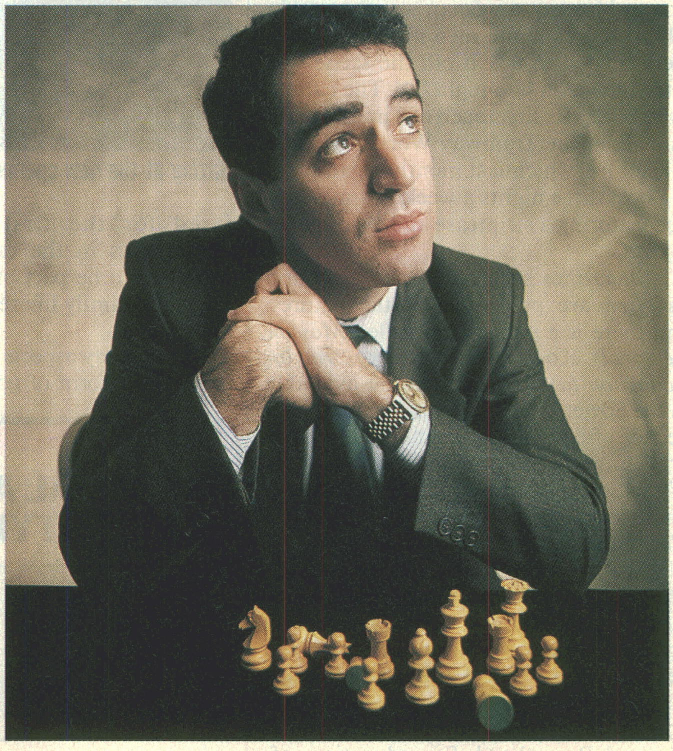
SERGEI GUNEYEV

RESTING ON HIS LAURELS

You want medals? He's got medals. You want speed? He's got speed. In fact **Vyacheslav Fetisov**, 30, has just about everything a modern Soviet man might want: a Mercedes-Benz, high-top sneakers, Olympic gold. And why shouldn't he? Fetisov is Marx's gift to hockey, an ice-rink demigod Wayne Gretzky has called "one of the greatest players in the sport." But there's one thing Fetisov can't do: play. For two months, ever since he brought *glasnost* to hockey and publicly criticized his coach, Viktor Tikhonov, for poorly managing the Central Army Sports Club, Fetisov has been benched. Tikhonov insists on an apology. No, says Fetisov. "The coach pretends to take care of his athletes, but he cares only for himself." The icy battle has held up plans for Fetisov to play for the New Jersey Devils. But perhaps spring will bring a thaw. Last week another player, Sergei Priakin, was allowed to join the Calgary Flames.

CASHING IN THE CHECKS

"My name as a chess champion belongs to the whole world, not just one country," says world champion GARY KASPAROV. Ask him where he lives, and he'll tell you, "In the sky." That is, in a plane. This year he will jet to the U.S. and Europe to set up chess programs for urban youth. Ever ready to show off his skills, Kasparov, 25, is one of the first Soviets to venture into *reklama*, the Russian word for advertising. He has been paid to appear in commercials for Atari computers and Schweppes tonic water, his favorite drink. "It's work," he says, "but it gives people a new view about chess." It certainly reminds Kasparov that there is a more lucrative meaning to the word check.


TOM WOLFF

I AM CURIOUS—RED

It had to happen—a Soviet actress appearing seminude in *Playboy*. What is more astonishing, however, is that NATALIA NEGODA'S appearance in the May issue of the magazine was arranged by Sovexportfilm, a state cinema organization. "I would not even have considered posing had I not got official approval," she says. Negoda pooh-poohs its effect on the good folk back home. "It is not actually that daring because, of course, we do not get *Playboy* in the Soviet Union." Her countrymen are already seeing enough of her to be shocked. Negoda, 25, stars in *Little Vera,* the first Soviet film to feature what is by Soviet standards explicit sex. "There are not many films in this country that are so true to life," says Negoda. Will she go Hollywood? "I'm very interested," she says, "but I'm not sure what they think of me." As for Western stars, Negoda's favorites are Marlon Brando, Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange, only one of whom would interest *Playboy.*

DO NOT DISTURB

PLAYBOY 1989

WHERE GOSSIP IS ONLY A RUMOR

In the Soviet Union don't look to read about actor X sneaking out to the Bolshoi with starlet Y, while his famous author wife is on vacation in Odessa with her children from two previous marriages. Even if X and Y were engaged in hanky-panky, the country could not do the story justice, since it lacks the equivalents of *People* or *Vanity Fair,* the *National Enquirer* or *Entertainment Tonight.* Nor do famous lives play themselves out in newspapers or on television. The press is as conservative as the society at large, where direct questions about private lives are considered insulting. Movie magazines are simply film synopses and accounts of production and casting.

That does not mean, however, that inquiring Soviet minds don't want to know. "It often seems as if it is the national pastime to gossip about me," says pop superstar Alla Pugacheva, 39, the biggest musical draw in the country. "Perhaps we are better off here than in the West. We do not have entire magazines devoted to our private lives. But Soviets don't need a magazine to gossip." Instead, a vast rumor mill operates 24 hours a day, 365¼ days a year. A study of some unofficial youth groups in Tadjikstan in Central Asia listed among them "Celebrity Hounds," which a local paper described as "people who try to gain prestige among the less informed by exchanging stories about the private lives of stars."

RUDI FREY

Alla Pugacheva

Some may consider the meager trickle of personal detail about a pop star a blessing, but the lack of information about politicians proved to be a handicap for voters in last month's election. "Even if voters knew a candidate's program, they did not know the man himself," complains Yegor Yakovlev, editor of Moscow *News.* Soviet newspapers and magazines discuss the personal lives of leaders only when the person is dead and usually out of favor (thus only last fall did Moscow *News* claim that Leonid Brezhnev, who died in 1982, had been revived from clinical death in 1976, and was tended constantly by doctors for the rest of his life) or when refuting a nasty bit of gossip. Observes Zhenia, a semiprofessional celebrity watcher in Moscow: "The way it works is that first a rumor starts, then gains momentum, then, and only then, something appears in the press denying the rumor as unfounded."

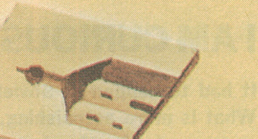
PUBLISH AND FLOURISH

For two decades, **Anatoli Rybakov** turned down offers to publish his magnum opus, a novelistic indictment of the Stalin era. He did not want it distributed surreptitiously by the underground samizdat press or printed abroad. "This novel had to be published at home first," he said. "It was needed by my country." In 1987, after the advent of *glasnost,* Rybakov's *Children of the Arbat* was finally released, and the 78-year-old author has been reaping accolades ever since. By the end of 1989, 5 million copies of the book will have been printed to meet public demand. Though the author and his wife Tanya often stay at their one-story dacha in Peredelkino, a small writers' colony in the woods west of the capital, fans continue to troop by. "All this glory distracts me from the job at hand," says Rybakov dryly. He is working on the second part of a trilogy set in the 1930s. "If a writer ever thinks he has achieved it all, he's done for. He should always be moving forward."

TED THAI

THE NEW USSR

THE ARTS



From theater to painting, from movies to books, from television to magazines, the cultural thaw has turned into a spring flood. But where is the new Soviet Renaissance?

FREEDOM WAITING FOR VISION

BY JOHN KOHAN MOSCOW

A Cyclone fence and metal bars encircle the stage. Like a caged animal, a slender young woman in black paces back and forth. Suddenly, she rattles the prison door, her pale features exposed by the spotlight. "Three hundred forty-nine days! Three hundred forty-nine days!" she screams. "Bite on your hat, anything to keep from sobbing!" Few in the audience at Moscow's Sovremennik Theater stifle the emotion inspired by such searing scenes from Eugenia Ginzburg's memoirs of the Gulag, *Journey into the Whirlwind*. An innocent victim of the Stalinist purges, the heroine endures humiliating interrogations, strip searches and endless nights during which she covers her ears to block out the cries of the tortured. In a final, chilling tableau, she even welcomes assignment to the labor camps as a liberation. Viewers leave speaking in hushed tones, bludgeoned by the past.

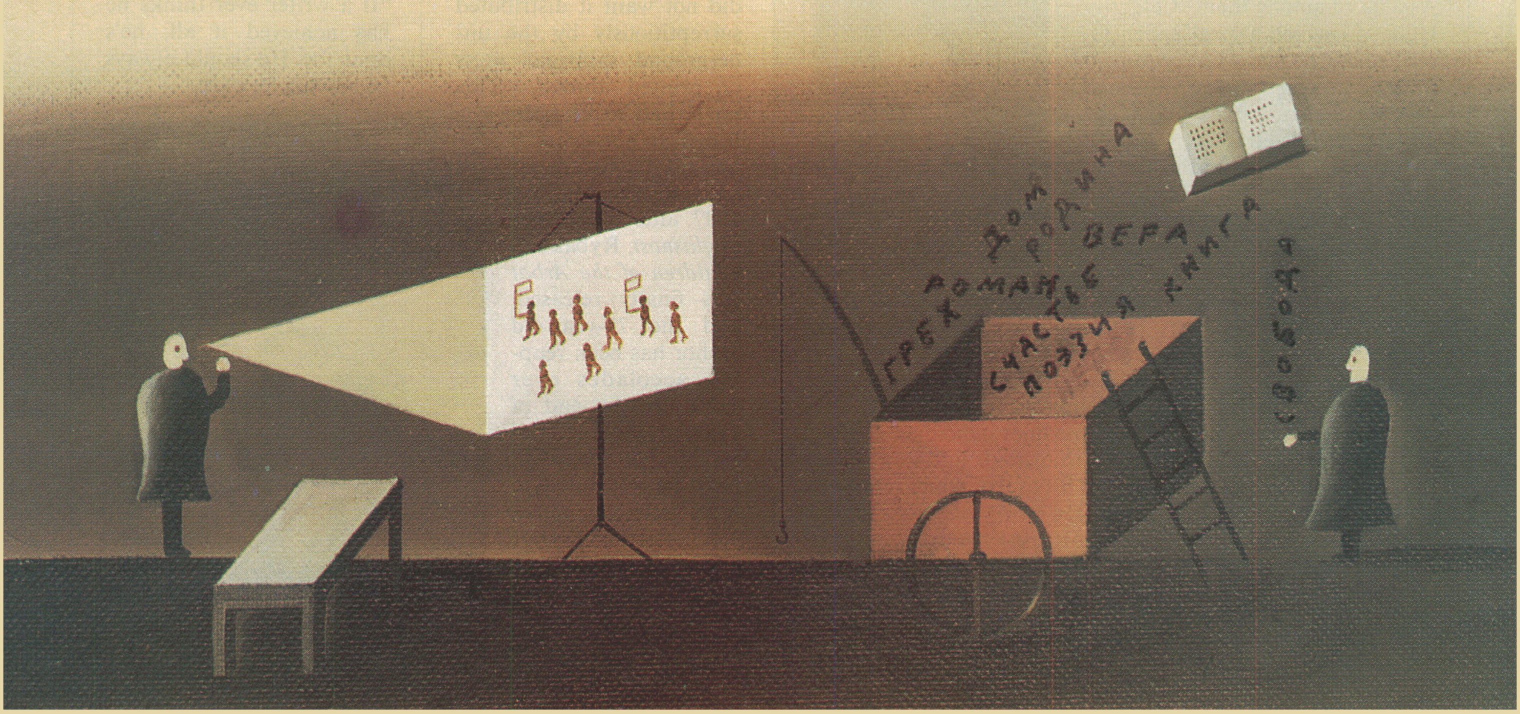
In the colonnaded auditorium of the House of Physicians, other Muscovites listen transfixed to a recording of poet Anna Akhmatova reading her long-banned poem *Requiem* in a deep, rasping voice. When the melancholy cadences end, literary historian Lydia Chukovskaya, 82, recounts how she memorized the verse from scraps of paper that Akhmatova had handed her before the poet burned them in an ashtray.

The lights come up at the House of Composers after a screening of *The Puppy*, director Alexander Grishin's new film about a young defender of *perestroika* who loses his battle to expose corruption. At least one viewer is disturbed by a final scene showing the body of the youth floating in factory waste water. "Why can't the film have a positive ending?" asks the decorated war veteran. "Everything is so negative today." He is interrupted by hoots of protest from the audience.

Forget those quiet Moscow nights of song. There are not enough evenings in the month now to attend all the theater premieres, art exhibitions, poetry readings, film previews and cultural debates taking place in the Soviet capital. Time has to be set aside for watching trend-setting "musical-information shows" such as *View* or the monthly video digest *Before and After Midnight*, or for perusing the thick monthlies like *Novy Mir* and *Znamya*, which Soviets affectionately call the "fat journals." If the short-lived liberalization that followed the death of Joseph Stalin in 1953 was known as "the thaw," the cultural revolution set in motion by Mikhail Gorbachev has proved to be nothing less than a spring flood.

Culture has not remained the exclusive domain of Moscow intellectuals. On the Arbat pedestrian mall, would-be Pushkins and Pasternaks peddle their autographed poetry for a ruble or more a page. Sunday painters in Izmailovo Park display their labored tributes to the Russian futurists, suprematists and constructivists of the early 20th century. More than 200 experimental studio theaters have sprouted in Moscow alone. The cultural explosion has been felt as far away as the Pacific port of Nakhodka, where local artists set up a puppet theater workshop, and in Yaroslavl in the Soviet heartland, scene of a rollicking street festival celebrating the arts.

Artistic exiles and émigré art have been joyously welcomed home. Director Yuri Lyubimov is working again at Moscow's Taganka Theater, with the company he led until he was forced into exile in 1984. Literary journals print works by émigré writers like Georgi Vladimov, whose chilling moral parable of a Gulag guard dog let loose in society, *Faithful Ruslan*, appeared two months ago in *Znamya*. Nobel laureate Alexander Solzhenitsyn



remains an exception, awaiting official rehabilitation from his sylvan refuge in Vermont.

Rejected works such as Boris Pasternak's epic novel *Doctor Zhivago* and Vasili Grossman's saga of the Battle of Stalingrad, *Life and Fate,* now occupy their rightful places on Soviet bookshelves. Mikhail Bulgakov, who died in 1940, has been accorded more recognition today than he enjoyed when he was alive; dozens of productions of his plays and prose works have been staged in Moscow since the advent of *glasnost,* including his satiric tale of Soviet social engineering, *The Heart of a Dog*. Says literary critic Vladimir Lakshin: "Even if *perestroika* were to end today, what has already been accomplished in the past three years will go down in the history of Russian literature."

Soviet audiences once delighted in conspiring with performers to find double meanings and nuances in every turn of phrase. Reading between the lines of classic and seemingly innocent plays became a form of art, a weapon against literal-minded censors who failed to perceive the broader message. The loosening of state controls over the press has made such clever stratagems irrelevant. Blunt social criticism can be found in the latest copies of the weeklies *Ogonyok* and Moscow *News*. Says theater critic Vilas Silunas: "When the press can say everything in black and white, why resort to stagings of Shakespeare?"

The essential paradox of *glasnost* is that when cultural leaders raise their voices, they can no longer be heard above the excited babble.

The most vigorous response to the new demand for bold and open debate has come from documentary filmmakers. The problems of growing up in the Soviet Union have been unblinkingly presented in such films as *Is It Easy to Be Young?,* a group snapshot of Soviet teenagers, from heavy-metal fans to Afghanistan war veterans. Director Marina Goldovskaya vividly exposed the brutality of the first Soviet labor camps in *Solovetsky Power* and profiled a farmer fighting against bureaucrats in *The Peasant of Archangel*. This new style of "critical realism" has found echoes in feature films like *Little Vera,* a blistering psychological portrait of family life in a hellish industrial town.

Yet the new freedoms have not inspired anything approaching a Soviet Renaissance. The two landmark works that represent *glasnost* in the West, Tengiz Abuladze's film *Repentance* and Anatoli Rybakov's novel *Children of the Arbat,* were completed before the new period of liberalization. Says theater critic Igor Shagin: "Our artists now have freedom, more money, the right to travel abroad and meet foreigners here. People want to know where all the masterpieces are."

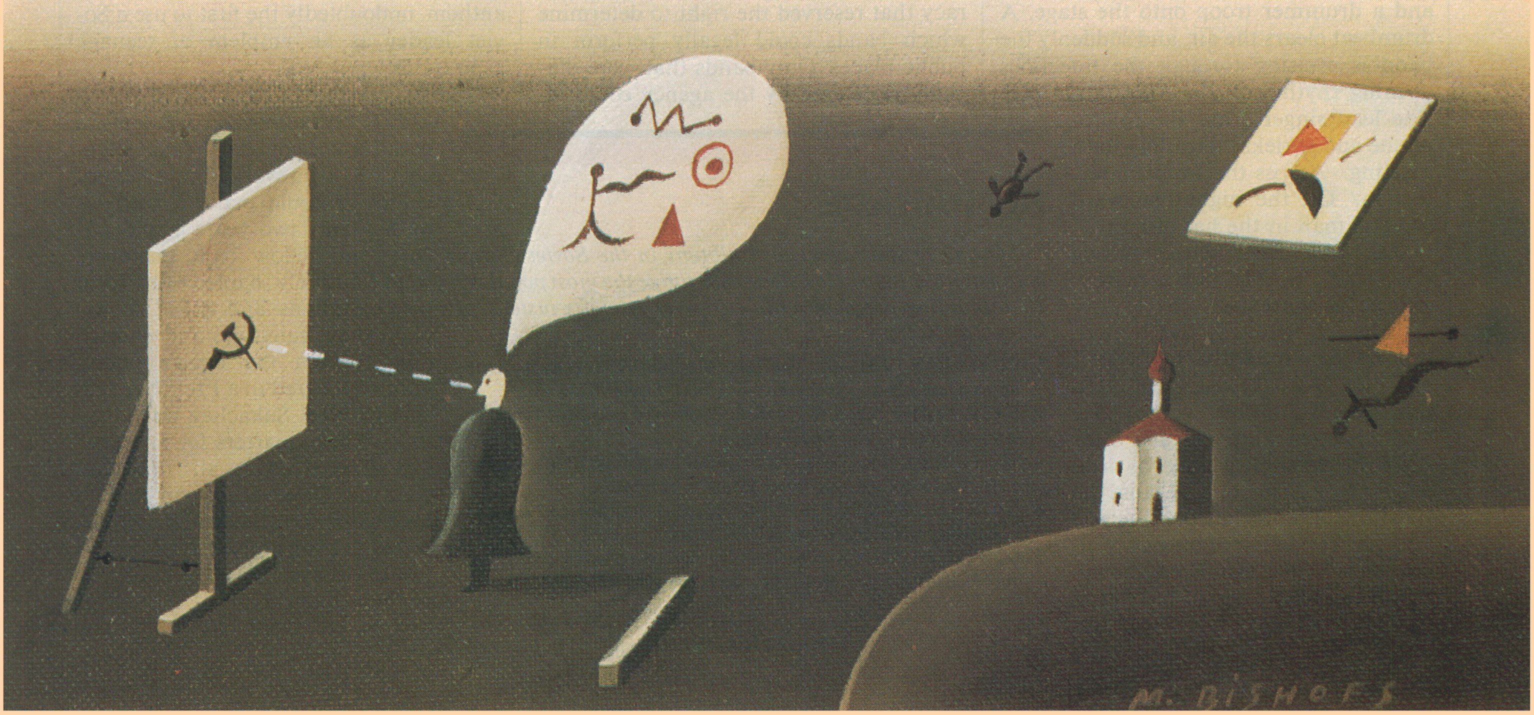
Poet Bulat Okudzhava, one of a handful of artists whose works captured the spirit of the first post-Stalinist era of reform, wonders about the aftereffects of the long period of stagnation. "The 'thaw' generation is tired and burned out," he says. "But the next generation is simply not prepared to carry on the reforms." Filmmaker Elem Klimov, the head of the Cinema Workers' Union, admits that the transition has been difficult, like "struggling to break down a wall, only to confront yourself on the other side." Says he: "For so long we have said, 'Give us our freedom, and we will show you!' But having freedom is not so simple. Many have discovered they have nothing to say."

Though the country's cultural life is being invigorated by a transfusion of the best of six decades of banned Soviet and émigré art, the competition has exposed the mediocrity of many established artists. The freshly released crop of classics has also set exceedingly high standards for aspiring artists, who were spoon-fed notions of official culture that are now held up to ridicule. Says Sergei Zalygin, editor in chief of *Novy Mir:* "Like Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky in the past century, our artists need to find a new style and a new way of thinking if they hope to create a psychological portrait of society today."

The sense that the artist has a prophetic mission in society has haunted Russian culture since the 19th century. That heavy burden crushed novelist Nikolai Gogol, who was never able to equal his masterpiece *Dead Souls*. It ultimately led other writers, like Leo Tolstoy, away from art and into dogmatic polemics. The weight can be felt today on the Soviet artistic community. But the essential paradox of *glasnost* is that when cultural leaders raise their voices, they can no longer be heard above the excited babble of an entire nation learning to speak for the first time.

Some younger artists question whether an obsessive concern with the raw realities of daily life may prove to be as intellectually numbing as the pompous official art of the past. They have turned inward to explore the realm of the subconscious and myth. Others have followed a completely different path, setting art aside to take up journalism, history and politics. The diversity, even the confusion, has been welcomed after decades of conformity. "We need time to get over our feeling of shock and process all this new information," says Okudzhava. "The masterpieces will come later. Now we must editorialize, speak out, make our confession and repent." And perhaps weep, like the audiences at *Journey into the Whirlwind*. ■

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MARIS BISHOFS



THE NEW USSR

MUSIC

Teens from Tallinn to Vladivostok love all nine members of a homegrown band whose songs sound like (yes) the Andrews Sisters on acid

HOT, HOT, HOT: BRIGADA S

BY PAUL HOFHEINZ MOSCOW

On a Saturday night some 6,000 Moscow teenagers pack into the Luzhniki sports amphitheater, a warehouse-like hall that is usually the venue for hockey matches and basketball games. Off-duty soldiers, their pink faces fuzzy with adolescent stubble, scuffle to get closer to the stage, while packs of young girls giggle at their antics. It might be a concert anywhere in America—except that no T shirts are for sale, no hot dog vendors trawl the aisles, and, most of all, no one smokes anything stronger than cigarettes.

Through 2½ hours and ten opening bands, the kids have stood shoulder to shoulder waiting for their favorite group. Finally, a short, well-built young man, his hair shaved severely around the sides, appears onstage. He grins demonically and defiantly surveys the crowd. Behind him a swarm of guitarists, horn players, a keyboardist and a drummer troop onto the stage. A drumbeat clears the air, and suddenly the band is cruising through the infectious opening rhythm of *The Man in the Hat*. The lead singer grabs the microphone and shrieks, "Heading for a meeting/ Across the frozen intersection/ On the night boulevard . . . The man in the hat of no particular fate/ He's neither strong nor weak . . . He's just a man, a man at the sunset."

TED THAI

Lead singer Igor Sukachev wows a packed house at Moscow's Luzhniki stadium

Meet Brigada S, the hottest, hippest band in Gorbachev's Soviet Union. After a history of often bitter confrontations with police and schoolteachers, Brigada S (or the S Brigade, christened by lead singer Igor Sukachev because he liked the letter S) has become one of the most popular of the new generation of rock bands. Although the four-year-old group has yet to produce an album, the self-described "Proletarian Jazz Orchestra" enjoys a tremendous following. Teens from Tallinn to Vladivostok spray-paint the band's name, with the Russian equivalent of *S* drawn like a Communist hammer and sickle, on walls of public buildings.

During the Brezhnev era, rock music was carefully controlled through the State Concert Agency, a government bureaucracy that reserved the right to determine which bands could legally perform in public places. Only bands that were officially registered by the agency could receive money for their shows, a ploy that allowed bureaucrats to weed out undesirable groups by choking off their income.

But of course an underground rock scene flourished. Concerts were often a clandestine affair, staged on the spur of the moment in out-of-the-way auditoriums. And despite official discouragement, a few groups like Time Machine, the first band to sing openly about social problems, and the Leningrad-based Akvarium managed to thrive.

When the State Concert Agency relaxed its regulations in 1986, rock bands suddenly could play their music in big halls, with thousands of screaming fans in attendance. The effect was electrifying, and the kids knew whom to thank for the lighter touch. One of the new bands, a Moscow-based group called Grand Prix, introduced a song last year called simply *Gorbachev*. The haunting chorus ("I understand! Gorbachev!") is less a tribute to the man in power than a defiant youth anthem, undoubtedly the first to use a Soviet leader as an emblem of teenage aspirations.

At the crest of this new wave is Brigada S. "It's almost an accident we became so popular," says Sukachev, 29, who worked in a factory before he could make it with his music. Only two years ago, Sukachev and fellow band members were routinely hauled into local police stations and asked to explain their hairstyles and unusual dress. When the band's photograph appeared in a French magazine in 1986, Sukachev was taken to KGB headquarters for questioning. These days, all that has changed. On a recent trip back to his high school, Sukachev was surprised to hear himself described as the school pride. Says he: "I used to be their shame."

HIT PARADE

Owing to shortages, most albums in the Soviet Union are instant sellouts. How does TASS judge the most popular? By tabulating the number of customer requests instead of sales. TASS's Top Five:

1. **CONCERTS (VOL. 6). The late Vladimir Vysotsky's raspy-voiced ballads about the harshness of Soviet life.**
2. **BACK IN THE U.S.S.R. Paul McCartney's goodwill tunes released solely in the Soviet Union.**
3. **NIGHT. The Leningrad punk band Kino's gritty songs for *perestroika* accompanied by an infectious beat.**
4. **NAUTILUS POMPILIUS/BRIGADA S. Unauthorized concert recordings featuring two wildly popular groups.**
5. **CONCERTS (VOL. 5). Vysotsky again. (He died in 1980; during his lifetime, the Kremlin frowned on his music.)**

TED THAI

Under color spotlights, young fans rock the hours away as Sukachev and the self-described Proletarian Jazz Orchestra blast on

Brigada S has an unusual sound that draws on several sources. As a child, Sukachev listened to black-market Glenn Miller and Andrews Sisters albums, and their influence can be heard in the group's Big Band tinge. In style, the group also owes a tremendous debt to the futurist poets of the 1920s, whose revolutionary verse inspired a generation with its early Communist iconography.

In the past, Soviet bands often shamelessly copied popular Western styles, but Sukachev set out to create a uniquely Soviet sound, something kids could dance to. Although a punk rocker at heart, Sukachev added a four-piece horn section to the driving rhythm-and-blues backup of lead guitarist Kirill Trusov and bass player Sergei Galanin. The result is a slick multigenerational hybrid, the Talking Heads meet Count Basie, the Andrews Sisters on acid.

The punk is in the presentation, which can shock Soviet conformists. Once, Sukachev demolished an enormous poster of Brezhnev onstage, then threw the pieces into the audience. During a number about drug addiction, he often pantomimes a heroine injection. His shaved-sided flop-mop elicits frequent comment on Moscow's streets. "People think I'm a fascist," he says. "I can't think how many times I've been called that."

His lyrics also speak of a scorching resentment of the older generation. In *Don't Follow Us,* Sukachev warns his elders that his generation will be different from theirs: "Hey, indulgence sellers . . . We're not the same as you./ We're not the heroes of big polemical battles/ So don't follow us." Another number, the feisty *Reptiles,* all but declares open rebellion: "We'd be glad, glad, glad/ If some time, any time/ All these reptiles . . . Would disappear forever." Sukachev dislikes assigning meaning to his songs. "I like to stick images together," he explains. "Other people can tell you what they're about."

Sukachev, who remembers having to beg for money to ride the subway, makes more than 3,000 rubles ($4,800) a month from concerts, nearly 15 times the Soviet average wage and more than twice the take-home pay of Mikhail Gorbachev. (Says Sukachev: "If I had his house and his car, he could have my 3,000.") Still, success has its problems. "It's really dangerous when people start to praise you for doing the things they used to slam you for," he notes. The band now risks losing the special edge to its sound that developed from the tension of fighting for the right to play its music.

Like it or not, things are moving quickly for Brigada S. This summer the group will release its first two albums, following the top-selling unauthorized concert disk put out last year by Melodiya, the country's sole record label. There is talk of a U.S. tour as well, possibly in June. "We're hoping to sign a few small contracts," Sukachev admits. Still, he says he wouldn't give up the band's underground years for anything. "Those years are our strength," he says. "We'd be nothing without them." ■

WHAT OUR TEEN JUDGES SAY

To find out how Brigada S sounds to Western ears, TIME *played an unreleased tape for a group of teenagers in Los Angeles. Their reviews:*

SANDY ALPRECHT, 16. "It's their own kind of tune and music. It's original. Some of it you could dance to."

SCOTT RIDLESPRIGER, 16. "Sometimes it's like reggae, but the musicians seem like they are imitating U.S. bands."

NELSON JUAREZ, 14. "It sounds a lot like jazz. They don't have a music video?"

TRAZEL WASHPUN, 13. "I like rap. This sounds like Duran Duran, rock-pop stuff, and I don't like it."

Topical invective aside, the stage is rediscovering its true concern, the human soul

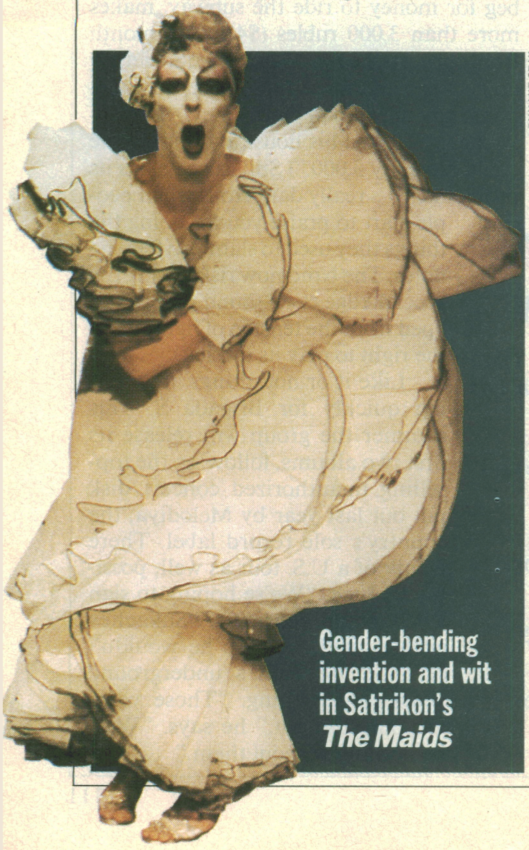
VOICES FROM THE INNER DEPTHS

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III MOSCOW

In a long-suppressed and now acclaimed production of Dostoyevsky's *Notes from Underground* at Moscow's Theater for Young Spectators, the withdrawn and embittered central character repeatedly pushes with all his might against the immovable proscenium arch at the side of the stage. The gesture is an apt visual metaphor not only for a melancholy nobody's passion to smash the barriers of loneliness but also for the yearning of the whole Moscow drama world to break down the confines of habit and tradition. Everywhere one goes in the theater these days, the same artistic self-criticism is heard: there are almost no vibrant new playwrights or imaginative directors, the basic style and format of productions have not changed in the past quarter-century, beauty and splendor have been forgotten.

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Belittling authority: a prostitute mocks her captor in *Stars in the Morning Sky*


NIEDENTHAL

Gender-bending invention and wit in Satirikon's *The Maids*

In fact the quality of theater in Moscow is very high. Playwriting, if at times too grandiosely spiritual, at least concerns itself with bigger issues than middle-class marriage, the preoccupation of the commercial stage in the West. Acting is certainly of the caliber of Broadway or London. So is stage design, if a bit too dependent on imaginative metaphor rather than money. True, productions tend to look a lot alike, regardless of content: perhaps as a reaction against the easy intimacy of TV's close-ups, almost every company seems infatuated with mounting shows in gloomy near darkness or in silhouette behind a scrim. Moreover, many of the popular tricks of stagecraft (a costumed mannequin standing amid the audience's seats, a door flinging open to reveal a burst of light) are recognizable even to Westerners as derived from the 1960s work of such still active directors as Yuri Lyubimov and Oleg Efremov, who today runs the venerable Moscow Art Theater. The one true innovation of recent years, nudity, has become similarly clichéd: bare breasts or bottoms, and even crotches, are on view in at least five Moscow theaters, never as an essential to the plot.

Having justified itself for two decades and more as a medium of political expression—obliquely during the Brezhnev years, sometimes rantingly during the current thaw—the Soviet stage sees itself as needing to rediscover its true concern, the human soul. Audiences apparently agree. While theatergoers continue to clap for lines of topical invective, they seem to respond most strongly to intimate glimpses of lost love, betrayal by friends and alcoholic desperation, whether in Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* at the Moscow Art Theater or in quasi-documentary scripts about prostitutes and gravediggers performed by the city's most impressive acting troupe, the Sovremennik (Contemporary) Theater. Says Konstantin Raikin, artistic director of the Satirikon Theater, where the Russian-language debut of Jean Genet's psychosexual drama *The Maids* is Moscow's hottest show and among the least political: "These days, a measure of a play's appeal is to be able to say that it's not *only* about *perestroika.*"

Relevance is certainly the least of the virtues of *The Maids,* which features men in eye makeup and flamboyant drag playing women. The aggressive gender bending, laced with homoeroticism, brings spectators in for the scandal value but sends them out having seen a world-class display of theatrical wit and invention. Just as Genet speculatively derived his sadomasochistic rituals from an actual news story of a murderous plot by two maids against their mistress, so director Roman Viktyuk subordinates the text to an evocative extravaganza about sex and power, seduction and display. Within the script he finds moments both of striking visual imagery (two chairs and a long red dress abruptly become a casket) and of serene reliance on the words (Raikin, motionless and in shadow, performs a long lament in a hypnotic near monotone). But the evening opens and closes with interpolated mime and dance sequences, alternately brooding and confrontational or jokey. (The funniest moment: flashers open their raincoats to reveal long underwear with sewn-on fig leaves). Even in flouncy dresses, the performers are unmistakably men: profuse body hair is visible as they barrel through somersaults and backflips, or wiggle limp-wristed through parodies of enticement. If it's not always easy to tell, moment to moment, what message is

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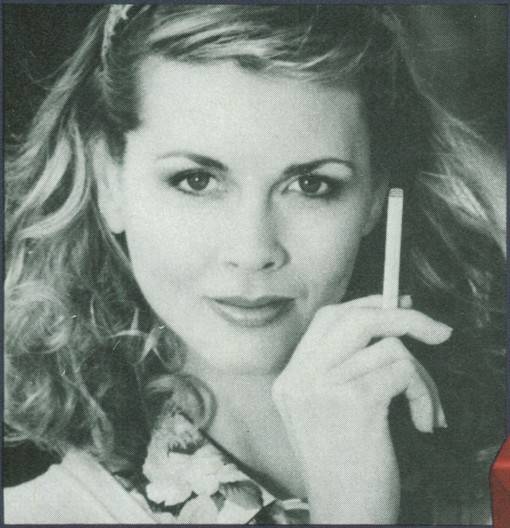

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meant, the show is compulsively watchable.

Austere and philosophical where *The Maids* is lavish and sensual, *Notes from Underground* typifies more conventional Soviet staging at its best. The set looks like a rummage sale in a czarist attic. The dimly lighted action features recurring glimpses of a grinning peasant, a swanking bureaucrat, a howling madman. A virtual monologue in its first half, the piece evokes the wounded vanity and urge toward vengeance of the sort of man who nowadays might become a serial killer. Yet in the mind of director Kama Ginkas, who has been developing his adaptation for some 20 years despite official disapproval, both his version and the Dostoyevsky original comment on "the inevitable alienation resulting from extremes of socialism, the drive to violence underlying the pursuit of universal happiness." Westerners will more likely find the show a poignant portrait of one of life's losers, but every phrase rings true.

At the richly talented Sovremennik, which seems on balance Moscow's most interesting theater, the men of the company dominate *A Humble Cemetery,* a melodrama about the travails of ordinary workingmen, while the women adorn *Stars in the Morning Sky,* a lament of the cleanup campaign that swept prostitutes, drunks and the deranged off the streets just before visitors arrived for the 1980 Olympics. Both plays combine the hortatory, sentimental style of Stalinist social realism with a topical disregard for those in power. *Stars,* seen in a different production as part of last summer's New York International Festival of the Arts, has two moments of emotional clout: one utterly quiet, when each woman seems to ponder her mistreatment by men, and one noisily jubilant, when the hookers are blocked from even seeing the Olympic torch go by yet break into spontaneous cheers for the Soviet team.

In Sergei Kaledin's *A Humble Cemetery,* the pressures on the hulking workman Sparrow (Mikhail Zhigalov) include a legacy of family violence, a stretch in a work camp, virtual gangsterism in the cemetery where he works as a gravedigger, and a dangerous weakness for vodka. There are performances of enchanting sweetness from Anton Tabakov as a young co-worker and of feral malignity from Valeri Shalnykh as a mock-friendly gang enforcer. But the most memorable scenes show Sparrow alone with his cacophony of fears, climbing arduously up to a bell tower where he can hear the euphony of wind and birds and a distantly remembered lullaby, until a screeching train cuts off his reverie. Emotive yet astringent, these are moments worthy of Charles Laughton in a play sometimes deserving of comparison with Gorky's *The Lower Depths.* If Soviet theater remains for the most part an art in search of significant new voices, in this play and production it has found one. ■

THE NEW USSR

SHOW BUSINESS

LET ME TELL YOU . . .

In a nation that has always adored social satire, Mikhail Zhvanetsky, 55, is the undisputed comic laureate of *glasnost.* Once forced to circulate tapes of his routines underground, today Zhvanetsky plays thousand-seat arenas, appears on national television and counts Politburo member Alexander Yakovlev among his fans. To give readers a flavor of his comedic style, TIME asked Zhvanetsky to write a monologue about his trip to the U.S. last year.

“What really gets to a Soviet in America is not the fancy clothes or mammoth cars. It's the supermarkets. You can go crazy at the start, the middle and the end. There are meat counters 200 to 300 yards long, with sausages as plentiful as raindrops, so many you keep bumping into them. That's the moment when Soviet tourists get weak at the knees and begin to feel queasy, but they refuse offers to be helped out for a breath of fresh air. The fruit-and-vegetable section is personally devastating. Avocados, papayas, kiwis, some kind of citrus thing that gets cut into five-pointed stars, who the hell knows what they all are. We should do something about it, comrades. While they continue to wolf food down like this, good relations between us are impossible.

Take our mandarin oranges. I once stayed in a Soviet hotel with a Japanese figure skater. He wanted to know what kind of fruit was on sale that was small, sour and green and got scooped up into bags. I told him they were mandarin oranges. "They can't be," he said. "I know what a mandarin orange is." What could I say? Maybe they get specially harvested as buds just for our people, so we'll walk around with sour faces.

What we take here for yogurt is not yogurt, cream is not cream, and milk is not milk. Maybe it's just a bad translation, but our cream is their yogurt, our yogurt is their milk, and our milk is their water. I wouldn't say they cook particularly well in America. They don't use any salt or sugar. Contrary to us, they want to live long; they like the way they live. We also want to live long, but it's because we don't like our life and we hope to live on into the next life. It would be nice to think that America has thrown open its doors and is waiting for us all to come over. But that's not the way it is. The Soviet Union has thrown open its doors, and it seems like all America has come here on a visit. So it goes.”

RUDI FREY

Now that socialist realism has been undone, artists struggle between the desire to find a fresh vision and the lure of Western markets

CANVASES OF THEIR OWN

BY ROBERT HUGHES MOSCOW

If any single art event symbolized Russia's thawed relations to its own modernist past, it was the show at the Tretyakov Art Gallery in Moscow last winter by a painter and mystic who died in 1935, well into the Stalin era, and whose work remained buried for decades thereafter: Kasimir Malevich.

Each day a long queue of the curious would form. Inside the packed gallery, people would argue and gesticulate in front of abstract paintings—a red square on a white ground, a fragmented cubist portrait—done a generation before their birth.

The Malevich show was a political emblem—an embrace of a severed history. Not long before, in *A-Ya,* a magazine dedicated to "unofficial" Russian art, the critic Igor Golomshtok lamented, "We know little more about Malevich's last paintings than about Andrei Rublev," the legendary Russian artist who died in the 15th century. For most artists in the Soviet Union today, Malevich is the *rodonachalnik,* the "founding father" of modern art: the man around whom its history needs to be rewritten.

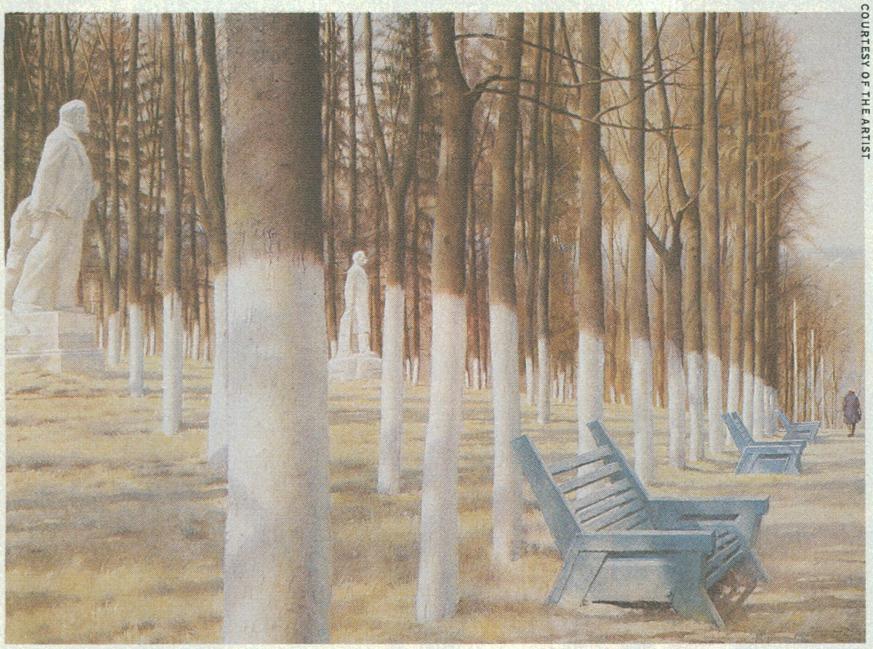
Born in Kiev in 1878, Malevich invented himself with astonishing speed. Between 1905, the year he moved to Moscow, and 1915, he ran through the gamut of early modernist styles, from pointillism to cubism. Early works like *Floor Polishers,* 1911-12, show his assimilative powers: this gripping image of hard labor, where every line reinforces the muscular twist of bodies and the thrust of the feet with their waxing pads on the floor, ultimately derives from Matisse's *Dance.* Troglodytic, pious and massive, Malevich's figures of peasants from the '20s both assert modernity and deny it.

His most radical paintings were the suprematist compositions he made between 1913 and the mid-1920s. To imagine that these were just formal exercises is to underrate them. Malevich thought of his black square and its cousins—the white-on-white geometries, the crisp arrangements of colored planes floating in space as deep as the sky—as icons, points of entry into a superior spiritual world. Their vividness, their power to fix one's attention, is also the vividness of the staring eyes of a pantocrator.

Small wonder that Malevich is seen, in Soviet terms, as the bridge between tradition and innovation: a sort of *starets,* a holy man or prophet, whose images invoke deep strands of identification with religious faith and folk culture while pointing to a future wreathed in theory. The reinstatement of Malevich had been under way for years, and yet this show was certainly one of the events in the Soviet Union's intellectual life that define the cultural consequences of *glasnost.*

Party lines, like glaciers, do move. But for Soviet artists, *glasnost* seems more like a whirlpool of possibilities, most of them still anxiously hypothetical. The artists have had to learn not to be optimists. Fifteen years ago, Leonid Brezhnev's officials sent plainclothes militia and bulldozers to break up and bury an outdoor show of unofficial art in Sokolniki, a park on the outskirts of Moscow. This goons' picnic would not be repeated today. The socialist realist line, imposed by Stalin after 1929 and kept to the end of Brezhnev's reign, held that a work of art should fulfill the criteria of *partinost* (party spirit), *ideinost* (firm commitment to prescribed ideology) and *narodnost* (true portrayal of the life, soul and spirit of the people). It has now been undone. "Dissident" modernism became a talisman only because it was repressed; once tolerated and encouraged, it becomes politically harmless.

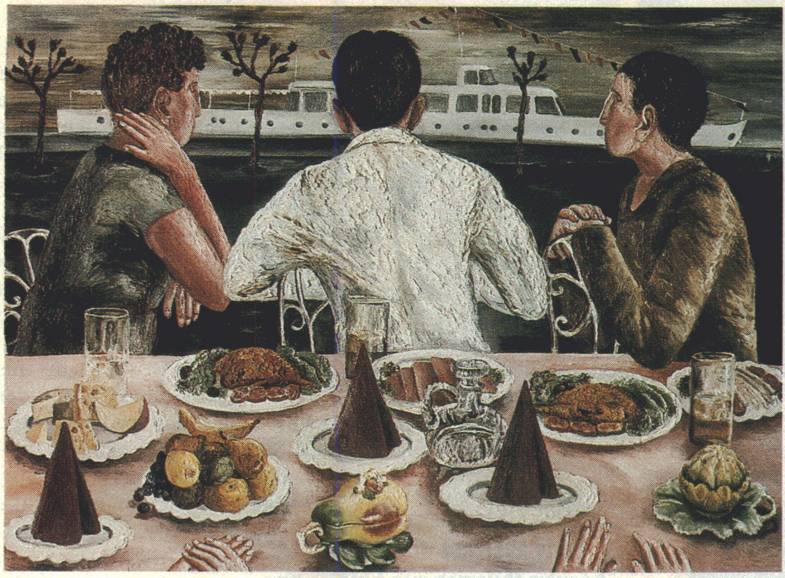
The clincher is the Soviet Union's shortage of hard currency, combined with the Western art-dealing system's devouring search for new product. At last, modern art has a real party use: it brings in sterling, dollars and marks. Scores of Western dealers are swarming over the Moscow studios. They buy through the Ministry of Culture, which generally keeps 40% of the purchase price and passes on 10% to 15% to the artist in hard



COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

SPRING AT THE SPA, 1987

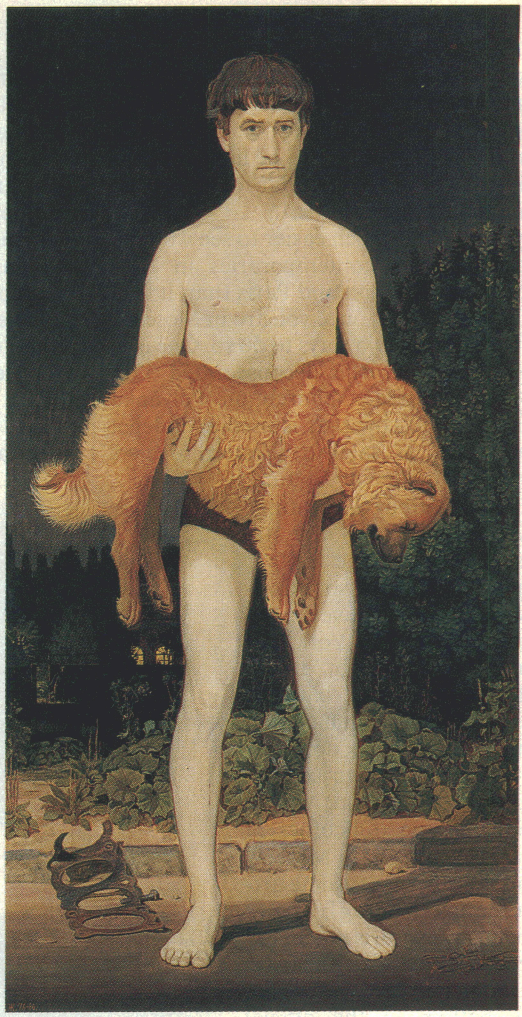
As political irony becomes the painter's antidote to socialist realism, Moscow artist Erik Bulatov depicts the pale woods of an official holiday resort studded with statues of Communist heroes.



COURTESY HAL BROMM GALLERY / NEW YORK

RECOLLECTIONS OF GERMANY, 1984

In Natalia Nesterova's thickly painted images of clustered people, time seems congealed and a slightly oppressive melancholy reigns. Here a trio watch a passing tourist boat, while the dishes on the table seem as formally arranged as a public garden.



COURTESY GALERIE CLAUDE BERNARD, PARIS

MAN WITH A DEAD DOG, 1986

Outside the wooded yard of his house on the outskirts of Moscow, which once belonged to the composer Prokofiev, Dmitri Zhilinsky—a leading realist painter—depicts himself in bathing trunks, holding the body of his favorite pet: a red Chow dog, killed by a hit-and-run driver.

currency, which can be spent only outside the U.S.S.R., and the rest in rubles. Payment is always slow, and then there is tax.

The auction of Soviet contemporary art held, amid vast hype, by Sotheby's in Moscow last July was seen by the West as a vindication of dissident artists but by many of the artists themselves as divisive and even dispiriting. Some lots went for unheard-of sums; the painter Grisha Bruskin, whose work had been comfortably selling in America for just over $40,000, saw a large multipanel piece called *Fundamental Lexicon* go for $415,000, an event that caused much skeptical talk both inside and outside the ministry. Landscapes by Svetlana Kopystiansky, and her husband Igor's assemblages of old-looking, torn and reworked canvases, which had stood well out from the ruck of young artists in last year's Venice Biennale, made as much as $75,000. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that a growing number of Soviet artists, once they have signed up with a Western dealer, circumvent the whole wearisome apparatus by going to Paris or New York City, making their art and then going back.

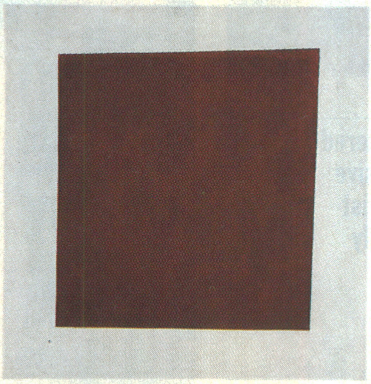
Few Western collectors want the kind of mildly academic images of birchwoods in mushroom season, gymnasts and cosmonauts that members of the Artists Union tend to produce. They want what they are used to: late modernism or postmodernism, a souvenir of *glasnost* on the wall. Thus, since the Ministry of Culture is the conduit for modernism to the West, it has become a de facto rival to the Artists Union—a switch that has caused a good deal of heartburn in the union's ranks.

But anyone who thinks a new market and a thaw in the state cultural line have made the Soviet artist's life an easy one should think again. The dissemination of art has been built for so long around the idea of ideological service that the transition to a free-market art economy is tortuous. No Soviet artist can depend on the kind of structure that, however nominally, supports painters and sculptors in the West. There are thousands of art galleries on both sides of the Atlantic but comparatively few in Moscow. Outdoor shows are sometimes organized by artists in Izmailovo Park. The "art scene" on the Arbat is just hole-in-the-corner spaces showing sad, touristy little daubs, mixed in with the schlock that passes for folk art.

But what would more professional galleries survive on, except sales to foreigners? The Soviet Union has virtually no internal market for contemporary art. To pay $415,000 for a contemporary painting is almost as obscene in a society whose average yearly salary for a civil servant is 2,604 rubles ($4,300) as the $17 million recently paid for a Jasper Johns was in America. There are a few collectors of contemporary art in Moscow, but the coin they pay for their collections—jammed cheek by jowl, all up the walls and over the door lintels of cramped flats—has always been more a matter of sympathy and closeness to the artists, a sharing of aesthetic interests, than heavy cash.

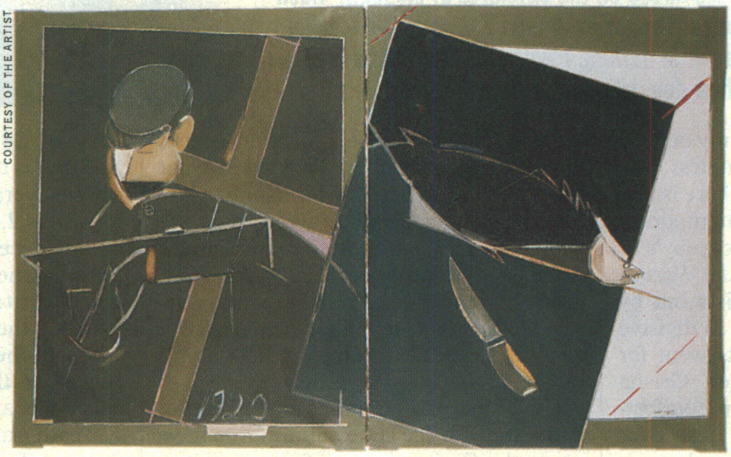
The flow of art-world information, a torrent in the West, is a trickle here. Contemporary shows from abroad are rare, though recent work by Robert Rauschenberg was seen at the Tretyakov Gallery last February. A young art historian wants to write a definitive biography of Wassily Kandinsky, there being none in Russian, but she cannot obtain basic texts, like the four catalogs of the Kandinsky shows organized in the '80s by New York City's Guggenheim Museum, because no Moscow archivist had the hard currency to buy them. There are no truly adequate general histories of Russian 20th century art published in the Russian language. "In the U.S. you have history," chuckles a collector. "What we have here is gossip. The art world feels scattered, fragmented. There is an atmosphere of mystification caused by the emigration of artists." It can be hard even for Soviets to find out what other Soviet painters are up to.

Today it is much easier to see work by leading Soviet contemporaries in New York City, London and Paris than it is in Moscow. In fact, once you are in Moscow, there are only two ways to do so. One is to visit Polyanka, the deconsecrated 17th century Orthodox church on Polyanka Street in Moscow that is used as a depot and point of sale to Western dealers by the Ministry of Culture. There hundreds of paintings by contemporary artists, stacked against one another under conditions so primitive they would give heartburn to any New York gallery owner, sit in racks, while embrowned, battered frescoes of the Annunciation and Visitation look down.


STATE RUSSIAN MUSEUM, LENINGRAD

RED SQUARE, 1915

Early abstract work of Kasimir Malevich was first fully seen in the U.S.S.R. this past winter.


COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

MAN AND FISH, 1987

In the spirit of Malevich, Erick Stenberg reaches for Christian symbols.

The other is to see the work in the studio, which, owing to the difficulties of finding addresses in Moscow and the suspicions some artists unsurprisingly have about strangers, is not an exercise for the dilettante. "Unofficial" artists are at the bottom of the official pole whose summit is the Academy of Arts, that august body of 77 academicians and 99 alternate members. Among them are the state propagandists, whose mission it is to turn out the unending stream of statues of Lenin (with benign and resolute features that grow more Asiatic the further east they go) for public places from Minsk to Irkutsk. Many an unofficial artist finds himself in the predicament of Nikolai Filatov, whose large canvases—a fervent compost of '50s-style abstract expressionism and broken-up cubofuturist planes—are beginning to sell in the West, so he has hard currency but nowhere to paint. To get studio space in Moscow on an official basis, you must belong to the Artists Union and do "real" aesthetic work. Some of the best-known figures in the Soviet avant-garde, like Erik Bulatov and Oleg Vasilyev, who share working space, are still officially registered as illustrators of children's books.

So younger artists squat. Some work in crumbling tenements scheduled for demolition, dank shells with tangles of extension cords carrying bootleg electricity up their gapped stairwells. Here they agonize about the "spiritual crisis" with which *glasnost* has confronted Soviet artists—the sudden conversion of "dissident" art from a talisman to a commodity. One hears 28-year-olds, too young to remember the '60s, waxing nostalgic over the "purity" induced among artists by former repression.

The idea the Western market tends to promote, that the Soviet Union is a mine of little-known contemporary pictorial genius, is mostly sales talk. Stalinism deformed or aborted two generations of artistic talent, and no culture recovers so fast. The sense of a time lag is acute to the visitor. Certainly, there is no shortage of artists doing earnestly secondhand versions of last year's, or last decade's, Western model. But there is also some extremely serious talent: Natalia Nesterova, for instance, with her brooding groups of figures, locked in thick, silvery paint and dense with melancholy, or, in the area of abstraction, Erick Stenberg. In the 1960s and '70s, Stenberg's work was a prolonged meditation on constructivism and suprematism, the chief movements of the "classical" Russian avant-garde in the years just before and after the revolution: finely tuned planar constructions in a pale, deep space. Lately, in a way that parallels Malevich's return to peasant themes in the 1920s, Stenberg has deepened his color and turned to images of a remote village where he spends part of his time: bare roads, cottages, grave markers, religious symbols like the fish and the Cross, all emblems of an ancient Russia that continues to exist below ideology.

The recent political past lies heavily on new Soviet painting, producing a largely original blend of conceptual art and pop, based on reflections about the state styles of propaganda. In the West, the best-known artists working in this vein are Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid, with their wonderfully pointed pastiches of Stalinist—and American—political kitsch. In Moscow, there are older men like Ilya Kabakov, whose paintings and installations of documents, scraps and the somewhat hermetic flotsam of his own past family life, form a Gogolesque narrative of the meager lives of imaginary, pathetic Russian characters—*The Man Who Never Threw Anything Away, The Untalented Artist.* The constant theme of his work is the absurd gap between the promises of the system and its grim disappointments. Bulatov is fascinated by the seepage of official art language, in all its enthusiasm and coerciveness, through daily life. In *Spring at the Spa,* the white statues of Lenin and Maxim Gorky stand in the banal dreamy park (in fact, a state resort for union officials and their families), a faint allusion to the statues in a Watteau garden, recalling an idealized past. There is something very Russian—a spiritual dimension, not just a linguistic preoccupation—to the work of both men.

There are also fine "conservative" artists in Moscow, not dinosaurs of socialist realism but painters whose own sympathies lie further back, in the Florentine Renaissance or 19th century Paris. One of these is Dmitri Zhilinsky, whose work can rise to a most disciplined poignancy, as in his animal Pietà, a self-portrait holding the corpse of his red Chow dog killed by a passing car. Yet it is as hard to find a "modernist" with a good word for Zhilinsky as it is to get Zhilinsky to concede there might be some merit in, say, the recent Rauschenberg show at the Tretyakov. Old animosities run deep; it will be years before the Soviet art world is like ours, blandly tolerant of everything except failure in the market. ■

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THE NEW USSR

BOOK EXCERPT

One of Gorbachev's favorite authors, Chingiz Aitmatov, offers a violent portrait of drug runners and nature-hating bureaucrats in his latest novel. Cast as a morality drama of Dostoyevskian power, Aitmatov's tale can also be read as a literary reflection of Gorbachev's reforms

THE PLACE OF THE SKULL

Aitmatov at ease: a grim vision of murder and metaphysics

CHRIS DAVIS—NETWORK/CONTACT

Few novels have caused as much of a stir in Mikhail Gorbachev's Soviet Union as The Place of the Skull, *by Chingiz Aitmatov. Set in Soviet Central Asia, it is primarily the story of Avdiy Kallistratov, a journalist who infiltrates a gang of* anasha *(marijuana) smugglers. An ex-seminarian, Avdiy repeatedly attempts to convert drug runners and wildlife predators to God until he meets his own calvary in the Moyun-Kum steppes of Kazakhstan.*

The Place of the Skull *is a searing attack on drugs, the destruction of wildlife, the stupidity of Communist Party officials in the countryside. But on a deeper level the novel is a metaphysical reflection on the confrontation between good and evil, infused with the magical realism that dominates the works of such novelists as Gabriel García Márquez and Salman Rushdie.*

When the literary monthly Novy Mir *published the novel in two installments in 1986, the magazine's print run of 427,000 sold out immediately, and millions of copies of the book have been sold in the Soviet Union. Translated into English,* The Place of the Skull *will be published later this month in the U.S. (Grove; $20.95). A native of the Soviet Asian republic of Kirghizia, Aitmatov, 60, is one of his country's best-known writers. His most famous fan: Gorbachev, who says he has read nearly every word Aitmatov has written.*

In the first excerpt, Avdiy has just been thrown off a train by drug smugglers. Left to die in a railway ditch, Avdiy conjures up the conversation between Jesus Christ and Pontius Pilate shortly before the Crucifixion. In the second excerpt, Avdiy undergoes his own crucifixion. Taken together, the scenes create an allegory not only of good vs. evil but also of state power vs. the individual.

IT WAS A HOT morning in Jerusalem, promising an even hotter day. On the Arched Terrace of Herod's palace, beneath the marbled colonnade where Pontius Pilate had ordered his seat to be placed, a gentle breeze blew from below to cool the sandaled feet. The tops of the triangular poplars in the great garden rustled quietly, their leaves prematurely yellowed in the dryness of this year.

From the Arched Terrace perched on this stony mount, there was a view of the whole city, shimmering in the heat. The city boundaries, always clearly demarcated, seemed today to merge into the border of the white desert beyond.

That morning, a single bird circled high above the great garden, wings spread wide, passing in regular sweeps as though swinging like a pendulum suspended from the heavens. It had to be an eagle or a hawk, since no other bird would have the patience to circle so slowly or so long through the furnace of the sky. When he noticed Jesus of Nazareth, who stood shifting his weight before him, glance upward at the bird, the Procurator was indignant and even offended at the glance. He spoke irritably and harshly: "Why look up, King of the Jews? That's your death circling above!"

"Death circles above us all," answered Jesus quietly, automatically putting his hand to the dust-stained bruise on his eye. As they led him to the judgment of the Sanhedrin, he had been attacked by a crowd whipped up by the priests and elders. Had they forgotten how they had once shouted as he rode in through the city gates on the gray she-ass with her colt running behind, how they acclaimed him in hope and threw flowers beneath the hooves of the ass? "Hosanna to the Son of David! Hosanna in the highest!"

Now he stood frowning, his clothes torn, before Pontius Pilate, waiting for whatever might happen next.

The Procurator was badly out of sorts and mainly, strangely enough, with himself, with the sluggish way his mind was working and with his inability to accept a decision. Such a thing had never happened to him before, either during his time as an active soldier in the Roman army or during his tour of duty as a Procurator. Laughable! Instead of giving his immediate approval to the sentence passed by the Sanhedrin and cutting down his work load, he was dragging out the interrogation. It would have been so simple to summon the Chief Priest and his retinue, who were waiting for his call, and say, "Here you are. Take your prisoner, and do with him what you have decided." And yet something prevented Pontius Pilate from taking this simple step. Was this fool worth taking trouble over?

"What do you really mean by 'bringing the words of your Father to the people'? You mean making fools of them, getting the

From the book *The Place of the Skull*, published by Grove Press. English translation ©1989 by Natasha Ward.
First published in English in 1989 by Faber & Faber Ltd., England.

ignorant masses over to your side! Perhaps you should be bringing His word to me as well? I'm a person, too, you know!"

"You, Roman Governor, have no need of it as yet, for you do not suffer or thirst for another kind of life. For you, there is nothing higher."

"Right. There is nothing higher than the power of Rome. I hope that is what you meant to say?"

"That is what you think, Governor."

"That is what clever men have always thought," Pilate corrected him condescendingly. "That is why they say that Caesar is not a god, but God is like Caesar. Convince me that it is not so, if you are so sure of yourself. Are you sure that Caesar is less than God?"

"He is mortal."

"Obviously. But while he is alive and well, is there God above Caesar for men?"

"There is, Roman Governor, if you choose another dimension of being."

"Enough!" cried the Procurator. "We're wasting our time."

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY VIVIENNE FLESHER

"There is nothing higher than the power of Rome . . . That is why they say that Caesar is not a god, but God is like Caesar."

Pontius Pilate gives Jesus one last chance to recant, but he refuses, explaining why he is prepared to die for what he believes in.

"Let us talk like free men," said Pilate. "I am in no way dependent on you, and you, as you understand, are on the threshold of complete freedom, so let's be frank. Did you tell your disciples that if you were crucified, you would rise again on the third day, and once arisen, would come back to earth for a Last Judgment of those who are alive today, and those who are yet to be born, of all generations since the creation of the world? What of the Last Judgment?"

"Has it not struck you, Roman ruler, that it has long since commenced for us?"

"Are you trying to say that the whole of our life is one Last Judgment?"

"You're not far from the truth. Since our first parents were driven from the Garden of Eden, what a pit of evil has yawned beneath us, what wars, cruelty, murders, persecutions, injustice and humiliation the human race has known! And all the terrible sins against goodness, against nature committed on this earth since the world began, what are they, if not a punishment far greater than the Last Judgment? Is not the purpose of history to draw thinking creation closer to the divine heights of love and sympathy? Instead of drawing closer, however, many lives have been broken in the course of human history, with no end in sight to the evil that surges up on every side like waves in the ocean. Is not life in this hell worse than any Last Judgment?"

"Well, Jesus of Nazareth, I have listened most carefully to all you had to say. Do you not have too much hope in human faith, forgetting how fickle and venal they are out there in the streets and the squares? One thing puzzles me: Why are you lighting a fire in which you yourself will be the first to perish? Without the Caesars, human society could not exist. It needs the power and majesty of the few and the subjugation of the many. That is why, in the name of Tiberius, I rule over the Jews. This is my role in life, and my conscience is at peace. There is no greater honor than to serve all-conquering Rome!"

"You are no exception, Roman Governor. Almost every man thirsts for power over at least one fellow creature. That is man's misfortune. Nations will perish in the struggle for power and land. They will tear each other up by the roots and eradicate each other in the struggle."

"Stop! I am not one of your pupils. He who is strongest seizes power, and the strongest will always rule the world. This rule is as firm as the stars in the sky. It is useless to care for the human race, and useless for you to want to save it at the price of your own life. Men will always follow the Caesars as the sheep follow their shepherds and, bowing to strength and privilege, will respect the one who proves himself most merciless and most powerful. Reflect on your illusions and mistakes at least now, when the hour has come for you to go under guard to the Place of the Skull. You see the root of all evil in men's love of power, in subjugating lands and people by force, but by doing so you are only compounding your guilt in the eyes of the authorities, for he who is against power is also, de facto, against those who exercise that power. You wish to hinder the growing power of Rome, to prevent its taking control of all the world. Just to want such a thing is enough to condemn you three times over!"

The Procurator pulled himself up to his full height beneath the arches of the terrace and stood there, tall and broad-browed, with big features and a firm stare, in his snow-white toga.

"Just one more time, for the record," he said. "Father: What do you say his name was? Joseph. Mother: Mary. From Nazareth. Thirty-three years old. Unmarried. No children. Incited the people to revolt. Threatened to destroy the great Temple at Jerusalem and rebuild it within three days. Made himself out to be a prophet, the King of the Jews. There's the story of your life in a nutshell."

"Never mind the story of my life. One thing I will tell you, though, Pontius Pilate, is that yours will find a place in history," said Jesus the Nazarene quietly, with a direct, serious look into the Procurator's eyes. "Forever."

Pontius Pilate brushed the suggestion aside, flattered, however, by the notion. Suddenly he changed his tone and announced triumphantly, "It's our glorious Emperor Tiberius who will live forever in history. Glory to his name! We are merely his faithful outriders, nothing more."

"You know, you really will find a place in history, Pontius Pilate," he repeated stubbornly, the man who was setting off for the Place of the Skull, beyond the city walls . . .

Avdiy awakes from his dream and eventually is enlisted into helping local authorities boost their meat-production figures by massacring herds of antelope. Assigned to a five-man team led by the savagely cruel Ober Kandalov, who seems to be Aitmatov's stand-in for Stalin, Avdiy is so appalled by the slaughter that he *implores the hunters to stop and turn to God. A drunken Kandalov orders his men to beat Avdiy. Then, enthroned on a crate, he gives Avdiy one more chance to recant.*

"SO, YOU BASTARD, thought you'd frighten us with your God, did you? Wanted to ram your God down our throats, you slime! You won't frighten us with God; you chose the wrong congregation this time, you filth.

"We're carrying out an official government assignment, fulfilling the plan, and you're trying to implement economic sabotage. You're a bastard, an enemy of the people, an enemy of the people and the state. There's no room for enemies, wreckers and saboteurs like you! It was Stalin who said, 'He who is not with us is against us.' Enemies of the people should be rooted out and destroyed! And you, you church rat, what have you been doing? Sowing subversion! You wanted to take us for a ride, all the way to the front door of the church perhaps, eh? I could strangle you, you runt, as an enemy of the people, and I would be thanked for it, seeing as you're an imperialist agent, you snake! I'm your higher authority now, so you renounce your God or it'll be curtains for you, you pig!"

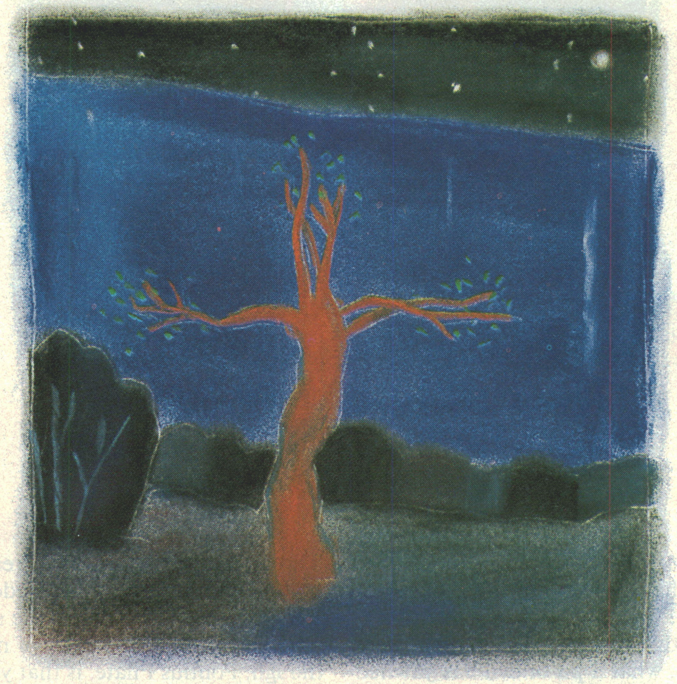
ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY VIVIENNE FLESHER

"We'll stretch him out by the arms and legs like a frog and lash him so tight he can't even twitch!"

Avdiy could not stay up on his knees and fell to the ground. They lifted him up.

"Answer me, snake," roared Ober Kandalov. "Renounce your God! Say there's no God!"

"There is a God," groaned Avdiy weakly.

"So that's the way it is!" screeched Mishash. "Like I said, you tell the bastard one thing, and he answers just the opposite!"

Breathless with anger, Kandalov shook Avdiy again by the scruff of his neck.

"Let me tell you something, God lover, we're going to put on a little show for you that you'll remember all the rest of your days! Haul him over to that tree there, hang him up, hang the bastard up!" They hauled Avdiy over to a gnarled saxaul tree spreading its branches at the edge of the hollow.

"Bring the rope!" shouted Ober.

Their thuggish horseplay was taking an ominous turn. A stupid practical joke now threatened to turn into a real lynching. "There's only one problem, dammit, no cross and nails in this stinking steppe! A real crying shame!" grumbled Mishash, noisily cracking off twigs of the saxaul. "That would have been the thing, to crucify the bastard!"

"What the hell, we'll tie him on with ropes! It'll be as good as any nails!" proposed Ober. "We'll stretch him out by the arms and legs like a frog and lash him so tight he can't even twitch! Let him hang there till morning, and then he'll learn what's what! I taught worse than him to dance to my tune in the army! Hang him up on that branch over there, the high one! Twist his arm over the top branch and his leg under the bottom one!"

The deed was done, and Avdiy was incapable of any resistance. Lashed to the gnarled saxaul tree, bound hand and foot with ropes, he dangled like a cured skin hung out to dry. Avdiy could still hear his tormentors cursing, but as if from a distance. There was a shooting pain in his abdomen, and his back felt as if some ligament had been snapped or torn, so agonizingly did it hurt.

The look of him, something between a scarecrow and a gibbet, amused them all no end. Ober was particularly inspired. He had visions of far more impressive and extensive spectacles; why stop at one rat hanging there in the middle of the steppe?

"That's what I'd do with the lot of them, like it or lump it, and don't you forget it!" he threatened, staring up at Avdiy. "I'd string them all up, everyone who's against us, not like this but so's they'd croak right away. Hang the lot of them, and leave them hanging in a long line all around the world, circling it like a hoop, then no one would ever dare oppose a single word we said, and they'd all dance to our tune. Come on now, Commissars, let's have another! What the hell, we only live once!"

The final flood of human life was moving in. Before Avdiy's fading eyes there was a vision of water, an infinite, uninterrupted expanse without beginning and without end. The water seethed soundlessly, and silent white waves rolled across its surface, like a snowstorm over a field. On the very edge of that soundless sea he could just make out the figure of a man, and Avdiy recognized him: it was his father, Deacon Kallistratov. Then Avdiy heard his own voice, speaking as a boy, repeating to his father his favorite prayer about a sunken ship, just as he had repeated it so often at home in his childhood, standing beside the old piano. Only now the distance between them was immense, and he heard his father's voice ringing with inspiration, reverberating across the surface of the earth:

"I ask but for one thing, one miracle. As long as night follows day and day follows night in the way ordained by You for our earth, as it spins through the empty wastes of space, as long as the spray beats salty into the air and the seagulls cry, may the ship hold its course for the radiant city on the distant ocean shore, though none may cast anchor there in all the eons of time. Amen."

All night long, the silence of the boundless Moyun-Kum savanna was flooded with bright, blinding moonlight, illuminating the stiffened figure of a man crucified on a saxaul tree. The figure was like a large bird with outspread wings, struck down as it soared heavenward and blown into the branches. ■

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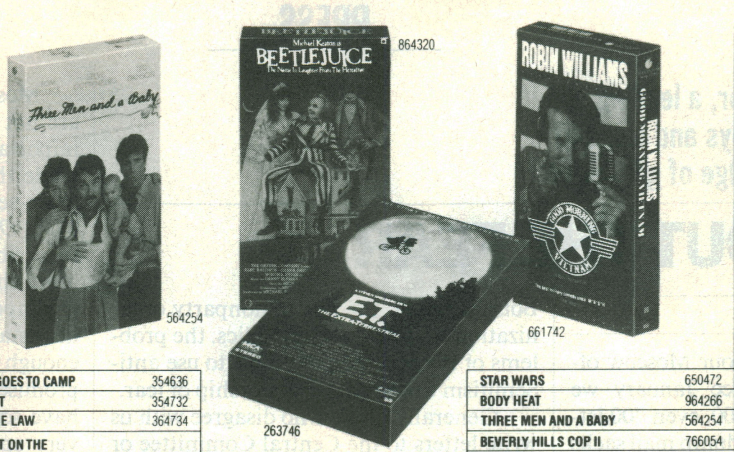

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With remarkable candor, a leading editor describes the joys and pains of being on the cutting edge of *glasnost*

TYPING OUT THE FEAR

BY VITALI KOROTICH

We have no room in our Moscow offices anymore. Since January we have been receiving 500, 600, even 700 letters a day. Our secretaries dump mail sacks right on the floor of the reception area, and our conference rooms are filled with folders of mail. Old-timers remember how only four years ago *Ogonyok* used to receive no more than 20 letters a day, mostly naive poetry or the memoirs of retired people.

The flood of letters underscores the changing relationship with our readers. For the first time we are experiencing the uneasy satisfaction of a journalism that inspires not only love but hatred too. We are drowning in comments, friendly and unfriendly. No one is indifferent.

Occasionally, I receive letters with obscene words and drawings. There are threats, the mildest being a pledge to beat my face in. Other times, our weekly magazine is criticized in a newspaper that from force of habit no one dares argue with: *Pravda*. The fear caused by this newspaper is supposed to be so deep and basic that it is ten times greater than other fears.

But something has changed in our society. Fears do not come true as inevitably as they used to. The machine that used to subjugate by crushing rather than persuading is worn out. But control through fear, discipline through fear, debate regulated by fear, they are all still alive in the souls and experience of millions. Fear can grab typewriters by the keys and plug up ears and mouths. Yet this fear is fading, and the nation is slowly coming back to life.

We are learning to say out loud words we were afraid to voice for decades. In the past it was difficult for *Ogonyok* to decide to publish just a one-sentence reference to the need for public control over the Soviet military and the KGB. Now we publish everything that we can vouch for, which is how it should be. That is how *Ogonyok's* stories on the crimes of Stalin and modern corruption originated. That is how we examine such things as the decline of the Bolshoi Ballet, the rise of nonparty organizations in the Baltic republics, the problems of the poor and attempts to use anti-Semitism to restore a dictatorship of fear.

Generally, those who disagree with us write letters to the Central Committee or the government demanding that the magazine be punished or banned. Many of these complainers either do not wish or do not know how to argue directly with us. Once I asked someone who had sent a critical letter about *Ogonyok* to the Central Committee why he had not raised the issue with us. "What do you mean, directly with you?" he asked in surprise. "I wanted to know who it was that allowed you to write that way."

That is our major problem. For too many of our citizens, the question is not whether what a person says is correct but whether he has the right to state the truth about a particular subject.

RUDI FREY
ОГОНЁК
ВЛАСТЬ ЭКОНОМИКИ И ЭКОНОМИКА ВЛАСТИ
ФОТОВЕРНИСАЖ
ВСТРЕЧИ С АХМАТОВОЙ
РАССКАЗЫ ЮРИЯ КОВАЛЯ
СВЕТ ДОБРОТЫ

Perusing the mailbag in *Ogonyok's* offices

Most of us at *Ogonyok* feel that we are not alone, that what we are doing is important to those around us. This has made the magazine not just stronger but more self-confident. At the beginning of 1986 *Ogonyok* had fewer than 300,000 subscribers. By last January we had more than 3 million. Today it is virtually impossible to buy *Ogonyok* at the newsstand. Our print run is clearly not enough to satisfy demand, but official promises to allow us a larger circulation have so far not been realized. There is a very special feeling about being part of a process that is of your own making, rather than one that is imposed upon you. This feeling multiplies normal human powers.

The further this process continues among ordinary people, the more apocalyptic must be the visions of Soviet bureaucrats. I do not think our bureaucracy ever really believed in the system it created. Any attempt to introduce change or novelty has traditionally set off a wave of bureaucratic hysteria about the death of socialism or the violation of revolutionary ideals. Even Boris Pasternak's novel *Doctor Zhivago* was viewed as an attempt to overthrow Soviet power. Just imagine how little the bureaucrats must have believed in this power if they thought it could be destroyed by intellectual novels.

Such attitudes, however, are becoming a thing of the past. I believe that a return to the Stalin era, or even the Brezhnev era, would require a coup of the same dimensions as the one that led to the establishment of Soviet power in 1917. That is something unthinkable today. The state has finally chosen to rely on the support of democratic laws. The mass media are awaiting and fighting for the new law, currently being drafted by the Central Committee, that would formalize the relationship between the press and government and give individuals the right to sue for libel. We are learning to walk, having reached adulthood at a mature age. Excuse our fumbling footsteps. The point is not to stop. ■

Vitali Korotich, 52, has been editor of Ogonyok *since 1986.*

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Spray paint and romance: punks act up in *Is It Easy to Be Young?* and Natalya Negoda avoids advances in *Little Vera*

As audiences cheer, filmmakers are ushering a May Day parade of social ills—and a little sex—onto the screen

CENSORS' DAY OFF

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Start with the happy ending. Like a song escaping from jaws long wired shut, the political voice of Soviet films is suddenly loud and clear. Did we say loud? Listen to the rock music that carpets the sound tracks. It drowns out everything but the angry shouts of the teen heroes, who sleep around and do drugs while aiming to be an amalgam of Elvis and Che. The revealing documentary *Is It Easy to Be Young?* portrays a generation given to graffiti and hooliganism. "I don't think about what will happen to me," says one young man, spiked hair framing a pocked face. "I don't particularly want to know ... Hey, you just gotta enjoy yourself!" Goodbye, dialectical materialism. Hello, California pleasure principle.

In Vasili Pichul's smash hit *Little Vera,* the kids look like Sunset Strip punks and act as if they'd just invented adolescent angst. Sulky Vera streaks her hair, sleeps under a Meryl Streep poster and, in a suicide attempt, washes down pills with a swig from a Beefeater bottle. Her dad is a drunken oaf, abusing the children who hate him yet cling to him and lie to protect him. He could be the petty dictator of a pre-Gorbachev regime, and Vera could be the strident soul of rebellion. In her sharp, defiant voice you can hear the sound of breaking *glasnost.*

The filmmakers are no less rambunctious. Gone are the days when criticism of the system was voiced in picture parables so obscure they sometimes eluded the censors—and all but the most discerning audiences as well. Now everybody gets the point. Stalinism is the movie monster of choice: Tengiz Abuladze's surrealist epic *Repentance* features a Stalinesque tyrant buffoon who sings arias to his decapitated victims and proclaims, "Four out of every three persons are enemies!" Everywhere, filmmakers are sending a May Day parade of social ills—class resentments, alcoholism, stifling bureaucracy, domestic brutality, a nationwide streak of malaise—past the cheers of public opinion. On the reviewing stand, Mikhail Sergeyevich smiles. After all, it's his party.

Glasnost cinema is good news for Soviet citizens, who go to the movies four times as often as Americans and ten times as often as the British. Now Soviets get to watch sexual barriers fall like dominoes in slow motion. *Little Vera* features a love scene—82 seconds of topless necking and a quick tickle under Vera's dress—that has shot viewers' eyebrows up through their hairlines. By American cable-TV standards the episode might be tame, but in a culture as repressed erotically as it is politically, *Little Vera* is big news.

In another sense, all Soviet cinema has become sexy, a novel commodity on the global culture market. *Little Vera* opens this month in the U.S., after playing the New Directors/New Films series at New York City's Museum of Modern Art in tandem with Boris Frumin's *The Errors of Youth,* shot in 1978 but just completed this year. Eleven Soviet filmmakers are touring the U.S. with a Glasnost Film Festival, whose 22 documentaries include robust exposés on Chernobyl, the Armenian revolt and the war in Afghanistan. Around the world, sophisticated moviegoers are avid to see what Soviet directors are doing with their newfound freedom.

Does freer mean better? Can liberalism guarantee artistry? Alas, no. Nor are today's Soviet films likely to be superior to those of the first flush of revolution. Now that the specter of Stalinism has receded, another shadow haunts Soviet filmmakers, and it may be harder to escape. This is the legacy of Sergei Eisenstein, V.I. Pudovkin, Alexander Dovzhenko and Dziga Vertov, the giants of Soviet silent cinema. Their works *(October, Mother, Earth, Man With a Movie Camera)* remain at the core of every film curriculum; movies are still made in the visual language they helped invent.

Don't expect some 21st century director to filch a scene from *Little Vera* the way David Lean, Brian De Palma and others have quoted the Odessa Steps sequence from Eisenstein's *Potemkin.* In its infancy, *glasnost* cinema is not great cinema. For one thing, critical realism, the style of most *glasnost* films, eschews the bold editing effects and pristine iconography of the Soviet silents. But style is subordinate to message just now; the priority is journalism, not art. *Little Vera* and her kin may remind Westerners of Britain's gritty, earnest, kitchen-sink dramas of a generation ago. The subject matter will be familiar too. To American eyes, the rebels without a cause in an alienated-teen drama like Valeri Ogorodnikov's *The Burglar* are a sight as nostalgic as Hula-Hoops. But in the U.S.S.R. these films play like bulletins from the front lines. So for audiences at home and abroad, the excitement of Soviet movies is not so much in their quality as in their very existence.

This is no small triumph, considering the sorry history of repression exercised by Goskino, the state censorship board. For any reason or none, Goskino could cut a scene, ban a film, put a director out of work or put him in jail. Sergei Paradjanov, a lyric poet in the Dovzhenko mold, spent nearly four years in prison. Andrei Tarkovsky, the greatest Soviet director since Eisenstein, filmed *Andrei Rublev* in 1966; the complete version was not shown publicly in the U.S.S.R. until 1987, just after Tarkovsky died in exile. Alexander Askoldov's *The Commissar,* filmed in 1967, was accused of "Zionist tendencies" and suppressed for 20 years; Askoldov has yet to make another movie. Erakli Kvirikadze made his satire of Stalinism, *The Swimmer,* in 1981, but a crucial scene was deleted until 1987. The director stashed the offending footage in his refrigerator and waited.

Now comes the thaw, and the index of once prohibited films has become an honor roll. These movies wear their years in exile proudly, like vintage wines. Enforced neglect has turned their directors into celebrities, legendary fighters in the film resistance. Even old warriors are welcomed back. Frumin, who emigrated to the U.S. after *The Errors of Youth*, a bleak road movie, was shelved a decade ago, returned to Leningrad last year to finish editing the film. Elem Klimov, a tenacious renegade whose own films (the historical drama *Agony,* the peasant-revolt parable *Farewell)* have been censored and suppressed, is now the Soviet film union's first secretary, busily unlocking vaults and disarming the Goskino octopus. For the first time, a filmmaker, not a bureaucrat, runs the country's movie industry. Not only have the insurgents stormed the Winter Palace, they are sitting pretty in it.

The danger is in believing Klimov and his colleagues can produce an ideal creative climate. But Soviet filmmakers know not to expect too much. In Vyacheslav Krishtofovich's poignant comedy *Lonely Woman Searching for a Life Companion,* a chic seamstress places a personal ad on walls around her town. The results are dire. The first man to answer the ad insults her, tries to rob her and then leeches on her kind nature. A trio of Young Pioneers, encouraged to take pity on "the sick and the lonely," offers to do her housework and take her for walks in the countryside. She nearly loses her job. She never finds Comrade Right. But in the last shot her neighbor is tiptoeing down a night street, slapping her own ads on the walls.

The seamstress is the Soviet moviemaker of yesterday, whose failed struggle made the new freedom possible. Her neighbor is today's film artist, whose pictures are as artless as a cry for help and as urgent as the dream of a better future. It would be nice if the U.S.S.R. could produce a few masterpieces, as it did 60 years ago. But happy endings are, after all, the stuff of movies, not moviemaking. And what Soviet filmmaker would dare hope for more than a resolute beginning? ■

Though no competition for Armani or Miyake, two young designers hope to banish the drab from Soviet closets

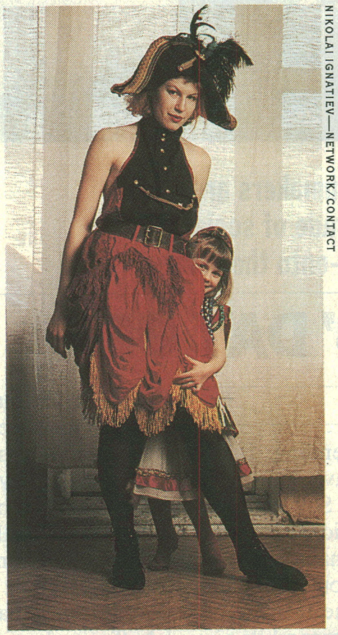
COUTURE FOR THE COMRADES

Katya Mikhulskaya giggles as she shows off her outfit—a red-and-gold-braided army jacket paired with a frilly white lace skirt—then coquettishly pulls up her hem to reveal black knee-high jackboots. Mikhulskaya, 23, developed her theory of fashion from years of riding the Moscow metro, where she saw women wearing a tasteless hodgepodge because the state-controlled fashion industry had made it impossible for them to put together well-coordinated wardrobes. "When it comes to fashion in Moscow," she says, "a sense of humor is especially important." Her fellow designer, Katya Fillipova, 29, pokes fun at Soviet icons; her creations include a portrait of Lenin fastened to a rhinestone cross and sewn onto the jacket of a KGB border guard.

Mikhulskaya and Fillipova are emerging leaders in the avant-garde underworld of Soviet fashion design. They labor over sewing machines in cramped apartments shared by husbands and children; every drawer is crammed with fabric, zippers and buttons scrounged up in state stores and weekend flea markets. Thanks to their sardonic use of hallowed Soviet symbols, the two women cannot be members of the Society of Soviet Designers, and their styles are not bought by Dom Modeli, the state fashion center.

Nonetheless, Fillipova and Mikhulskaya sell their designs (from 100 rubles for a simple jacket to 1,000 rubles for a full suit) to a small group of relatively prosperous rock musicians, artists and filmmakers. With the aid of newly relaxed travel restrictions, the two are hoping to take their creations to New York City this fall. Who knows? If the hammer-and-sickle designs become popular enough in the West, they may wind up as eagerly sought after items in a place that already covets such Western garb as T-shirts and dungarees: the Soviet Union.

—By Nancy Traver/Moscow



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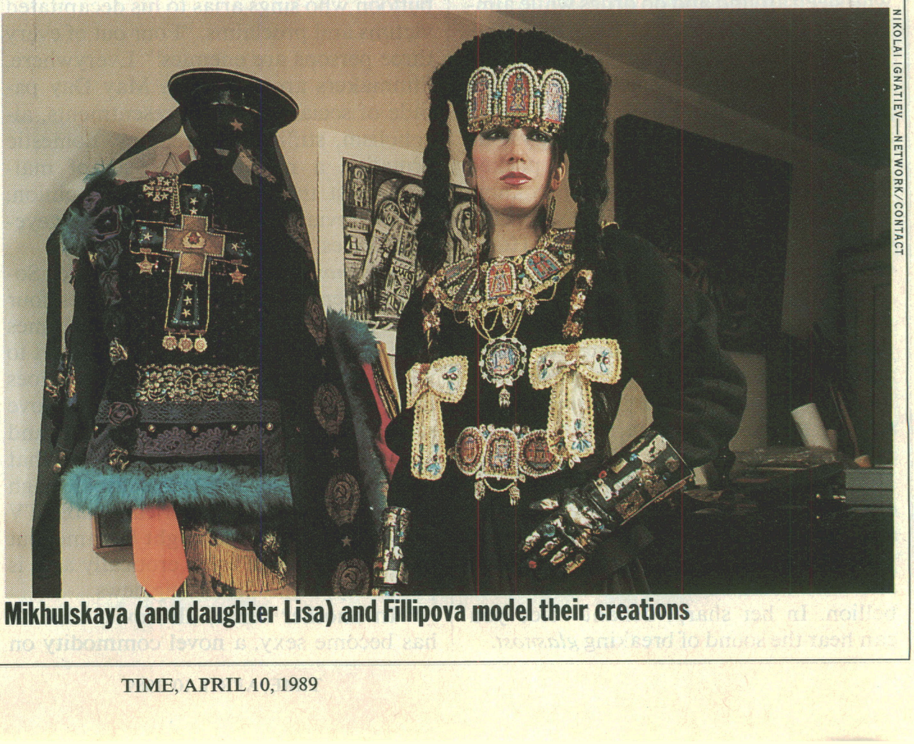


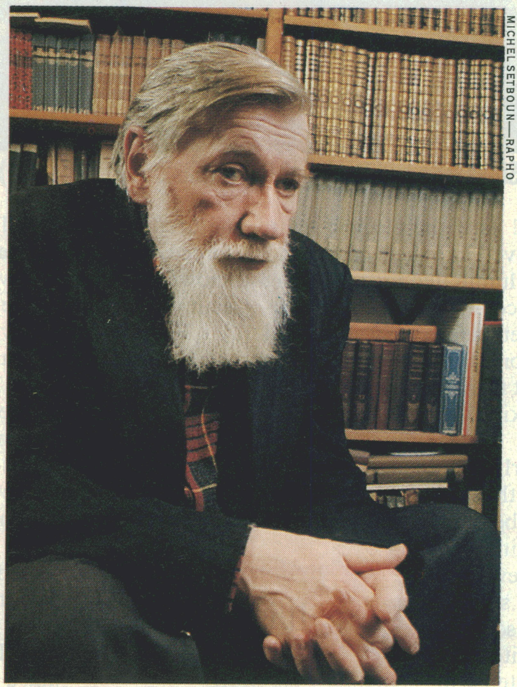
NIKOLAI IGNATIEV—NETWORK/CONTACT

Mikhulskaya (and daughter Lisa) and Fillipova model their creations

ESSAY

By Andrei Sinyavsky

WOULD I MOVE BACK?



MICHEL SETBOUN—RAPHO

Andrei Sinyavsky at his home near Paris

Look at Gorbachev's Soviet Union through the eyes of Andrei Sinyavsky, and prepare to be astonished. As a literary critic in Moscow, Sinyavsky for years secretly published bitter, moving short stories in the West under the pseudonym Abram Tertz. When Soviet officials discovered Tertz's real identity in 1965, they arrested Sinyavsky, along with his friend Yuli Daniel, another underground writer. Convicted of "anti-Soviet acts" in a celebrated trial that for the first time drew the world's attention to Moscow's dissident movement, Sinyavsky spent almost six years in a labor camp, Daniel five. Sinyavsky emigrated to Paris in 1973, and Soviet authorities reluctantly permitted him to return last January to attend the funeral of his great friend Daniel. In the following pages, Sinyavsky reflects on those remarkable five days in Moscow, on Gorbachev, on the Soviet character and on whether his beloved country has indeed changed for good.

Recently a lot of people have asked me, Wouldn't you like to go back and live again in the Soviet Union? After all, now they're rebuilding the society, they've published *Doctor Zhivago,* they don't arrest people anymore under Article 70 (for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation"), and the conscience of Russia, academician Sakharov, is practically a member of the government . . .

Yes, I agree, things have changed. I tell my questioner that they've also published dissident writers such as Vladimir Voinovich and Georgi Vladimov, they've begun little by little to publish me, and they're even allowing some limited criticism of the General Secretary. If things go any further . . .

But that's just the question. Will things go further?

The Soviet system has aroused the interest and attention of the whole world as, perhaps, the most unusual and frightening phenomenon of the 20th century. It is frightening because it lays claim to the future of all humanity and seizes more and more countries and spheres of influence, considering itself the ideal and ordained end of the historical development of the entire world. It is so new, strong and extraordinary that at times even people nurtured in her womb, her children so to speak, perceive it as if it were some sort of monstrosity or invasion from Mars, to which we ourselves, however, still belong. We cannot have the calm perspective provided by distance, inasmuch as we are not simply historians but contemporaries and witnesses (and sometimes even participants) in this process.

Working on a book about Soviet civilization, I have come to the conclusion that the Soviet system is made up of massive, heavy blocks. It is well suited to the suppression of human freedom, but not to revealing, nourishing and stimulating it. On the whole, it resembles an Egyptian pyramid built out of colossal stones, carefully assembled and ground to fit together. A mass of dead stone, an impressive monumentality of construction, which once served majestic ends now beyond our reach, a huge structure with such a modicum of useful space inside. Inside—the mummy, Lenin. Outside—the wind of the desert. Sand. That's the image.

And so we must ask, Can you rebuild a pyramid into the Parthenon? The ancient Egyptian pyramids are rightly considered the most enduring of architectural forms—much more durable and solid than the Parthenon. And the legitimate question arises: Do pyramids lend themselves to *perestroika*? It would be possible, of course, to adorn them with decorative colonnades, to cover them with molding, to suspend Greek porticoes on them. But would these changes enhance them? Wouldn't they spoil the fundamental style and profile?

I'm trying to use this transparent metaphor to explain why—despite all my sympathy for the works of *perestroika*—I share the doubts of many about the reforms that are being called forth to rejuvenate the Soviet system in the democratic manner.

When *perestroika* began, I asked myself if perhaps I hadn't been mistaken about the pyramid. But not long ago, I had the sad occasion to spend some time in Moscow. On the evening of Dec. 30, my friend Yuli Daniel died. If it had not been for his death, they would not have let me into Moscow. Moscow had been denying my wife Maria a visa for a year and a half. The Soviet consulate in Paris had informed us by telephone on the morning of Dec. 30 of the latest denial. Then, after two days of negotiations, they had to give us a visa. If they had not, a scandal would have broken out in the press. After all, for many years—since our arrest—my name has been inextricably linked with that of Daniel's (Sinyavsky-Daniel, Daniel-Sinyavsky . . .).

We didn't arrive in time for the funeral. We flew in the day after, and we spent the five days that Moscow gave us at the home of Daniel's widow Irina Uvarova.

Perhaps Daniel's death colored my impressions. Moscow seemed incredibly dreary. I hadn't been there for 15 years. The darkness was striking. From the first moment, while we were still at the airport, it seemed as if the electricity had burned out and that the meager light was being supplied by a weak portable generator. The sense of abandonment and homelessness was aggravated by the piles of dirty, blackened snow along the sides of the dark streets. It hadn't been like that before. Where were the streetlights? Where had the stately yard keepers, who used to clean Moscow, disappeared to?

It's good that at least they're writing about all this in the newspapers.

Translated by Catharine Theimer Nepomnyashchy

Glasnost provides salvation from psychological destitution. But it's still a long way from physical evidence of *perestroika*. The gypsy cabdriver who drove us from the airport remarked in a melancholy tone of voice on the neglected roads, filled with potholes, over which we, swearing, were bouncing: "So have ended many great empires!" I was amazed at the daring and aesthetic exactness of his maxims. In my time, people didn't talk so freely . . .

PICTORIAL PARADE

Sinyavsky and Daniel at Pasternak's funeral (1960)

At the market near the cemetery, where we were buying flowers, someone tried to photograph our group. A watchwoman objected, "It's forbidden to photograph the market! The director doesn't allow it!" Why? Wasn't it because the market was catastrophically empty?

If the neglected appearance of the city inspired pity and bitterness, the people who lived in it aroused joy by their calm dignity and the maturity of their judgments. It seemed as if the electric light, which was so dim on the streets, had moved into their hearts and souls and had been rekindled in their illuminated faces. During the time allotted to us in Moscow, we encountered a mass of people, many of whom we had never met before as well as old friends. Mostly they were part of the constant stream of people who flowed through Daniel's apartment from morning until late at night. As a result, I can judge the striking change in the minds and moods of Muscovites.

The Soviet intelligentsia, particularly the young intelligentsia, these days are experiencing the enthusiasm and the happiness of speaking freely on a scale never before allowed them—in their entire history. All anyone can think of is how to find time to read something new or to publish something new while *glasnost* still exists! Never before, I admit, have I read so many contemporary, current works of Soviet literature and journalism. And never with such intense interest. It seems as if the very foundations of the Soviet system must be on the point of reeling just from the change in the tone and language of today's literature. Of course, this is an illusion. But it's amusing to note in passing the extent to which the whole iron structure of the Soviet state rests on language, on trite bureaucratic phrases. Just blow on it, and it will fall! We are witnessing, for the umpteenth time, that magical attitude toward the word peculiar to Russians, to Russian literature and to all Soviet society.

> It is a lot easier to print *Doctor Zhivago* than to produce salami.

But most important, the fear that is characteristic of Soviet people has disappeared. And this despite the obvious, although not always visible, presence of the KGB, which accompanied us. Sometimes it seemed almost indecent: after all, this shadowing and spying were transpiring over a fresh grave. Or should the death of an old camp inmate and scapegrace writer be arranged just as he had lived?

At times I think that thanks to *glasnost,* the organs of the KGB are growing out of all proportion. After all, now they have to spy on so many suspicious people, to listen in on the voice of the crowd and to keep a hand on the pulse, on the throat of public opinion! *Perestroika* is not profitable for the KGB, which is hostile to the natural condition of freedom, into which society is trying to move. If the society becomes free, who will pay for this whole swollen staff of dependents—specialists in the suppression of freedom?

The KGB tried in every way possible to hamper and restrict my contacts, and intentionally created a flagrant show of vigilant shadowing, as if trying to force me out of my native city. Observers stood tramping their feet outside the building the whole time. Maria swore at them: "How can they stand there like that without doing anything! Give them each a shovel. At least they could clear the sidewalk in front of the building."

When we stopped for an hour or so at the dacha (twelve miles outside Moscow) where Daniel spent the last years of his life, the police turned up unexpectedly and announced in embarrassment that as foreigners we were "violating a forbidden zone." The good-natured policemen did little to hide the fact that they were being forced to draw up a report on the orders of the KGB. The quiet snowfall beyond the window, reminding us of an old-style Russian winter, was our reward for this "violation."

But in Moscow I was a welcome guest. I had not experienced such a surge of love and warmth in a long time. Perhaps only once before in my life had I been accorded a similar welcome—when they brought me to the camp. But that was given to me by those *zeks,* who, like myself, were classified as "particularly dangerous state criminals." They greeted me as a brother, and the more furiously the newspapers stigmatized and the authorities pressured Daniel and me, the better they treated me . . .

A protracted ideological civil war is being waged in our homeland. Not long before our departure from Paris for Moscow we received a letter from a well-known Moscow poet:

"Today everything is gloomy and vacillating, a lot of people are hoping for a bloodletting, for atrocities and cruelties with all the 'ancient attributes': tyranny, the iron fist, a threatening master, army order. Already from every quarter appeals are heard to curtail *Ogonyok* editor Vitali Korotich; he irritates them more than anything else, and now the hosts of the 'loyal and prudent' are marching on him . . . No matter what those who are optimistic about *perestroika* say to you—the situation is very grave, and it's a dreadful time to live, an enormous stock of malice has accumulated, oceans of worthless money, the fury of poverty, hunger and homelessness, of ethnic hostility and contempt—all this is bursting forth from the depths and is being channeled against the intelligentsia, which have ungratefully forgotten that under the Genius of All Times and Peoples prices went down every year, there was order and every national group knew its place."

If the magazine *New Times* publishes an interview with Lev Kopelev, a well-known Russian dissident who today supports *perestroika* from his home in Cologne, then the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya* attacks Kopelev in the best traditions of Stalinist phraseology, explaining in the same breath that Kopelev is a Jew. This recalls the old Russian round-dance game in which one group of dancers sings, "And we the millet

Jack
Kerouac

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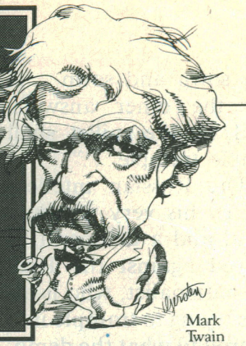

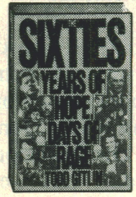
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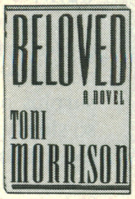
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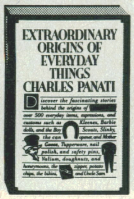
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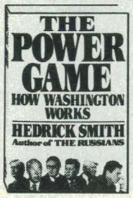
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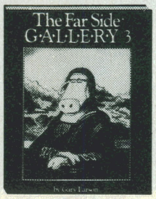
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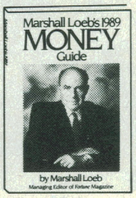
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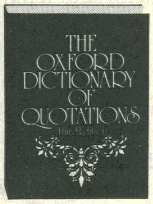
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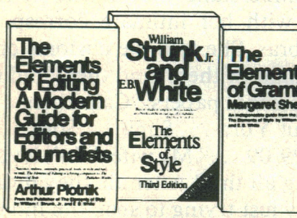
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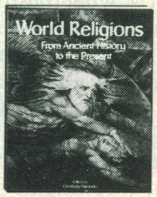
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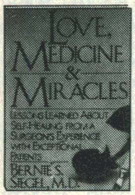
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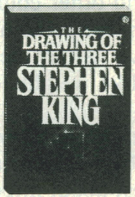
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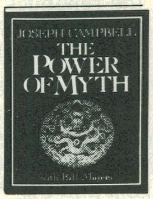
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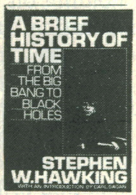
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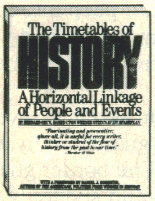
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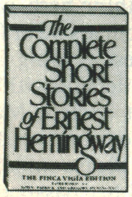
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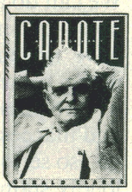
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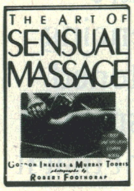
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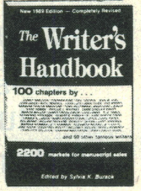
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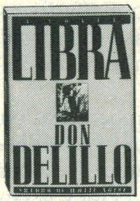
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have sown and sown . . ." And the other answers, "And we the millet shall trample, trample . . ."

The Russian intellectual, by his very nature a liberal and a democrat, is arrayed against the Russian nationalist, who is always trying to trample into the ground what the democrats try to sow.

Daniel and Sinyavsky at a dacha near Moscow (1960-61)

The verbal tempest testifies, among other things, to the steadfast conservatism of this society, which wrings its hands and craves its *perestroika* but simply doesn't budge. It has turned out to be a lot easier to print Boris Pasternak's novel *Doctor Zhivago* than to produce salami. And if there's no salami, little by little *glasnost* will die away as well. Besides the bureaucracy, the huge army, the KGB, the necessity of holding on to the republics and other countries in "socialist cooperation," the inertia of the masses, who have forgotten how to display individual initiative after being deprived of it for so many years—all hang like weights on the legs of the country . . .

I am far from saying that *glasnost* and *perestroika* are nothing but a smoke screen released by a clever hand to deceive the population of Russia and the West about impending "liberating reforms." I rejoice in *glasnost,* proclaimed by "General Dissident" Gorbachev, who has translated some of Sakharov's ideas into the language of the party. Still, it's hard to shake off the expectation, born of experience, that one fine day all this *perestroika* will turn back on itself along the tried-and-true path to new "stagnations" and "freezes," as has happened so many times before. In the Soviet Union it is easier to forbid fragile "freedoms" than to grant them and inculcate them.

> We are experiencing enlightened absolutism, and God grant that it continues.

We find that attempts at democratization are possible only with the collusion of a leadership that has the courage to introduce freedom in carefully prescribed doses. Democracy is being introduced by order of the authorities, who at any moment can expand it or restrict it at will. Coercion is a condition of "freedom." Hence the inconsistency and timidity of *perestroika,* which seems to be afraid of its own shadow, constantly glancing back over its shoulder at its own "stagnant" past.

We have no reason to doubt the sincerity of Gorbachev's good beginnings and intentions. All the same, the final foothold of Soviet liberalism and of Russian sovereignty remains the goodwill of the Little Father Czar and his faithful courtiers. We are experiencing a period of enlightened absolutism, and God grant that it continue. As always, tyranny serves as the only guarantor of progress and enlightenment in Russia.

Having called Gorbachev, according to the standards of the Brezhnev era, "Dissident No. 1" (for which I've already been harshly criticized in the ever vigilant émigré press), I am not at all inclined to idealize him. Gorbachev, like many in the Soviet leadership, passed through long bureaucratic training before he became a leader. The burden of those same traditions with which he is struggling so selflessly lies on him as well. He is not, I think, by nature a liberal but a pragmatist.

All the same, the only alternative to Gorbachev's *perestroika* remains war. The Pamyat society, with its anti-Semitic, pogrom-promoting sentiments, is the alternative to *glasnost.*

We felt the slanting, deadly shadow of the KGB, which falls over Moscow, for the last time at the border and in customs when we were leaving for Paris. I've never seen such a crowd of border guards, nor have I ever seen such a surplus of personnel work so slowly and take so long, examining our passports and luggage. What were they guarding? Our despoiled homeland?

They threw themselves on manuscripts, telephone numbers, addresses, receipts from Parisian dry cleaners. My wife, corrupted by Western notions about personal inviolability, couldn't understand for the life of her what business CUSTOMS had with her intimate correspondence and assorted panties and bras. She told the customs officers in some detail what she thought of them, and they, huffing dolefully, continued to read our personal papers: "Call Zhenya in the morning . . . don't forget about Yura . . . Sima . . . Sonya . . . Lyusya . . . In the evening—157-29-09 . . ." My wife didn't let up. I was bored. Why were they doing all this? After all, they didn't confiscate anything . . . Were they just trying to spoil the mood? Were they sniffing out bits and pieces now to remember for the future? Are they just waiting for the present freedom to end, and everything they find now will be usable then as operational material? Or perhaps it's simpler and cruder—they don't want us to forget ourselves and give way to euphoria. "We, the KGB, are the masters here. We can do anything here, we can peep into any hole—either from above or from below, and you have no business coming here." So we knew whom we were dealing with!

At passport control, Maria asked a severe and inaccessible young border guard, "Why are you so serious? Please smile!" The border guard loudly stamped her passport—and suddenly he smiled. My wife said, "Try to smile more often. Then your life will be more interesting and easier to live . . ." Thus we bade farewell to Moscow.

"Well, even so," the correspondent persists, "aren't you thinking of returning to the Soviet Union?" The very posing of the question seems incorrect to me. As long as we are asked such questions, it's clear that we can't talk about any serious *perestroika.* Why, for example, when the English writer Graham Greene moved to France, didn't anyone ask him whether or not he was planning to return to England? Who cares where Graham Greene lives—in England or in France? And Hemingway, he lived quite peacefully in Cuba (can you imagine! on an island!) and didn't hurry back to his Great Homeland. But Russia, it seems, possesses particular advantages (borders, the KGB, internal passports, patriotism, *perestroika,* nostalgia) that for some reason must be satisfied. The whole world begs you: Since you're a Russian writer, live in Russia. Especially since there's *perestroika*!

Seventeen years before my own (physical) emigration, I emigrated from Russia in my books, and I don't regret it. In the final analysis, isn't it all the same where the body of a writer dwells, if his books belong to Russia? ■

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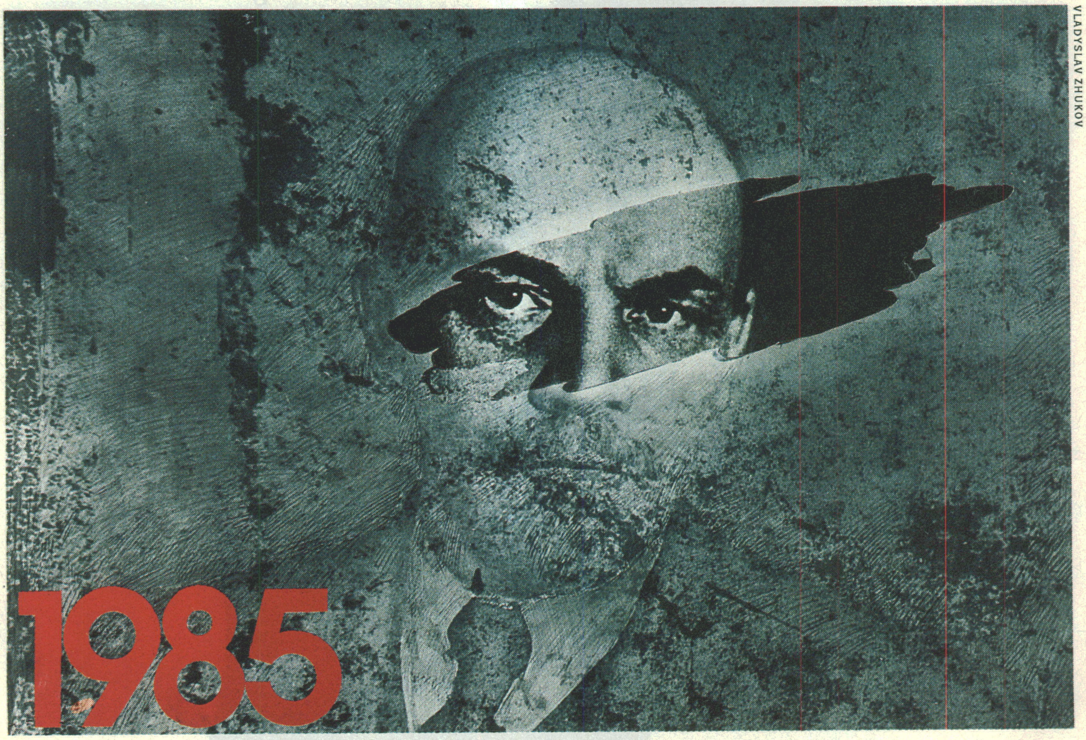
These posters by Soviet artists are designed to rally Mikhail Gorbachev's countrymen around his crusade. One notes the year Gorbachev came to power and began wiping away the grime of history that has dimmed Lenin's revolution. The other presents the current leader as maestro, winning a rousing "Bravo!" as he puts his own gloss on a score written by V.I. Lenin.



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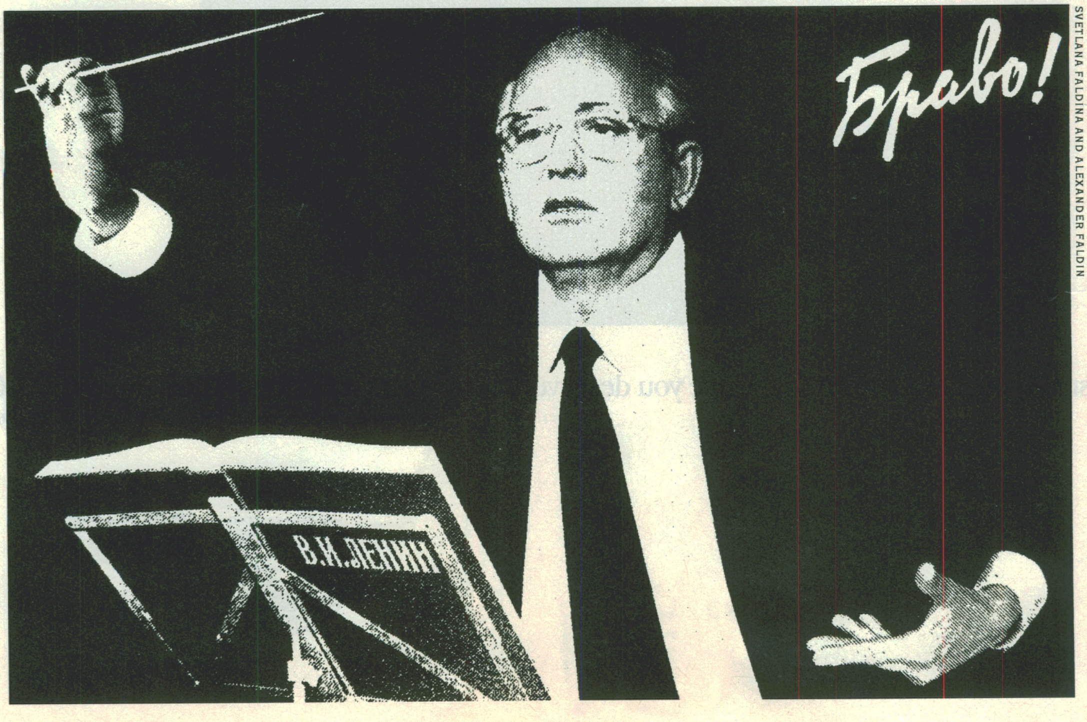

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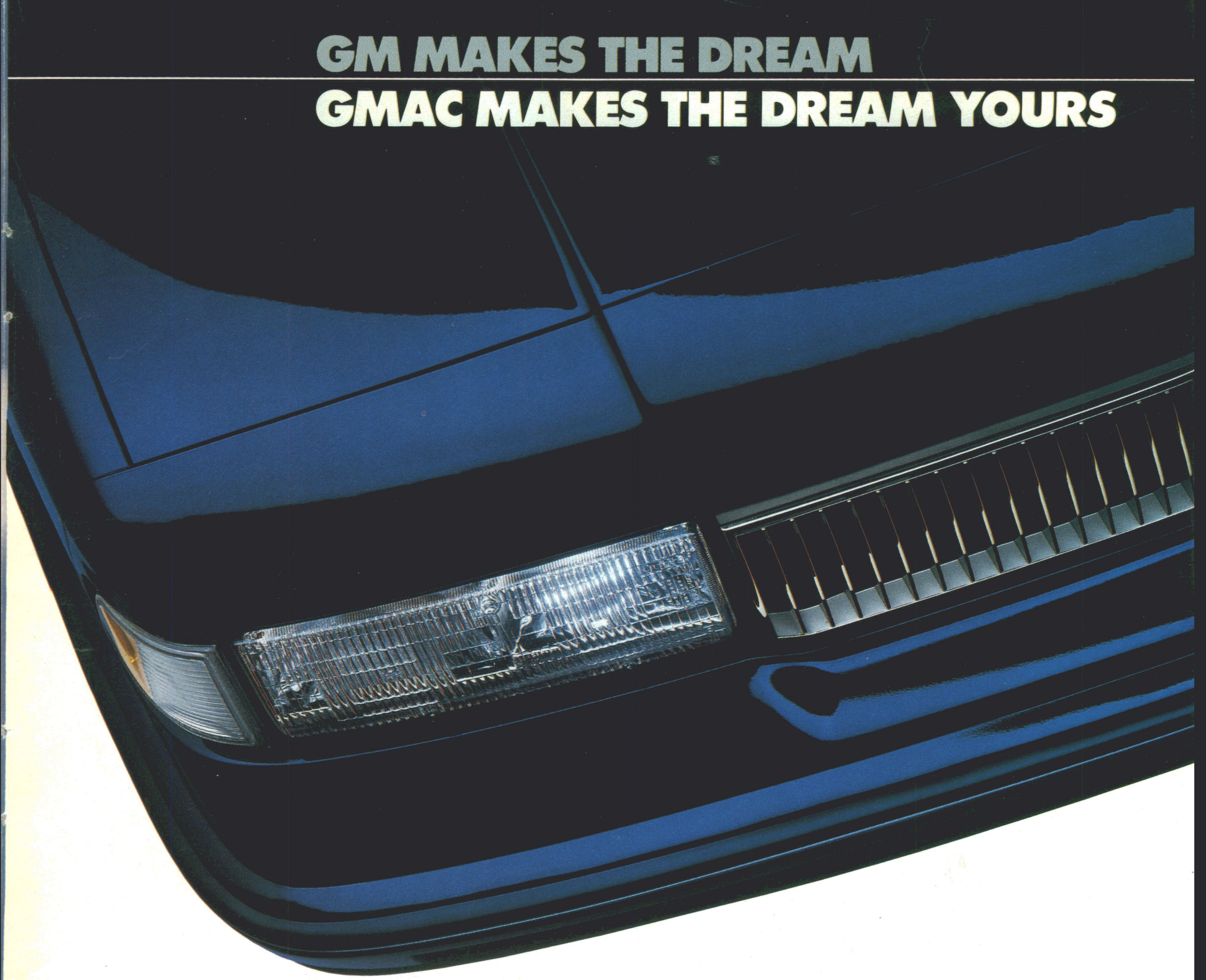

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